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THE THRALDOM OF JAPAN.

IN the Atlantic Monthly for May, 1881, an article entitled *The Martyrdom of an Empire* was published, with the design of dispelling a variety of popular delusions respecting the condition of the most interesting, intelligent, and progressive of Eastern nations, and disclosing the hardships which that nation had suffered from governments that held it bound by treaties of ostensible friendship and good-will. It was shown that Japan's honorable endeavors to demonstrate her claim to recognition as an independent civilized state had been for a score of years frustrated by the deliberate opposition of diplomatic and consular agents from European and American powers, whose combined action had gradually taken the form of aggressive hostility to a country which merited the sympathy and the hearty support of every enlightened community. It was explained that the main purpose of this obstruction was to hold the newly opened empire in a species of commercial bondage, and to render it perpetually tributary to the great trading nations, with England at their head. The methods by which the British minister and the majority of his colleagues sought to execute their schemes were plainly described, and the hopelessness of Japan's position was set forth distinctly, but without exaggeration. In no direction, at that period, could she look for relief from the oppression which threatened to crush down her worthy ambition, and to

deprive her of the essential attributes of a sovereign state.

The interests which were united in keeping the struggling empire in subjugation were too numerous and too powerful to allow such an exposure to pass without protest. In England, especially, vigorous attempts were made to controvert the facts presented in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to prove that Japan was in no sense entitled to the commiseration of the world at large. One set of writers declared that she had utterly failed to justify her plea for deliverance from the thraldom imposed by the treaties, and that the restrictions complained of were only those which experience showed to be necessary in dealings with an alleged barbarous race. Others proclaimed that Japan was entirely free from constraint of any sort, and that, in her exemption from the legal and moral obligations elsewhere exacted, she was in a fair way to become the spoiled darling of nations. The British minister came forward in his own defence with a valor so far outrunning his discretion that he overthrew with his own hands the structure of personal authority he had been carefully building for fifteen years. His avowals of affection for Japan were so vehement, in public and in private, and his denials of her injuries were so profuse as to excite suspicion, and but for the interposition of accidental circumstances he would have been made the subject of a stringent parliamentary

investigation. With respect to the article in the Atlantic, he was pleased to say, with affected derision, that he desired only that it might be perused. It was perused; and the minister was never permitted to resume the sway he had so long exercised in the farthest East. After a slight delay, he was transferred to another scene of action, and the country which he had harassed and goaded almost to desperation, in his determination to drain its resources for the benefit of his mercantile *clientèle*, was freed forever from the bane of his presence.

But it was not to be expected that the removal of a single opponent could restore the liberties which had been withheld by the joint efforts of a body of adverse ministers. The system by which Japan was compelled to languish in poverty and abasement was not likely to be relaxed so long as the terms of the treaties could be enforced. The needs of their trading fellow-countrymen were paramount with the envoys from the manufacturing nations; and as the power to despoil would vanish with their victim's enfranchisement, every influence was arrayed against the consummation of her wishes. From one government alone was it possible to look for consideration or assistance. The United States, unlike most of the European powers, had no political complications in Asia, and were under no necessity of forcing their products upon an Oriental people by unjust or dishonorable means. American commerce could find outlets enough without constraining a reluctant country to admit goods under conditions ruinous to its own industries and destructive to its material welfare. At any time within the past dozen years, the government at Washington might have supplied opportunities for Japan to regain her lost privileges, and to assume the station to which she is as clearly entitled as any of the nations which strive to degrade her. All that was requisite was to enact a new treaty, from which the objectionable

features of the original compact should be excluded. Such a treaty once in operation, the European league would straightway be obliged to readjust the general methods of intercourse, and the disabilities which are wearing the life out of the gallant little empire would disappear, leaving it free to assert its dignity as an unfettered member of the confederation of states, to develop its domestic possessions, and to make its way unmolested to the prosperity it has been diligently but vainly pursuing.

The injuries which Japan suffers under the present treaties are chiefly due to the stipulations binding her to an unalterable scale of customs duties, — nominally five per cent. *ad valorem* upon all goods, — and to the toleration of foreign courts of justice within her territory. Either of these provisions would be fatal to the independence of any country. To measure the harm and the humiliation which they inflict, it is necessary, for an American citizen, only to imagine Congress relinquishing the right to regulate the tariff and turning it over to European rulers, and to contemplate the existence of European tribunals in the seaports of the United States, exercising unlimited jurisdiction over the natives of the countries variously represented. No one requires to be told that, under degradations of this description, the republic would be little better than the tool or plaything of transatlantic powers. It was to escape from impositions less severe than the North American colonies assumed the hazards of the Revolution. The burden was fastened upon Japan at a time when she was helpless to defend her rights, even if she had been fully cognizant of them. At the instigation of President Pierce's Secretary of State, the harsh conditions were formulated by a minister who did not hesitate to declare that they were "against his conscience," and that he was stricken with remorse at seeing them extended beyond the brief period

he had assigned to them. The treaty which he negotiated — the first of the series unwarily signed by the “*Tai-kun’s*” officers — was copied literally by the European envoys who followed him, excepting in details, by which they managed to secure extraordinary benefits to their trading countrymen at the cost of the Japanese. The representative of the United States was careful to provide, as he thought, for a removal of the tariff restrictions as long ago as 1864, and of the extra-territorial license in 1872; but by the incautious use of a single word he made it possible for the foreign governments to hold Japan indefinitely — that is to say forever — to the damaging terms. Instead of adopting the usual course, and fixing a time for the termination of his agreement, leaving it to be replaced by another, he arranged for “revisions” at the above-mentioned dates. The allied powers have never ceased to take an unworthy advantage of this verbal accident, and, while signifying their willingness to “revise” to any extent, have contrived that no effective result should ensue, and that no propositions satisfactory to Japan should be accepted. Meanwhile, for a quarter of a century, that empire has undergone heavy losses, and been subjected to the disgrace of an alien authority in occupation of a portion of its soil, for the performance of functions disregarding and defiant of its laws.

Setting aside the question of national indignity, the government labors under a financial strain which is fast becoming unbearable. The Budget last issued, for 1887–88, showed an estimated disbursement of nearly eighty million *yen*, or silver dollars. In most Western countries, the public debt is largely covered by the revenue from customs. In England, the duties bring an average of £20,000,000, — about one half of the total outlay. In the United States, the expenditure is entirely defrayed from this source. In Japan, a little over two

and a half millions of *yen* are collected, — about one thirtieth part of the amount required. The item of income upon which all other nations place the greatest reliance is here reduced to insignificance, owing to the fact that no impost higher than five per cent. can be gathered, while upon almost every article the rate is cut down to three and a half or four per cent. How, then, are the funds obtained which are needed for government business? Principally by levies upon the land occupied by the agricultural classes. Forty-two and a half millions are taken from the people upon whom taxation should fall most lightly. The hard necessity is deplored by none more deeply than by the rulers of Japan, but no alternative is left them. It is even possible that they may be compelled to increase the burden. Desiring to relieve the farmers in every practicable way, they have in late years raised the tax upon *sakè* (domestic wine), until it now produces thirteen and a half millions; but this has been done in constant apprehension lest the manufacturers close their works, and commence importing on a large scale. With nothing but a duty of three or four per cent. to stand in the way, producers in China might supply *sakè* for the whole country, and the entire weight of taxation would then fall upon the tillers of the soil. Few races are more patient and docile than the Japanese. They understand, in a good measure, the difficulties of the situation, and are patriotically disposed to assist the authorities to the extent of their ability. Their cheerful compliance with demands which have often reduced them to pitiable extremities, and their readiness to submit to privations which no other people would have voluntarily borne, are traits that would elicit the respect and admiration of all men, if the inner history of the empire during the past twenty-five years could be laid bare. But for their forbearance and devotion, the efforts of Japan, as a nation,

to establish its title to general confidence and esteem would have been unavailing. Yet their endurance has a limit, and indications of restlessness under excessive pressure have occasionally disturbed the public tranquillity. The government has at times been seriously embarrassed in the endeavor to reconcile its own necessities with those of the peasantry. Immediate relief could be afforded by the application of a reasonable duty upon imports, but this is resisted by the diplomatic agents, with menaces of violence in case the covenant is not strictly observed. The moral fraud by which the action of the treaties is prolonged is at all times supported by a formidable array of physical force.

The poverty which oppresses Japan might have been alleviated long ago, if opportunity had been given for the development of her yet unproductive resources. Capital is scanty at home, but foreign wealth is clamorous for entrance, and would be welcomed if it could be safely admitted under the other dangerous provision of the treaties. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that enterprises in which strangers are concerned cannot be sanctioned while participants from abroad are amenable to no authority but that of consular or other imperfectly constituted courts, the capacity and integrity of which are frequently open to the gravest suspicion. If foreigners were allowed to control important operations in the interior, the country would be as surely drained of its slender pecuniary reserves as it was robbed of its small stock of gold coin, in the early days of external relations. Yet Japan is accused of seeking to maintain the ancient policy of seclusion, and of creating impediments to the intercourse which in truth she most ardently desires. She feels, naturally, that this intercourse should be regulated upon a basis of security to herself, not merely in conformity with the interests of outside speculators. She has given ample

evidence not only of good intention, but of thorough ability in the reorganization of her judicial machinery, and there is probably not one among the diplomatists now in Tokio who is not profoundly convinced that justice would be more surely, more rapidly, and more equitably administered than it now is, if the entire body of extra-territorial courts were swept away, and the Japanese jurisdiction extended over all alien residents. But the fallacious argument is forever repeated that Japan is not prepared for so momentous a change, and that she must consequently be bound down by the shackles which were fitted upon her thirty years ago, before she had taken the first step in that extraordinary career of progress which is the marvel of all who have studied her onward course.

This is known to be a false argument by those who most persistently advance it. In no department of her national affairs has Japan failed to respond to every test that can be applied to an enlightened government. Her foreign office has sustained itself with vigor and courage against the consolidated assaults of a diplomatic corps only one or two members of which have ever pretended to be actuated by amicable or kindly motives, and the officers of her legations and consulates, throughout the world, have suffered nothing by comparison with those of other nations in all that relates to the proper comprehension of and regard for their position, the courtesy of their demeanor, or the skillful performance of their labors. Her financiers have shown a dexterity, in circumstances of singular and exceptional difficulty, which has won for them tributes of appreciation from authorities not accustomed to yield to impulse or enthusiasm. From the chaos which prevailed at the close of the civil war, in 1868, they have produced such order and method as are not always visible in the fiscal concerns of European states. As an incidental result of their exertions, it may be men-

tioned that five years ago they set themselves to the task of restoring to specie value a paper currency which, owing to internal disorders, had depreciated fifty-five per cent., and accomplished the work in less than two years. What the European credit of Japan is to-day may be understood from the avidity with which her few outstanding securities are sought for by English investors. Respecting her military establishment we have the testimony of General Grant, who, after an exhaustive examination, pronounced the army of the Mikado a model of compactness, discipline, and effective combination. It was his judgment that a well-appointed body of ten thousand Japanese troops could make their way through the length and breadth of China, against all odds that could be brought to confront them; and this conviction was not founded especially upon the reputation of the soldiers for boldness and bravery, but upon the excellence of their organization, which he believed would uphold them in every emergency that an army in Asia could be called upon to encounter. The navy has received similar approval from equally competent observers, and in the ports which the national ships have visited the Japanese sailor has a name which his country may well be proud of. The commercial marine commends itself to approbation by the precision and regularity with which the flourishing lines of steamships to China, Siberia, and Korea are conducted, nominally by private companies, but under the general supervision of the government.

Departments devoted to domestic affairs are not open to the same scrutiny

¹ The Japanese metallic currency suggests a conspicuous instance of foreign detraction and ill-will. For many years after its merits and its conveniences were thoroughly established, its circulation in the foreign settlements was virtually prohibited, the banks and the shopkeepers alike declining to accept it, on the ludicrous pretense that the ungainly, variable, and easily counterfeited silver pieces imported from Mexico were the more trustworthy and "conservative" mediums of ex-

as those just referred to, but enough is known to give assurance that a corresponding activity and energy pervade them. It is to the honor of Japan that none of the inhabitants are absolutely illiterate, and her elaborate and thorough system of education is extolled by all who have made it a matter of investigation. Perhaps the most remarkable evidences of enterprise are supplied by the public works. Of the railways which connect a number of provinces, it can be recorded that their management affords no ground of complaint to critics who are constantly on the watch to detect delinquencies, and that in the fifteen years since they were introduced scarce half a dozen accidents have been reported,—not one, it is claimed, for which the parties in control could be held accountable. The lighthouse system is truly a magnificent monument of spirit and liberality, maintained, it should never be forgotten, for the benefit of humanity at large, and not with a narrow view to Japan's selfish interests, since the home-keeping navigators have little need of the safeguards munificently provided upon the coasts of their country. The mint, which was established nearly twenty years ago, partly to obtain relief from the inconveniences of a foreign metallic currency, and partly to secure the prestige which belongs to an independent national coinage, gives characteristic evidence of artistic taste as well as mechanical dexterity; the gold and silver tokens being pronounced by connoisseurs superior in beauty of design, and at least equal in workmanship, to those of any other country.¹ Telegraphs unite every part of the islands, and it change. The refusal was instigated by the European diplomatists in Tokio, who persisted in their opposition until the commercial constituencies awoke to the absurdity of their action, and put an end to the system of exclusion. It was charming to mortify and vex the Japanese for a series of years; but when the aliens found they were denying themselves a valuable privilege, they took an entirely new view of the situation.

is worth while to mention that wherever foreigners dwell, or are likely to penetrate, the operators are required to speak foreign languages, — a mark of consideration not found, nor looked for, in less remote lands. The post-office enjoys a distinction almost unparalleled, even in the most advanced Western nations. With one exception, it is the only institution of its kind the receipts of which often so far exceed the expenses as to contribute materially to the revenues of the state. What this implies, in its bearing upon the character and intelligence of the people, as well as upon the facilities afforded for communication in an unusually rugged and broken country, it is unnecessary here to point out. Nor should much persuasion be required to satisfy American readers as to the ability and trustworthiness of a government which can present such a list of successes in the various branches of its administration.

In the face of all this, Japan is insolently told, and the world is expected to believe, that she cannot support her pretensions to the control of the judiciary within her own dominions. That she is fully qualified in all other respects for efficient and salutary self-rule no one ventures to dispute. Nor is her capacity to exercise legal authority over her thirty-five millions of subjects questioned by any living soul. There is not a country on the earth where the courts perform their duties with greater promptitude or more scrupulous integrity. Crime is rare; partly, no doubt, because of the order-loving instincts of the race, but also because of the firmness and celerity with which it is punished by the guardians of public tranquillity. The laws, however, are moderate, and are never known to be enforced with undue harshness. The best fruits of European legislation have been grafted upon the strongest foundations of the indigenous stock, and a more comprehensive and well-adjusted criminal code cannot be

found in any community. The judges are men of education, high social position, and unassailable probity. But this is not enough for the fastidious anxieties of a couple of thousand foreigners, temporarily abiding in half a dozen trading settlements. The mere statement of their position ought to cover it with ridicule and opprobrium, and to carry universal conviction that the denial of Japan's claim for relief from the petty, peddling caricatures of tribunals which offend her sovereignty and cripple her progress is a dishonor to the nations which thus afflict her. Ever since the handful of strangers planted themselves on the rim and edges of the empire, a dozen or more consular officials have assumed an authority conflicting in every detail with that of the realm. The greater number of these officials have been mere hucksters, whose qualification to act as judges would be laughed at by their own associates. In many instances there has been no pretense of legal training, and scarcely a pretense of common honesty, or of any intelligence beyond that required to drive sharp and disreputable bargains. A few exceptions to this odious rule have been seen in consulates whose incumbents are forbidden to engage in trade, but even these have rarely proved equal to their weighty responsibilities. Within the political lifetime of the present United States Executive, — or, more definitely, less than two years ago, — it was found necessary to recall an American consul from Yokohama for gross incompetency; his behavior on the bench having shown him to be completely ignorant of law, and otherwise disqualified for the serious and important judicial functions he was expected to discharge. He had held his office only a few months, when his removal was imperatively demanded by a community which is ordinarily disposed to tolerate almost anything that does not interfere with the money-making opportunities of the majority. The English

representatives have set the solitary example of providing courts in which at least the appearance of decorum and dignity is preserved, but these are not so constituted as to withstand the criticisms which any lawyer of ordinary perception might bring against them. And if they were the perfection of human wisdom, they would still have no business where they are. They should be driven forth without delay, together with the entire ring of discreditable "side-shows," where the law is travestied and justice is made a by-word of mockery and shame. But they are kept to work mischief in the foreign districts by the decree of a little knot of envoys, some of whom cannot muster half a dozen fellow-countrymen from one end of the empire to the other.

Is it not an enormity that such men, merely because Japan was in past years cajoled or coerced into signing deceptive treaties with their governments, should now have a voice in withholding autonomy from a country far more civilized, in several instances, than those which they represent? Imagine Peru or the Sandwich Islands barring the way to the legitimate independence of an active, industrious, orderly, and useful people like the Japanese! It is probable that not a solitary subject of Hawaii or Peru, excepting now and then an official mes-

¹ There was a time, fortunately for humanity, when Peruvians were liable to Japanese authority. In 1872, before a treaty with that country had been signed, a Peruvian cooly-slave ship, the *Maria Luz*, bound from Macao to Callao, with hundreds of imprisoned Chinamen on board, was driven by stress of weather into Yokohama harbor. Every effort was made to conceal the character of this vessel, but it was discovered through the attempts of some of the victims to escape by jumping overboard and swimming to other craft near by. She was immediately seized, and the captives were liberated and sent home by the Japanese government, notwithstanding the opposition, and in several cases the hostile threats, of the foreign representatives, excepting only those of the United States and England. The legations of these two countries were under the temporary control of *chargés d'affaires*. If the ministers had been at their posts, one of them

senger, ever set foot within the Mikado's dominions; but, nevertheless, the "interests" of those majestic powers must be conserved. Peru, when she recovers from the shaking up recently inflicted by Chili, may take to exporting guano. Japan may possibly be in need of guano at some future day. Then, "how handy it will be to have it in the tariff" that guano must not be taxed over five per cent. at the ports of entry! It does not matter whether this particular suggestion has, or has not, been pressed into service; it is precisely the sort of argument, worthy of Mrs. Toodles in her most inspired flights, which is employed to rivet the chains that have impeded a nation's progress for twenty-five years. Again, however distant the period when a citizen of Peru or Hawaii may chance to disembark at Yokohama, it is of the highest moment to make sure that he shall never be exposed to the perils of Japanese jurisdiction.¹ Ridiculous as such pretensions must appear, those of most of the European states are hardly less so. Spain, which has never neglected to take a high and mighty stand in diplomatic discussions, has three subjects living in Japan. Belgium has four. Only four Western countries can show more than one hundred residents.² The English and Americans outnumber all certainly, and the other probably, would have taken a position adverse to Japan, which would then have been obliged to fight entirely unsupported against this nineteenth-century barbarism. It is worthy of note that if Peru had at that date held diplomatic relations with Japan, the latter would have been absolutely powerless to interfere. As it was, her magnanimous and intrepid action led the way to the complete destruction of the infamous cooly traffic.

² The following is a list of the Western countries diplomatically represented in Japan, with the number of residents in that empire belonging to each: Hawaii, none; Peru, none; Spain, 3; Belgium, 4; Russia, 21; Sweden, 28; Italy, 29; Switzerland, 32; Austria, 35; Portugal, 44; Holland, 63; Denmark, 64; France, 178; Germany, 286; United States, 497; Great Britain, 1179: total, 2463. The few officials of legations, etc., are, of course, not included.

the rest, two to one, and yet it happens that the representatives of these two nationalities have at different times manifested at least a partial willingness to listen to Japan's demands. The inferior agents, who have no moral right to meddle at all, are invariably the most conspicuous in their antagonism. It gratifies their sense of importance to make objections,—to interpose fictitious doubts and scruples, especially at moments when the guardians of more substantial interests appear likely to act in harmony. As these latter are not, after all, genuinely desirous to extend encouragement, and are led in that direction rather against their will, and only when reason and common sense afford them no ground of opposition to stand upon, the spiteful interpellations of the nonentities are solemnly admitted to debate, and the gathering influences of order and justice are rudely dispersed. A peevish word from one of these insignificant intruders has oftentimes broken down the fabric which years of persevering toil had nearly brought to completion.

In May, 1886, the latest effort was made by the Japanese rulers to reconcile the discrepant elements, and to secure from the several powers an acknowledgment of the manifest rights above described. The delegates from Europe and America assembled in Tokio, and the plea of the treaty-burdened government was submitted anew, with an eloquence and an intensity of feeling seldom exhibited in international councils. None but a body of men resolved to allow no consideration, I will not say of generosity or humanity, but of equity or fairness, to disturb their preordained judgment could have listened unmoved to the evidences then presented of patient endurance under prolonged and wasting adversity. A few, indeed, were softened by momentary impulses of compunction, but they were speedily reminded by their less emotional colleagues

that hearts and consciences are not included in the prescribed outfit of a commissioner to Eastern courts. The conferences were continued, by the assiduous endeavors of the parties most deeply concerned, until the summer of 1887, when, wearied and disheartened, Japan withdrew from the struggle, confessing herself once more defeated. It was a foregone conclusion. The European contestants, as a body, never meant to yield, and they never will yield, unless some force not yet invoked or applied shall be brought to bear upon them. In vain the Japanese proffered concessions touching the extreme verge of national self-respect. They were ready to pledge themselves to no increase of customs duties which could be called excessive by any of the contracting powers. They were ready to accede to all reasonable proposals—and to many that were not reasonable—for the alleged or imaginary amelioration of the judiciary. They went so far as to guarantee that their roll of judges should be augmented by a body of European and American experts, who should constitute a majority in every court before which aliens might be required to appear. But this arrangement would have entailed an enormous expenditure, for the number of proposed additions was estimated to exceed the entire judiciary of Great Britain. Upon one point, however, they found it necessary to assert a position of their own. They would not consent to any measures tending to assimilate their tribunals to those of Egypt, throughout which wretched country a system of "mixed courts," subject to the manipulation of foreign agents, has spread incalculable confusion and disorder. The operations of these judicial monstrosities have proved disastrous wherever they have been introduced. They have made the Egyptian bench a synonym of infamy all over Europe. The envoys are well advised of their character, but they could not be turned

from their resolve to force them or equivalent impostures upon Japan. Can it be supposed that they acted in candor and sincerity? Is it not easier to believe that, knowing the Japanese to be immovably opposed to the proposition, they selected it as their ultimatum, allowing it to appear that they would concede anything or everything else, but must make their stand at this preconcerted line of resistance? Those who best comprehend the situation do not doubt that if Japan, in a moment of aberration, had granted this ruinous condition, her adversaries would instantly have occupied another ground of contention, and there maintained the fight with all the old obstinacy and acerbity. Nor do they doubt that every attempt to settle the question of revision by means of conferences with the diplomatic corps will be futile. It is by other methods that Japan must seek to extricate herself from the entanglement. The courses which suggest themselves as available are not numerous, nor are they absolutely certain, while she lacks the strength or spirit to assume, in case of need, an attitude of firm defiance to aggression; but among them there are two which offer chances of emancipation not to be discerned in any other direction.

The first expedient requires the coöperation of a friendly government sufficiently powerful to disregard the remonstrances of the great mercantile nations. Not many of Japan's allies stand in this exceptional position, and there is probably but one with which she is willing to hold relations of confidential intimacy. With the United States she has always been ready to unite herself in the closest ties. On two occasions since 1872, the year originally appointed for revision, Japan has sought to procure a separate treaty with America, the terms of which, admitted on all sides to be fair and liberal, were calculated to re-invest her with the rights of which she was deprived in 1858. In no particular could the

United States have suffered inconvenience from the execution of the proposed agreements. On the contrary, superior privileges were accorded to Americans, and material advantages insured in the future development of our Eastern commerce. In both instances the department of state allowed the Japanese to believe that the instrument would be accepted, ratified, and proclaimed within a limited time; and in both instances the consultations were broken off at the last moment, our secretary having been notified that the proceeding would be disagreeable to certain European powers, and to England especially. That was the apology for withdrawing a pledge upon which the patriotic aspirations and the substantial welfare of a nation largely depended. Fortified by an honest treaty with the United States, Japan could confidently reckon upon a similar reconstruction of her relations with other governments. Not one of them would stand out after the republic had set the example of upright dealing. But it has always been the practice of our Executive, so far as Japan is concerned, to keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope. In his last message to Congress, President Cleveland declared that "the United States have lost no opportunity to testify their constant friendship by supporting the just claims of Japan to autonomy and independence among nations." As a matter of fact, the United States have never taken one decisive step toward supporting Japan's autonomy and independence. During the protracted series of conferences which terminated last summer, our minister carefully abstained even from giving the Japanese the benefit of his favoring countenance. His excuse for withholding it, according to the best testimony that can be gathered, was that the Mikado's advisers had latterly displayed a disposition to rely upon Germany, rather than upon his own country, for aid and

comfort. As if Japan, after laboring fruitlessly for years to obtain the necessary assistance from America, were not warranted in looking to any trustworthy quarter for satisfaction! Did we blame the Italians, at various periods of their struggle for unity and self-rule, for accepting the services first of one power, and afterward of others, even at the risk of exposing themselves to accusations of ingratitude? It was a question of national life or death with them, and to secure from every source all that could add to their strength was one of their highest and most sacred duties. In our own time of trial, twenty-five years ago, we were taught the feebleness of sentimental associations, and were ready, on a critical occasion, to set aside the attachments of the past, and to welcome substantial aid from a more recent ally. Russia, with her splendid fleet in New York harbor at our disposal, was more to us than France, the remembrance of whose ancient friendship was for the while effaced by our indignation at the intrigues of Napoleon III.

If it be true that Japan has been compelled to turn for help to Germany, the circumstance is not creditable to ourselves. She should never have been required to sue even to us, in the first place. If ever a strong country were bound by duty to stand in steadfast friendship by a neighbor, it is the duty of the United States in the case of Japan. We forced her out of the seclusion in which she was reposing, very happily on the whole, and plunged her into a whirlpool of international agitation, in the vortex of which she has more than once been nearly engulfed. It was the verbal blunder of the first American minister — a man of the loftiest character, who would rather have cut off his hand than consciously allow it to inscribe a sentence of lasting ignominy upon a people whom he loved — which involved Japan in all the difficulties that have befallen her; and it is lamentable to re-

flect that nothing has since been done, on our side, to remedy the evils caused by his careless oversight. It would cost us nothing to repair the long-standing wrong. Instead of asserting, year after year, that the United States have testified their constant friendship, and have supported Japan's claims to independence, the President should affirm the immediate want of a new treaty with that empire. This is what General Grant intended to do, if the opportunity had been afforded him, and what he urged other occupants of the White House to do, — for he had learned by personal observation how iniquitously Japan is used. No troublesome preparations are required to put affairs upon the proper footing. The state department has the draft of a perfectly satisfactory agreement, which awaits only signature by the Executive and acceptance by the Senate. The work of half a day at Washington would give all the relief that is asked for, and restore the brightness and activity of hopes that would long ago have expired if not sustained by the faith and fortitude of a people who know that their cause is too righteous to be abandoned in despair.

The second expedient has often been considered, but the statesmen of Japan shrink from employing it until every other alternative shall have been exhausted. It is to formally notify the powers that the treaties are no longer endurable, and that upon a fixed date they will be declared null and void, with the exception of the opening clauses proclaiming peace and good-will between the respective parties. This measure was earnestly advocated by the late E. Peshine Smith, the ablest and most learned of legal counselors who have served the Mikado, and it is supported by numbers who hold to the conviction that no European government would undertake to maintain by force the present condition of affairs. The United States would assuredly favor the plan, and

there is reason to believe that Russia and Italy would likewise approve it. Under existing circumstances, Germany could not well refuse to concur, nor could England make any open show of opposition. Austria would probably be indifferent, and France would scarcely attempt a repetition of her wild adventures in Tonquin, five years ago. Of the other European states, there is not one to whose dissatisfaction Japan need give an anxious thought. Nor is it conceivable that they would be permitted by the community of nations to throw the Eastern world into a tumult by threatening war on so frivolous a pretext. What Japan apparently fails to realize is that the states of Europe, acting separately, would look at the situation in a very different light from that which has continually guided the joint body of envoys in Tokio. These individuals have their vanity to glorify, their masquerade of dignity to keep intact, and the lustre of their personal consequence to preserve undimmed, — concerning all of which their respective governments care not a particle. By their united efforts they succeed in preventing a reform which, if once consummated, might set them down a peg or two, but which their superiors at home would make no effort to overthrow. It is one thing for the combined diplomatists to resist a project and retard its fulfillment by threats of dire import, and quite another thing for the several nations to take up arms for the reversal of a measure that has been put in effective operation. The Japanese overlook this distinction, or at least decline to give it sufficient weight. Undoubtedly, they are bound to observe caution in all that they do. Their reputation, as a race, for courage and patriotic devotion is beyond suspicion, and it happens that the officials who at present wield the controlling authority have proved their fearlessness and gallantry under circumstances which have made them conspicuous in a land where all are

brave. But it is not now their own lives or fortunes that are at stake. The welfare and the safety of the whole people are in their keeping, and they may be pardoned for calculating the various hazards with the minutest care. And in any case it is best that the forms of amity and courtesy should not be set aside. Knowing this, and knowing how much good could be accomplished by a timely departure from the frigid policy of national selfishness, the government of the United States could not greatly err in joining hands with Japan for the redress of grievances for which the former is in a great degree responsible. It has shown that it can, when so inclined, slip out of the groove in which the international systems of Europe invariably run, and the excellent results of these occasional deviations should serve as a guarantee that further and more important independent movements would be equally judicious and successful.

A striking and pertinent example may here be put in evidence. Twelve years ago, a vast deal of inconvenience was caused by the postal complications in the open ports of Japan. Each country there represented had a post-office of its own, attached to the consulate, for the alleged benefit of the foreign residents, but more generally for the solace of the consuls, who were allowed such perquisites as the rents of boxes and a percentage upon the sales of stamps. The Japanese authorities called attention to the confusion which prevailed, and suggested that the dozen or more conflicting agencies be abolished, undertaking at the same time to make proper arrangements for the conveyance and distribution of all mails to and from other lands. From the outcry which immediately arose, it might have been imagined that nothing short of confiscation of the sum total of foreign possessions had been proposed. The European representatives protested in language of gross insult and abuse, — which, indeed, was at that

period the usage, whenever an opportunity for the display of insolence could be discovered. The United States, however, decided to give the scheme a trial. Dissent and remonstrance poured in from every interested quarter, and no efforts were spared to dissuade the government at Washington from what was stigmatized as a fatal weakness. Even the American officials in Japan joined in the clamor. But the Japanese were encouraged by General Grant's administration to pursue their purpose, and it presently became apparent that the Americans were reaping the advantages of a mail service so incomparably superior to any previously known as to excite the envy of all the other nationalities. Before long, the European merchants in Yokohama sought to be admitted, and were admitted, to the new privileges; but the irreconcilable band of diplomatists endeavored to throw discredit upon the Japanese enterprise by insisting that the separate offices should be kept open long after they had ceased to be used by the persons for whose security it was pretended that they were indispensable. In course of time, the merits of Japan's mail system came to be popularly acknowledged throughout Eastern Asia, and until recently it supplied the only acceptable facilities for communication in the ports of China, as well as on its own territory. The hostile ministers fought vehemently against its recognition, under the inspiration of their *doyen*, who never willingly surrendered his cherished prerogative of obstructive leadership, and by various devices strove to impair its efficacy. When even the British envoy was at last compelled to follow in the line marked out by the United States, and close his deserted agency, he revenged himself by trying to provoke unseemly altercations with the *attachés* of the department, and forcing contemptible quarrels upon its directors. Disregarding these stratagems, and many others which cannot

here be narrated, the Japanese post-office stood to its work, advanced steadily in repute and capacity, and is to-day, in its way, one of the model institutions of the world.

What happened in that instance is morally sure to happen in every instance where Japan assumes control of her legitimate business; and her restoration to such complete and untrammelled authority as is exercised by other civilized states cannot come a day too soon for the practical benefit of all who hold relations with her. The question which her leaders have to consider, since the rebuff inflicted upon them last summer, is whether the decisive step of annulling the onerous treaty provisions should or should not be longer deferred. The question for fair-minded Americans to ask themselves is whether their government is justified in its continued neglect to perform an act of honorable reparation. It would do no harm if they should regard it, for the sake of clearer understanding, in the aspect of an injury suffered by an individual, instead of by a nation. The case is like that of a man unfamiliar with the sharp ways of the world, upon whom a hard bargain is fastened, without any definite comprehension, on his part, of its purport or conditions. He is compelled by the attorney of a powerful neighbor, in satisfaction of a caprice, not of any tangible claim, to subscribe to an agreement requiring him to pay annually one sum of money for a term of five years, and another sum for a term of fourteen years. Additional obligations are exacted, the meaning of which is obscure to him in the beginning, but which he soon discovers to be degrading to his character. Several witnesses of the transaction resolve to take similar advantage of the victim's simplicity and inexperience, and constrain him to sign identical documents for their advantage. At the expiration of the specified periods, he announces that his indebtedness is at an

end, and asks that the bonds be canceled. But the crafty speculators have meanwhile found that a particular word in the original contract can be interpreted so as to enable them to extort the yearly payments for all eternity, which they forthwith announce their intention to do. They moreover persuade the holder of the instrument earliest executed to unite with them in this conspiracy for plunder, notwithstanding that his own instincts are averse to it, and that his attorney repudiates the distortion of language, declares that it was "against his conscience" to impose the burden even in its mildest form, and gives public assurance that all liabilities were meant to expire at the dates he had fixed. As years go on, the position of the sufferer becomes insupportable. His home is desolated by penury, and his children are naked and hungry. Worse than this, his name is covered with contumely, his pride is broken, and he cannot hold his head erect among his fellowmen. He undergoes the torment and the ignominy of slavery. Over and again he cries out against the cruel injustice of his lot, but his feeble voice is overpowered by the jeers of his persecutors. He pleads, not for empty phrases of affected sympathy, but for the honest acknowledgment of his rights, to the neighbor who first set the example of depredation, and the accidental mistake of whose agent has alone made the merciless spoliation possible. The appeal is made to one who stands at the summit of an unparalleled prosperity, who has no real desire or purpose to inflict pain, and who has shown himself capable of magnanimity on memorable occasions. But to this recital of flagrant wrongs he gives no generous response. He listens, however, not wholly unconcerned, and at intervals lets fall a whisper which, if repeated aloud and in sincerity, would fill a sinking heart with hope and cheer. How shall it end? Will he, still heedless of the prompting of honor and rec-

titude, withhold the gracious utterance; or, with a single word spoken in good faith, dispel the hardships of a fellow-being's career, turn the shadows of his life to brightness, and speed him in the course of liberty and happiness?

Not widely different is the attitude in which Japan now stands among the nations. What shall her destiny be?

Scarcely had the preceding lines been written, when the telegraph brought intelligence of a grave political crisis in Japan, resulting directly from the refusal of the European ministers to recede from their inimical position. The rupture of negotiations was ostensibly grounded upon Japan's unwillingness to give over her judiciary, body and soul, to outside domination. After her commissioners had agreed that foreign judges should actually outnumber the native officials on the bench, in all cases where aliens were concerned, it was furthermore insisted that these judges be directly nominated by the envoys, and that all laws and modifications of laws, rules of procedure, details of organization, everything pertaining to the administration of justice, be virtually controlled by the diplomatic corps. Overwhelmed by the embarrassments of their situation, and perhaps unnerved by the strain they had undergone, the Japanese delegates unwisely consented to take the requirement into consideration; but at this point the voice of the people was heard in such vigorous remonstrance that the preposterous proposition was rejected, and the convention was dissolved. Dissensions in the government were the inevitable consequence. One minister of state vacated his office, to signify his lack of confidence in the policy of conciliation thus far pursued by the majority of his colleagues, and the feeling engendered by this act culminated in a general cry for the resignation of the statesman (Count Inouye) who during the past seven years, it was declared, had striven

to carry through the revision of the treaties by the Fabian method of re-treating before every advance of the enemy.

This is not a fitting time to discuss the expediency or propriety of Inouye's various processes. That he is the ablest man who in recent years has conducted the external relations of Japan few would venture to deny. His talents are of the highest order, and his devotion to his country's interests and honor is unimpeachable. But he seems to have trusted too long to a plan of action which is fated forever to fail. The stars in their courses will fight against any of his race who put faith in the friendly pretenses of the Western diplomatists. His loss will be severely felt, not only in the department which he led, but in the government of which he was unquestionably the presiding spirit. It is not possible to indicate, in ordinary expressions of regret, the impression produced by the spectacle of a ministry subverted and the political machinery of

a nation wrecked through the mischievous machinations of a band of interloping meddlers. But it seems at least to enforce more emphatically than ever the moral set forth above, that the true principle to be adopted by Japan is a resolute and undaunted assertion of her sovereign privileges. If a man like Inouye cannot succeed by following the opposite theory, its worthlessness should be patent to all eyes. There are already signs of a brisk movement in the contrary direction. A popular leader who is believed to recognize the necessity for courageous activity has been called from retirement to a seat in the cabinet. It is rumored that he will presently be reinforced by the single Japanese statesman who can vie with Inouye in breadth of intellect, practical sagacity, and fertility of resource. The sooner the name of Okuma Shigenobu is added to the list of ministers of state, the greater the likelihood of a speedy vindication of Japan's long-sacrificed rights and independence.

E. H. House.

THE SECOND SON.

XL.

AN ALTERCATION.

"EDMUND!"

Before Edmund could get his hand free from the lingering clasp of Mr. Gavelkind, his father's voice was loudly audible, calling him, which was a very unusual thing to hear in Melcombe. The call was repeated with some vehemence before he could obey. He was absent scarcely five minutes, but the Squire regarded even that little interval with suspicion; and in the mean time the scene had changed. Stephen had come in when the visitor withdrew, and had,

it was evident, been hotly received; for though he had thrown himself into a chair with an appearance of indifference, his attempt at ease was belied by the heated color on his cheeks. Mr. Mitford was fulminating across his writing-table. He turned his wrath upon the new-comer without a pause.

"What did you want of that old rogue, Ned? They're all rogues, the lot of them, and up to something or other now, — that's clear, — trying to embroil me with Lizzy Travers. And you go over to the other side, of course, and desert mine! Come in, and shut the door. Now you're both here, perhaps I may get to understand. Who

is it that takes upon himself to interfere in the management of my affairs? No one has ever done it till now, and by George! I'll not have it! I'll not have it! Not if you were twice the men you are, both Stephen and you!"

"I don't know what you are in such a rage about," remarked Stephen. "It is not much more than a week since you ordered me to send in my papers, that I might be free to take the trouble off your hands."

"I said nothing of the sort, sir. I never said anything of the sort. I could not have said it, for I certainly never meant it!" cried the Squire.

"If you please to say so," returned Stephen, with cool impertinence; "there was no witness present, to be sure. It must go either by your word or mine. It's a conflict of testimony, that's all."

"Do you mean to say I am telling a lie, sir?" the Squire demanded, furiously.

"Oh, not at all; it is not I who make such accusations. I only say that it is clear one of us has made a great mistake."

"And that's I, of course, you mean to imply?"

"I never said so, sir," replied Stephen, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Mr. Mitford was very angry. He got up and walked about the room, with his hands deeply dug into his pockets, saying to himself from time to time, "By George!" with other exclamations perhaps less innocent. It was as good a way as another of blowing off his wrath. Meanwhile, the culprit sat with an air of coolness and contemptuous indifference which exasperated his father more and more, stretching out his long legs in such a way as to bar the passage and confine the Squire to his own side.

"If I ever said a word that could be twisted into such a meaning, it must have been when I thought you a little serious, impressed by what had happened, — as you might have been, if you

had any feeling: but there's no feeling of that sort left in the world, so far as I can see. Here's one of you trying to get the reins out of my hands, and the other holding secret confabs with a pettifogging lawyer, a fellow that wants to bring me to book, — me!" the Squire cried, with an indignant, almost incredulous sense of undeserved insult and injury. "Heaven knows I have had trouble enough, one way or another, on account of my sons," he went on, changing into a tone which was almost tearful; for to think of all he had suffered overcame him with self-pity. "All the trouble I have known has been connected with one or other of you. The man who has no children has the best of it. But there is one thing you may be quite sure of, and you had better both of you mark what I have to say. I will not have you meddling in my affairs. Thank Heaven, I'm very well capable of minding my own business. Whatever I may be supposed to have said, this is my last word. I'll have none of your meddling, — neither yours, Stephen, nor yours, Ned; neither the one nor the other! The first man who interferes shall go. I'll have none of it — I'll have" —

Stephen got up from his chair with a laugh, shaking himself out of all creases in his well-fitting clothes. "That's just what I should like, for one," he remarked. "Don't restrain your feelings, sir. I am delighted to go."

Mr. Mitford turned like a bull who is confronted by a new assailant; but a man and a father cannot take a ribald upon his horns, like that well-provided animal. He stared for a moment, with fiery eyes that seemed to be leaping from their sockets, and then he recognized, as the angriest man must, that barrier of the immovable which an altogether unimpressionable human being, however insignificant, can place before the most mighty. Stephen was not to be influenced by any of those causes which make it possible for a domestic

despot to have his way. He was not afraid of the penalty involved. He had no reluctance to see his father compromise his own dignity by unbecoming threats or violence. Edmund, moved by that sentiment, had turned away, willing rather to submit or to retire than to be thus compelled to witness a scene which made him ashamed for his father. But Stephen knew none of these delicacies; he was entirely free from all such restraints. The Squire was like any other old fellow, who threatened a great deal more than he could ever perform. And Mr. Mitford recognized this, as he stared at the heir of his choice, this young man to whom he had given the chief place in the family, — that being, quite invulnerable, untouched by sympathy, natural respect, or human feeling, who is the fit and only opponent of the family tyrant. He stared and gasped with exasperation unspeakable, and the feeling that Jove's thunderbolt would be the only effectual instrument to level the rebel to the ground instantaneously. Perhaps, vulgarly considered, Prometheus was something of this intolerable sort to the father of gods and men. The cool cynicism of Stephen's eyes struck his father like a blow. They said, "You have done that once too often already. Do it, — I'd like it. Make an old fool of yourself!" But after that astonished, incredulous stare of the Jupiter *manqué*, Mr. Mitford came to himself. Passion itself could not stand before those cynic eyes. Virtue and heroic suffering are alone supposed to possess this restraining power; but perhaps it will be found that the less elevated defiance has the greater influence, the sneering devil being more potent with the common mind than the serious hero. Mr. Mitford made the discovery that in whatsoever way he might be able to establish his authority, this way would not do. He solaced his personal discomfiture by an attack upon the one remaining, who would not flout

nor defy him, and turned upon Edmund with a snort of wrath.

"Perhaps you think you'll curry favor with Lizzy Travers," he cried, "by playing into her hands, and defying me. You'll find that's not so; she's not the girl to encourage a man to desert his own side."

Edmund was much surprised by this unexpected attack. "Mr. Gavelkind is a friend of mine," he said, "which was the reason I went out with him. I had no thought of deserting my own side; but since you blame me, I will venture to return to the original subject, sir. Is Ford dismissed with your consent? And if not, may not I go and reassure them, and let them know that they are not to be hurried away?"

The Squire looked at Edmund severely. It gave him great satisfaction to come upon some one who would not rebel. He took a high tone. "One would think," he remarked, "that the welfare of these people was of more importance to you than the credit of your family. They have not deserved much at my hands."

It struck Edmund with a sort of dreary amusement that he should be the one to be accused of partiality for the Fords, — he, who was the only one entirely uninfluenced by them. He said, with a faint smile, "I am no partisan of the Fords, — it would be strange if I were; but they have done nothing to deserve this, and it would be cruel to punish them for a fault — for a fault — which was not theirs."

"Do you mean to tell me that the girl was brought up for any other end? Why, she was trained to inveigle one of my sons, or somebody else, — Ray Tredgold, perhaps, who is not quite such a fool, — into making a lady of her. A child could see that," said the Squire, with indignation. "I cannot understand how any man, considering all the circumstances, can speak of the Fords to me."

"That was my idea," returned Stephen boldly. "I felt that they ought to go, but I did n't think that you ought to be bothered with the name of them. If I went a little further than I ought to have done, that was my idea. Their name can't be very agreeable to any of us," he added, with a deep-drawn breath. "If I went too far, that's my only excuse."

"Well, Steve," said the father, "I am glad you see it as I do, and that, if you were wrong, it was an error of judgment only. After what you've said, I'll allow that. But Ned is one of the fellows that like to turn the sword round in a wound. He thinks that's the way to make a man forget."

"I thought solely of the injustice to them," urged Edmund, "not of ourselves at all. It cannot be worth your while, sir, on whatever provocation, to wage civil war upon your gamekeeper. Send him away, by all means, — I should be glad, I confess, to get rid of the sound of their name; but let it be fairly, with such warning as is natural, or at least with time enough to provide themselves with another home. Suppose they have been scheming, artful, whatever you may call it: you can't punish them for that as for a crime."

"It's a deal worse than many a crime," asserted Stephen, with a black look which transformed his face. "It's the sort of thing you smother vermin for. Even poaching I'd look over sooner. I don't pretend to be one of your forgiving people. There are some things I'll never forgive, nor forget."

Mr. Mitford gave him a grateful look. He was much relieved by the disappearance of Stephen's sneer, and felt as if he had recovered his proper position when his son condescended to explain. "I am glad to see that you feel as I do, Steve," he repeated. "Ned has his own ways of thinking, though I should have supposed he had more feeling for his brother than to stand up

for the Fords. I don't want them to make out a case for Lizzy Travers's charity, though. I'll speak to Brown, and he shall buy them off and get them out of the country; and you and I will go over to Mount Travers and explain. You may do some business for yourself at the same time," he said, with a laugh, to which Stephen responded. The two were once more in full intelligence, understanding each other's thoughts and wishes.

To Edmund's sensitive ears the laugh was intolerable. It was full of that rude and primitive meaning which lurks so often in the private sympathetic chuckle with which two men discuss a woman. He went out of the room quickly, with a nervous impatience, over which he had no control. In the experience of all sensitive persons, there arises now and then a moment when contrariety seems in the very air, and everything turns against them. Edmund felt that on every side his wishes, his feelings, his ideas of all that was just and fit, were contradicted, and that the entire world was out of harmony with him. Not only his father and brother, and the atmosphere of the house which was full of them, opposed him and jarred his nerves and temper at every turn, but the most trifling things appeared to rise in antagonism, and cut every possibility of relief. The *sourd*, mysterious something which stood between him and Elizabeth, which made even old Pax, his most familiar confidant, repellent and unharmonious, scarcely affected him more than those lesser jars of contradiction which met him at every turn. That Mrs. Ford should have refused information about Lily, that he should be supposed the champion of the family, that it should be possible, however falsely, to gibe at his forgetfulness of their disastrous influence over Roger, — he whose heart was the only one faithful to Roger, — exasperated him almost beyond bearing. He

went out with that sensation of being unable to bear anything more, or endure another moment of this contrariety and horrible antagonism of everything, which is at once so natural, so inevitable, so foolish. Women find relief in tears at such moments, but Edmund could get no such relief; everything was against him; he was despondent yet exasperated, angry as well as sad. Why should he go to Mount Travers, where everything was already decided against him? Why stay here, where he was put out of all influence, misrepresented, misunderstood; where his attempt to do justice was taken for partiality towards the offender, and his anxious endeavor to carry out his dead brother's wishes repulsed as a curiosity of his own? It was time, surely, for him to shake the dust off his feet, and leave the place where he was disinherited, contemned, and set aside. He felt the jar of the vexation, of the contradiction, go to his very soul. How much better to go away from the house where he was displaced, from the love that would have none of him, from the country where his charities, his faithfulness, his desire to help and succor, were all misconceived! Roger had done it in the most conclusive fashion, shaking off so many embarrassments and troubles along with the mortal coil. Edmund thought wistfully, with a certain envy, of his brother's complete escape. He had no temptation to put an end to his life, yet a great weariness took possession of him. If he could but turn his back on everything, flee far from them! Oh, for the wings of a dove! But where? Not to some foreign land, which was the ordinary commonplace expedient, — to change the sky, but not the mind. What Edmund really wanted was to escape from himself; and that, alas, is what none can do.

At the same time, amid all this contrariety, there was something, a spirit in his feet, driving him to that high house on the hill, to which he had been in-

vited that morning. To see Mr. Gavelkind! He laughed, with a bitter sense of humor, at that idea. The old lawyer was his friend, — there was no scorn of him in Edmund's mind; but with a heart full of Elizabeth, to go to her man of business! It would have been too ludicrous, if it had not been the greatest contradiction, the most irritating contrariety of all.

XLI.

AT MOUNT TRAVERS.

"Yes, I am just going. I wish you could have come a little earlier. I've been here three days, — to be sure, one of them was a Sunday. There are a great many things I should have liked to talk to you about."

"I am sorry," Edmund said; but he had not the same sense that to talk things over with Mr. Gavelkind was a matter of importance which the lawyer seemed to feel on his side.

"I see; you don't feel that it's of very much consequence what I think. Well, perhaps not. Few things are of much importance taken separately; it's when they come together that they tell. No, don't apologize; I am in no danger of misunderstanding. I'll tell you what, though: you should n't leave things too long hanging in the wind."

"Hanging in the wind?"

"Come," said Mr. Gavelkind, "I don't intend to summer it and winter it, as the country people say. You and I have been able to understand each other before now without putting a dot on every *i*. There's something going on up there which I don't understand."

He pointed, with a wave of his hand, to the house on the hill. The sun was blazing in all the plate-glass, and made it flare over the whole country, as if it were some great heliographic apparatus. Edmund had met the lawyer going down to the station by the steep and

short path which old Travers had made through the grounds. He had a little bag in his hand, and his coat over his arm.

"To have to do with ladies in business is a trial," he resumed. "In your own family it's a different matter, and I'm fond of women for friends, notwithstanding all that's said to the contrary; but to have their business to do, and to hold them to it, and to keep reason always uppermost, is almost too much for me."

"I have heard you commend Miss Travers's capacity for business, all the same."

"That I have, and meant it, too! She has a good head, and a clear head; but there's always some point in which reason is not the sole guide with women. It may take a long time to find it out, but it always appears at the end. There's this business about these Fords — Ah, Mrs. Travers!" exclaimed Mr. Gavelkind, hastily transferring his coat to his left arm that he might take off his hat. "I knew you were out-of-doors, but I did n't think you would venture down a steep road like this."

"I did n't. I came the other way, to say good-by to you; I could n't let you go without saying good-by. And my compliments to Mrs. Gavelkind. I hope she will really arrange some time to come with you and stay a little while. Saturday to Monday I don't consider a visit at all."

"You are very kind, I'm sure," said the lawyer. "It's been Friday to Monday, this time, and a great deal of business got through. I'll give my wife your kind message. Miss Travers had already asked" —

"I dare say," said the old lady quickly, "that your wife, being an older person, would not think much of an invitation from Lizzy, while the mistress of the house said nothing; but you can tell her from me that it's all the same. We'll be highly pleased to see her any

time before the end of the summer. Good-by, Mr. Gavelkind."

The lawyer shot a glance at Edmund underneath his brows, but he took his leave very ceremoniously of the old lady, who had been accompanied by a female figure, a few steps behind her. She turned round to take this companion's arm, to mount the slope.

"Why, the girl is gone!" she cried. "Mr. Mitford, I beg your pardon! I was so occupied in saying good-by to Mr. Gavelkind that I've never said 'How d'ye do' to you. I wonder if you'll give me your arm to help me up the bank? Thank you. I've always noticed you were nice to old people. And so was your poor brother. Is it true what I hear, that it's the youngest that is to succeed to the property? Somebody told me so this very day."

"There is no question of succeeding to the property at present, Mrs. Travers. My father is well and strong, and I hope may keep it himself for many years."

"That's a very proper feeling; I approve of it greatly. When Lizzy marries, I hope it will not be any one who will grudge me every day I live; for of course I will leave her everything, — everything that is in my power."

Edmund made a little bow of assent, but he did not feel it necessary to enter into the possible sentiments of the man whom Lizzy might marry. The old lady looked at him closely, her keen eyes undimmed by the little gasps and pantings with which she had dragged herself up the steep ascent.

"I have not so much in my power as you would think," said Mrs. Travers, "for all the property belongs to Lizzy after my death. Her uncle thought that was only just, seeing that her father began the business, though it was my husband who made the money. Everybody has his own way of thinking, Mr. Mitford, but I must say I felt it a little not to have anything in my own power. Of course I should have left it to Lizzy,

— who else should I leave it to? — but everybody likes to be trusted, and to have something in their own power.”

“No doubt,” returned Edmund, gravely. The little old lady clung to his arm, and kept looking up from time to time suddenly, as if to take him at a disadvantage, and read whatever unintentional meaning might pass over his face.

“If she married a man whom I approved of, they might go on living with me, perhaps. I would not make it a promise; but if he were a person I liked, and one who would behave properly to an elderly lady— They don’t generally, Mr. Mitford; when a woman has ceased to be young, they have a way of looking at her as if she had no right to live at all. Oh, I know what I am saying. I am not Lizzy’s mother, it is true, but I should be more or less in the position of a mother-in-law, and that is what I never could put up with. Give a dog an ill-name and hang him, they say; call a woman a mother-in-law, and it’s the same thing; though why a respectable woman should be turned into a fiend by the marriage of her daughter I have never been able to find out. Happily, Lizzy is not my daughter, but it comes to very much the same thing.”

As she paused for a reply, Edmund felt himself obliged to say that the general hatred of mothers-in-law was “only a joke.”

“A joke! It’s a joke in very bad taste, Mr. Mitford. But you may rely upon it, I know what I am talking about. You were very civil, giving me your arm when that girl ran away. (It was very silly of her to run away, but she can’t bear to be seen about, poor thing!) And your father was very polite the last time he was here. He looked to me as if he were bent on finding out something; but he was very polite, all the same, and made himself quite agreeable. Tell me about your brother, — the brother that is to be the successor, according to

what people say. Oh! I forgot; you don’t wish to talk of that.”

“I have no objection to talk of it. I believe you are quite right, and that Stephen is to be my father’s heir.”

“I have always heard it was a very nice property,” she remarked. “My dear Mr. Mitford, I am sure you must have played your cards very badly, when your kind father cuts you off like that.”

“Perhaps so,” replied Edmund, with a half smile; “or perhaps he thinks my brother better fitted to keep up the character of a country gentleman, and he may be quite right.”

“You take it very coolly, anyhow,” said Mrs. Travers; “and you really think that Mr. Stephen — is n’t that his name? Oh, Captain, to be sure; I had forgot — will keep it up best? Well, I never was brought up with any superstition about an eldest son, myself. I know your younger brother least of any of you. I hope he’ll come and see us. I am devoted to the army, and I like people of decided character. Tell him I shall be glad to see him at Mount Travers. Mr. Mitford, I am very much obliged to you. I don’t require to trouble you any more, now we have got up to the level of the house.” And she drew her arm briskly out of his, and stood still for a moment, turning round upon him as if to give him his dismissal.

Edmund felt with a sense of pleasure that, notwithstanding all that had happened, his mind was as capable of being amused as ever. He had been vague enough up to this moment, not decided whether he should go in or not. But Mrs. Travers made up his mind for him. “I hope,” he said, “I may call, though I am no longer of any use; for I have a message for Miss Travers from the Rectory.”

“Oh, from Pax, as Lizzy calls her; an absurd name, and I think she’s rather an absurd person. I can’t see what Lizzy finds in her, — very limited and

prejudiced, like all the clergy people, and very fond of her own way. Oh, surely, Mr. Mitford, come in, come in : you 'll find Lizzy in the drawing-room. Good-by, in case I should not see you again."

Elizabeth was seated at the further end of the room, at a writing-table, with her back turned towards the door. She got up with a little stumble of excitement, when she became aware of Edmund's presence. "You must pardon me," he said, "for coming in unannounced. I met Mrs. Travers at the foot of the bank, and came back with her. She told me I should find you here."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, holding out her hand. She added, in a voice which was slightly tremulous, "I am always at home at this hour."

Did she wish him to be aware of that? Or was it a mere impulse of shyness, and because she did not know what to say?

They sat down near each other, in the great room with the vast plate-glass window, which took away all sense of being within doors, and made that wide landscape part of the scene, and for perhaps a whole long minute neither spoke. There was a screen arranged round Mrs. Travers's little table and easy-chair, to preserve her from some imaginary draught, or perhaps to give a sense of shelter where all was so blank and wide. Elizabeth looked at her visitor with something like a sentiment of alarm in her wide-open eyes. The two seemed at last to have met alone, in a vast centre of naked space, where there could no longer be any veil of mystery between them. Edmund was not so ready as she was expectant. He had not come with any definite idea in his mind as to what he was to do or say, but only to see her, to speak to her, to follow any leading that good or evil fortune might put in his way.

"I met Mr. Gavelkind, on his way to town."

"He has been here since Friday. He is a very warm friend" —

"You could, I am sure, have nobody more devoted to your interests."

"I meant of yours, Mr. Mitford. He has always a great deal to say of you."

"Of me?" responded Edmund, with a smile. "That's strange! I have got so wiped out of everything, that it is odd to hear of any one who thinks of me."

"You are too kind," said Miss Travers; "you let the thought of duty carry you too far. Duty must have a limit. There is something that perhaps I ought to tell you; but when I see that you are deceived, or that you think yourself bound to regard as sacred, to uphold and to justify" —

"What?" he asked, bending forward towards her, too much astonished to say more.

"Mr. Mitford, I don't know how to speak. It is not a thing to be discussed between you and me. But when I see how you are making an idol of one who — when I perceive how you are devoting yourself to carry out plans which — and letting your life and everything in it go by" —

Elizabeth's voice had begun to tremble, her eyes were filling with tears, her color changed from red to white. She kept clasping and unclasping her hands, in the strain of some excitement, the cause of which he could not discover. What was its cause, and how was he involved in it? And what was this purpose which she attributed to him, which made him let his own life go by?

"My own life?" he said. "I seem to have none. I am pushed aside from everything, but I wish I could think you cared what became of my life. I should like to tell you how it has been arrested for months in the only great wish I have ever formed for myself. Miss Travers, my brother Roger" —

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands with something which looked like a wild

and feverish impatience. "Don't speak to me of Roger, — I don't want to know any more of him! I would rather never hear his name again!"

She got up as she spoke, starting from the chair as though she could no longer tolerate the situation, and stood for a moment in front of the great window, her tall figure showing against the background of the vast landscape outside. She turned her back upon it, and stood facing him, twisting her fingers together, in her agitation.

"Mr. Mitford," she said, clearing her throat, "I know I ought to have told you — I ought to tell you" — The door opened while the words were on her lips. Elizabeth made a movement of almost angry impatience. "I had made up my mind to it, and now I can't do it!" she cried, turning away hastily. Edmund had risen, too, he scarcely could tell why. She had turned round, and stood gazing out of the window, in a tremor of suspense and agitation, disappointed and excited. Mrs. Travers appeared at the door, relieved of her out-door garments, with her little pale face surrounded by the dead white of her widow's cap, and everything about her breathing the tranquillity of the common day. The extraordinary difference and contrast startled Edmund. He did not know why Elizabeth should be so excited; but he perceived the seriousness of her agitation, and how much it must mean, when he saw her spring up and go to the window, as Mrs. Travers came softly in and took her usual place. A third person, whom he did not remark, except that there was a movement of some one following, came in with the old lady; half visible for a moment, then disappearing behind the screen. He had an impression, of which he took no heed amid the other images, more urgent, that filled up all the foreground, that this third person, the attendant, whoever she was, remained in the room, though unseen.

"So you found Lizzy, Mr. Mitford?"

said Mrs. Travers. "I thought you would find her here. I did intend to let you have her all to yourself, while I rested a little. But, to tell you the truth, we saw your father and your brother coming this way, and I put on my cap and came down. I could n't leave Lizzy to entertain three gentlemen, all of the same family: that would have been much."

Elizabeth turned quickly from the window. "I see them: they are just here," she said.

"And I wanted particularly to see the captain, — I have always told you I liked military men," returned her aunt; "but don't let Mr. Edmund Mitford go away for that. He is not ashamed, I suppose, of being found here."

Elizabeth came and sat down near him, not concealing the tremulous condition in which she was; she gave him a look of disappointment, mingled with an almost feverish irritation and annoyance, and faintly shook her head. She had something to tell him, and she had been made to stop with the very words in her mouth. Her eyes had a certain pleading in them that he should not go away, and Edmund had no wish to go away. He was glad to be here, to watch what his father and brother intended, to find out their purpose. Whatever aim they might have, it was well that there should be some one to keep a watch on that.

XLII.

A REVELATION.

"Oh, you've got here before us, Ned," Stephen remarked in an aside, in his amiable way. He drew a chair near to that from which Elizabeth had risen on the entry of the new-comers, and which she had resumed nervously, still with that thrill of agitation. She was thus seated between the brothers, Stephen bending towards her, half turning his

back upon the window. "It is dazzling to come in here," he observed. "The country does n't look half so sunny and brilliant outside. It must be something in this room."

He looked at her, as he spoke, with a laugh and an admiring gaze which indicated his meaning almost too distinctly. The time of broad compliment has passed away, and Elizabeth was unacquainted with that form of address. She gave him an astonished look.

"Of course it is something in this room," said the Squire. "Young fellows are not so ready as they were in our day, Mrs. Travers. I think I could have put it more neatly, in my time" —

"It is the plate-glass," suggested the old lady. "As for the other sort of thing, my time's over, and Lizzy's too serious. I don't know why the plate-glass should have that effect. I always told Mr. Travers that we wanted shade; but trees won't grow in a day, and the plate-glass is like a mirror, — that's what it is."

"It's the light within," said Mr. Mitford, with an old-fashioned bow that took in both the ladies. "My son Stephen has scarcely been at home, to stay, since he was a boy. But he turns up when I want him. We need to hold together now."

"Yes, indeed," Mrs. Travers replied, with the gravity that befitted the situation, "the fewer you get, the more you ought to cling close; but it is n't all families that do that."

"It wants a pretty strong inducement," said Stephen, "to make a man bury himself in the country in June. Don't you think so? Oh, I know it's the height of summer, and all that; but on the other hand, there's nothing for a man to do. Tennis, yes; but tennis soon palls, don't you think so, Miss Travers? — with the Miss Tredgolds and a curate or two."

His own laugh was the only one that Stephen drew out, which was uncomfort-

able. Elizabeth was too completely preoccupied to be able to give him more than the faintest smile. "I am no authority," she said. "I never play."

"We must find something for him to do till September, Miss Travers," remarked the Squire. "I shall trust to you ladies to help me in that. In September we all come to life, you know. And that reminds me of our particular errand, Stephen. It appears there is one of our keepers, Ford, whom you ladies have taken a fancy to."

"Ford?" Elizabeth said, with a sudden interest. "Yes, I know something of him." She gave a quick look round, and seemed to hesitate for a moment whether she should not get up and call some one, but reconsidered the matter, and sat still.

"My dear young lady," said the Squire, playfully holding up and shaking a finger at her, "don't you know — But I am sure you don't, or you would never have done it. Among us men, it's not quite the thing — it's not considered quite the thing to interfere with another man's servants. We are but savages, more or less. I know our ways are not ladies' ways."

"I beg your pardon," returned Elizabeth. "I have never intended to interfere. I take an interest in the man, — that is true. He came to tell me he was turned out at a moment's notice, — threatened with the police."

"That was all a bit of nonsense," observed the Squire, bland and smiling. "There's the culprit, looking ashamed of himself, as he ought, come to beg your pardon, my dear young lady. Speak up, Steve. You're on your trial, my boy, and before such a judge it's worth while clearing yourself."

"I hope I'll meet with mercy," said Stephen. "It's my ill-fate that though I know Miss Travers so well, she knows me little, I fear, and possibly does n't — trust me." He was used to good fortune with women, and he knew that

among the class to which he was accustomed a bold front was half the battle. He looked at Elizabeth with an air which was half ingratiating, half insolent. "I'm not, perhaps, good for very much; but if I had known you took an interest in the people, why, that would have made all the difference. But I had n't a notion — You'd better speak for me, sir. I have n't the ear of the court."

"Well, to tell the truth, we take a very strong interest in the Fords," said Mrs. Travers, looking up from her work. "We think they've had a great deal to bear from your family. I don't know all the details myself, but Elizabeth does. Probably Mr. Mitford himself does n't know, Lizzy; and Captain Mitford, who has been away for so long, and is really almost a stranger in Melcombe" —

"It is true," interrupted Elizabeth. "I ought to have thought. I know only one side, and perhaps you know only another. I have no right to be the judge."

"My dear Miss Travers, we are delighted, delighted to have you for the judge. Where could we find one so gentle, one so fair, in both senses of the word? Speak up, can't you, Steve, and tell all your bad meaning. Of course he had a bad meaning; not abstract justice, — oh, no, that's seldom what we think of. Speak up! A fellow like you should get the ladies to take his part."

"I'm quite ready, for one," responded little Mrs. Travers, laying her work down upon her lap. "I'm always a friend to military men. Where should we be without them? There would be no security for anything, I always say."

"There's encouragement for you, Steve," remarked his father, with a laugh.

"If there's to be a trial, the court had better be cleared," said Edmund, getting up, — a movement which made Stephen's face lighten with evident satisfaction.

"That's true," he assented. "I had better have as few listeners as possible, to take notes of my enormities."

Elizabeth put up an eager hand. "Don't go away, — don't go away," she pleaded, almost in a whisper, with an anxious look and a return of that agitation which was so inexplicable to Edmund, and with which he alone seemed connected. The only answer he could make was a bow of submission, but he withdrew from the group, and going to the window, that universal resource for persons who find themselves *de trop*, stood looking out, seeing nothing, as such persons generally do.

"I say, sir," exclaimed Stephen, "this is n't fair. Here is Ned, a sort of counsel for the defendant. No, not exactly that, for I am the defendant; but at all events for the other side. Don't you know, Miss Travers, that brothers are usually on different sides?"

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Travers, "begin! This is getting more and more interesting." She was delighted with Stephen's air of assurance, with his banter, though it was not very refined, and that look of a conquering hero, which he rarely laid aside.

"Well, then, here goes. Miss Travers, you must know our view of these Fords. They are people, though I don't know details any more than Mrs. Travers, who have been mixed up in — in most painful events. I know that much, though I may n't know all. The governor, there, has heard a great deal too much about them; that's the truth. I knew he'd be glad to be rid of them. I knew also that he'd rather never hear their name again. Don't you see? I therefore thought I'd make bold to take it into my own hands."

"I think you were very right. Mr. Mitford might indeed have painful associations, and *he* could not be to blame."

Edmund turned round in amazement to hear these words from Elizabeth. To hear the question discussed here at

all was in itself strange enough, but to hear it with Stephen's gloss of pretended solicitude for his father, approved by Elizabeth! The story was dim, and full of mystery to himself. The chance of hearing it cleared up or explained away, from Stephen's side, was one which startled him out of all pretense of calm spectatorship. He turned, with involuntary excitement, to watch the speakers. As he did so, Edmund's eye was attracted by a flicker of movement behind the screen. There was a very narrow interval between its edge and the wall, — so narrow that a person standing behind might see without being himself seen. There seemed to be preparations for some one sitting there: a table with something white on it, a chair pushed against the wall. These details caught Edmund's eye instantaneously, as he turned his head. But a second glance showed him more. Some one stood, a slight dark figure, at this coigne of vantage, leaning against the screen. Her head was bowed, her face invisible. She had the air of clinging so close as to obliterate herself in the shadow and dark line of the piece of furniture. Perhaps he would not have been sure at all but for the lighter color of her hair; her very face was pressed against the dark velvet of the screen. He was so much startled that for the moment he scarcely heard what Stephen was saying, though that had an interest to him beyond anything which could be roused by a visitor or servant at Mount Travers, thus clandestinely listening to something which she had no business to hear.

"Yes," Stephen said, "I own that I thought that a kind of duty; but there it is that my bad meaning, as my father calls it, comes in. To get rid of Ford was all right, a relief to the Squire without bothering him; but the fact was, I had a man of my own."

"A man of your own! Go on, Mr. Stephen, go on. It is always more and

more exciting," cried Mrs. Travers, sitting up erect in her chair, and clapping her hands.

"Yes, *mea culpa*, — that is the height of my offense: I wanted to put in my own man. It is a nice little cottage, with a charming garden; and instead of that troublesome fellow, Ford, with his bad antecedents, I had planned to put in a nice young couple, my own — Hallo! What's this? Who's this? What — what do you mean by it?" Stephen cried.

Something had flitted across his line of vision, — a figure which Edmund alone had previously seen. But even Edmund did not observe, so quick was her motion, how it was that she detached herself from the shadow, and suddenly became visible to the whole group, standing in the full light of the great window. Stephen acknowledged the wonder, the strangeness, and the power of this apparition by springing suddenly to his feet; his face, slightly flushed by his story-telling, grew crimson in a moment; his eyes seemed to project from his head.

"Eh?" exclaimed the Squire, turning towards the new actor on the scene. "Who is it? What's happened? Why, it's Lily Ford!"

"She has heard her father reflected upon," said Mrs. Travers. "Dear, dear, I forgot she was about! Go away, my poor girl, go away; it was not meant for you to hear."

"Miss Travers," said Lily, in a tremulous, hurried voice, "I told you all my story, every word, the very first day. I told it all, except who it was. I meant to hide that from you, for his very name was a shame to say. Perhaps I've done harm by it; I'm afraid I have. I'm mended of my folly now. To hear him speak of Ford, that was troublesome, that had bad antecedents, that Mr. Mitford could not bear the name of — Look at him, Miss Travers; do you want me to say more?"

That's the man that beguiled me up to London; that was to take me to a woman's house, where I should be taken care of, and marry me in the morning. I told you every word. He was to have the license in his pocket, and it was to be at a church in the city. There he is, there he stands! That's Stephen Mitford, that was to be my husband, but never meant it; that's the man that is turning out my father and mother, and threatening the police to them, because I escaped away from him out into the streets! Rather the streets than him! Rather anything in all the world than him!"

"It's a lie!" retorted Stephen, forgetting all his precautions. "Hold your tongue! How dare you speak? It's a lie!"

"Lily!" cried Elizabeth. "Oh, Lily! What are you saying?" She had uttered a cry and started up at the first words of this strange revelation; and without looking at Edmund she put out her hand to him, saying, "Edmund, forgive — forgive me!" as Lily went on.

"He knows it's all true!" the girl cried, pointing to Stephen. "He used to meet me in the park, and he offered to marry me. He said Not church, church was of no consequence, — a registrar's office; but I said No, the church or nothing; and he was to get the license for a church in the city, and all straightforward, and to take me to a good woman's. But there was no woman, and he had said I was his wife. Then I opened the door and ran out into the streets; and I walked, and walked, and walked, till I was like to drop, till the morning; and then I got to the railway, where there was a woman, and slept all day; and there you found me. I told you all the story, every word, except his name. And there he stands, — Stephen Mitford. Oh, I have good cause to know his name!"

"The girl is mad!" Stephen cried. "It's a lie! She means my brother.

My brother would have married her. He was a fool. It was Roger; it was not I."

"What's all this about?" blustered the Squire. He had sprung up, too, from his seat. "He's right, Miss Travers. This girl, confound her! — my poor boy wanted to marry her. She had — she had — got over him, somehow. It's true, Roger wanted to marry her. Stephen was never in it. Stephen is not that sort!" Mr. Mitford laughed in a wild way, with an indignant braggadocio, ready to boast of his son's want of virtue. "He's not a — he's not one of the innocent ones. He is up to most things!"

"Lily, my child, — Lily, come here," cried Mrs. Travers. "Oh, dear, dear! To hear that about her father has quite upset her. Lily, come here, — come here."

Lily obeyed the call. She was very docile, though trembling with passion; and in that stirring up of all her being, she was glad of some one to cling to, some one to lean upon. She obeyed the movement of the old lady's hand, and went and stood behind her chair. The others were all standing up, gazing at each other. Elizabeth, in her compunction and astonishment, had put her hand suddenly into Edmund's, not knowing what she did, calling him by his name; and notwithstanding the wonderful commotion which this involuntary act roused in him, he had said or done nothing save hold that hand firmly in his, not attempting to interrupt the strain of a stronger interest, the question now raised between his father and brother, between whom a whole tragedy lay. As if a magnet had drawn them, they both followed Lily's movements with their eyes; as if her change of position could impart something new to the startling tale.

"Speak up, man!" cried the Squire, growing gradually excited. "Don't leave me to answer for you, — you've a big enough voice when you please.

Take your oath to it! Are you going to let them believe that — that lie?"

"That's what it is," answered Stephen. His voice was big enough, but there was something hollow in it. "It is a lie. I've said so. You see she can't face me and say it again!"

"Sir," said Lily, leaning over her friend's chair, over the head of the little old lady, who looked like some curious white-and-black bird with eager little sparkling eyes, "I have but one word. I can't vary it. Mr. Roger, — oh! he was too good; he spoke to me as if I had been the highest lady in the land. But Stephen made me leave my home; he said we were to be married, and he would get a license; it was to be in a church in the city." Lily went over those details again with a monotony of repetition, as she had gone over and over them in her mind in circles of confused and miserable thinkings. "I trusted him, and I went to him, but he never meant it. When I saw how it was — Oh, ask him; he will tell you!" she cried, suddenly turning upon her former lover. "Ask him, look at him! Can't you see it in his face?"

"You liar!" he cried, hoarse with passion; "you jilt, you little devil! The streets, — that was where she came from, where she belonged! Yes, I'll take my oath! I tell you it's an infernal lie!"

"I walked about the streets all night. God protected me," said Lily. "It was like the dead walking, but I was safe

there from him. I told Miss Travers every word, but not who he was. I would have spared him, if he had spared my father and mother. For he did me no harm, only a night in the streets; an awful night, on my feet, walking all the time, but that's all. He did me no harm!"

Stephen looked as a bully looks when he is beaten down and can brag no more. "I took her from the streets, — that's what she means. I would n't go after her there, — that's what has made her mad. She's a liar, — she's a d—d" —

Mr. Mitford raised his stick, and made as if he would have struck his son on the mouth. His own forehead and cheeks were purple. He tried to speak, and the foam flew from his mouth like spray. "You hound!" he cried. "Do you know there are ladies here? D— you, you make me forget it!" He struck his stick upon the ground in his passion, and snapped it as if it had been glass. "Enticed the girl like a villain and lost her like a fool! I'm glad my stick's broken, or I'd have struck him. Don't speak to me, — don't speak to me. Get out of my way, sir. I'm going home."

They all stood staring, accused and accuser together, while the father, stammering, maddened, pushing everything, furniture and persons, wildly from him, turned round, clearing the way with the broken end of his stick, and rushed out of the room.

M. O. W. Oliphant.

T. B. Aldrich.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A DOZEN years ago, more or less, and somewhere in that zone of forest landscape which lies near to the heart of Nature and of Paris, and is dear to artists, a company of pilgrims were come together in a little inn. The walls of

the old dining-room, clad in color and charcoal by the exertions of successive guests, matched the gayety and extravagance of speech which rose from the table. Sometimes the meals were eaten in the arbor, to the rustle of June leaves

and the flow of the Seine. There was an absence of formality extending a little beyond the exclusion of dress-coats; costume went by caprice; *chaussure* was not an absolute necessity. Cigarettes followed every course, and in some instances sat securely betwixt feminine lips. The guests were French, British, mostly Americans, including delegates from Puritan-Unitarian New England, from that farthest West which looks over towards the farthest East, and from the luxurious, impoverished South. Talk wandered hither and thither, strayed into shadow or loitered in sunlight. One night a new game was proposed: it was the hour of ghost stories.

"Suppose it were fated — absolutely and inevitably decreed — that one of us should die before morning, and the choice had to be determined by vote of the company. How would the vote go?"

They began to take it, but fellowship blanched at the thought: it was too gruesome. Papers were torn up, the vote was not counted, and the company rose intact, and with no more than wonted procrastination, the next morning. A few bolder spirits compared notes. One had voted with a view to eliminating the small Philistine element; another had chosen a slim, clear-eyed boy of seventeen, on the ground that he was the only one of the party fit to die; a fair Southerner had aimed her arrow, not in malice, at a young Scotchman, handsome, unemployed, with a charming vein of talk, tinctured, it may have been, by something of the despondency of youth, whom she selected as having apparently very little to live for. A vote taken a very few years later in the world at large would decidedly have reversed her judgment: the Travels with a Donkey was by no means the production of one who had nothing to live for, and a "Suicide Club" which should have dealt the wrong ace to the author of the New Arabian Nights would have been anything but a happy thought in literature.

But these are trifles, to dwell upon which is to lean upon grass blades. The little circle soon began to disperse, and the *séance* may have been forgotten by half its participants. The author of that blind judgment has since been claimed by Death, taking tribute in his own large way without reference to ballot, and lies fast in a Southern grave. Of the two Californians, mother and daughter, then art students both, and as near of an age as any two in the above-mentioned relationship could well be, the elder is now Mrs. Stevenson, the writer *per se* of a few clever magazine articles, and the co-author, whose share has not yet been traced by internal evidence, of the incomparable Dynamiter. And year by year have come happy volumes, of essay, travel or romance, proving that the individual disposed of on that careless slip of paper had at least a literary career to live for, — one that ranks among the most fortunate and interesting of the day. It can hardly be out of place, now that we have followed this career in all its varied activities for nearly a decade, to count up what we have gained from it of pleasure and of stimulus, and to inquire if there may not be found in it something more than success as an answer to questions like Mr. Mallock's. It would be futile to hope at this date to say anything new in the way of criticism of books so familiarly known as Mr. Stevenson's; but perhaps something may be done or attempted towards tracing certain qualities that pervade them, and finding the thread of connection between a set of volumes which, from their very slenderness and their variety of topic, hang but loosely together, and which have met, moreover, with the fate, exceptional nowadays, of being more enjoyed than analyzed.

Looking before and after the accidental moment referred to above, and taking for our guide an autobiography readily sifted from Mr. Stevenson's pages,

we find that his nativity and bringing up fell in Scotland, and that almost as a consequence those early associations which leave their mark upon a writer, and form his material for comparison and reflection, if not the actual texture of his work, lay in his case very near, if not within, the bounds of Calvinism. His mother we can think of as the recipient of some verses of a noble ring in *Underwoods*: "It is not yours, O mother, to complain." Of his father we have his memorial sketch contributed to the *Contemporary Review* for June, 1887. Thomas Stevenson was the most active in inventions of a family of engineers, six of whom had not only followed the same calling, but held the same office, — that of engineer to the Board of Northern Lights. The fact mentioned in this paper that, "holding as the Stevensons did a government appointment, they regarded their original work as something due already to the nation, and none of them has ever taken out a patent," may be accepted as a composite photograph of the race. Other traits of the father may be quoted which, if not actually transmitted, can hardly have failed to exercise some influence on the gifts or character of the younger Stevenson: —

"He was a man of a somewhat antique strain, with a blended sternness and softness that was wholly Scotch, and at first somewhat bewildering; . . . passionately attached, passionately prejudiced; a man of many extremes, many faults of temper, and no very stable foothold for himself among life's troubles. Yet he was a wise adviser; many men, and these not inconsiderable, took counsel with him habitually. . . . His talk, compounded of so much sterling sense and so much freakish humor, and clothed in language so apt, droll, and emphatic, was a perpetual delight to all who knew him."

It would be easy to surmise that there may have been differences now and then

between a father "passionately prejudiced" and a son with a fair inheritance of "apt" and "emphatic" talk, who began his literary career by undertaking "to state temperately the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age;" but the agreement and likeness between them are to be read not only in the tenderness of all direct reference to his father, but still more in the tone and accent of Mr. Stevenson's own work.

In Edinburgh, where the father, according to the memorial quoted above, "had a circle of his own," and was widely known and beloved, Robert Louis Stevenson was born, the books of reference tell us, in 1850. A *Child's Garden of Verses* contains reminiscences, no doubt, if we knew where to look for them, of a sensitive yet happy childhood. The allusion above to autobiographical notes, let fall by Mr. Stevenson, had reference less to actual fact than to that intimate tone of his work which shows it to have been written, so to speak, out of his own fibre. It is flecked with caressing personalities, with touches which were evidently supplied by recollection, as when he describes a boy reading voluptuously, and "digging blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles." We hear of his being bred to the family profession, and leaving it for law studies, such as have been the prelude to many and diverse pursuits; but, at an early though not very precocious age, we find him already embarked in letters, and writing of his profession as of one definitely embraced as a vocation.

From the land of Knox and Carlyle to that of Villon and Henri Murger is a far cry, but this is the "inland voyage" celebrated throughout Mr. Stevenson's pages, and one in which no reader in complete sympathy and companionship with his work can refuse to follow him. It is a direction in which romantic youth is ready enough to adventure; but here is no question of revolt or

bravado, in the ordinary sense. The spirit in which Mr. Stevenson has made the journey, at once joyous and reflective, eager and home-loving, is too sincere and individual to be justly classified beforehand, or disposed of in ready-made phrase. How give the name of Bohemianism to that thrill of freedom or that tender fellowship which glows in his travels, without cheapening it, or rubbing off somewhat of its bloom? The fact is, Mr. Stevenson's Bohemianism, his gypsyism, — for he is the true gypsy and wandering entertainer of the time, beguiling us with song and fortune-telling, — is, like others of his traits, of a delicate and modulated order. He is not one of those Bohemians whose works we should wish to peruse at a safe distance from the hand that wrote them. It is difficult to define the quality — if it be a single quality — which meets and controls the humorous and unconventional force in Mr. Stevenson's books; which blends with it to give the key of his style, and renders him not alone a gifted companion, but one heartily lovable and trustworthy as well. It is a certain fineness and elevation of mind; what an Englishman, perhaps, might call the tone of a gentleman, though it is in this case an intellectual as well as moral distinction; a perception of gradations and cordial recognition of the rights of others. Thackeray drew back from the familiar touch on his shoulder of an American railway conductor. Mr. Stevenson, in describing his visit to this country, when he traveled in workmen's clothes on an emigrant train, reports with like indignation the insults to his humanity and individual rights offered by official rudeness. But he has no discourtesy for his fellow-emigrants, or resentment of rebuffs offered in mere ignorance or misconception. He can tell a story against himself in all fairness and cheerfulness, as of his maladventure at "La Fère of Cursed Memory," when he was turned from the inn

door amid torrents of rain, for his disreputable appearance. Wherever we find him, in Bohemia or on "the Plains," there is a nameless something to remind us of Scotland and the Calvinist background.

To have two distinct and opposite points of view can hardly be other than a gain to a healthy intellect: it suggests a reverse possibility in many things; it shifts and verifies impressions. In this sense, a journey towards freedom like Mr. Stevenson's is equivalent to an intellectual *Wanderjahr*. These results are already visible in the book which has an intrinsic claim to be considered as the earliest production of his pen. *Virginibus Puerisque*, though the date on its title-page is 1881, is made up of papers some of which had probably preceded the advent of *An Inland Voyage*, which came out in London in 1878, five years in advance of its republication here. *Virginibus Puerisque* is avowedly the book of a young man taking account of life from the starting-point; it was intended, we are told in the preface, to cover the field where youth and age differ, and to constitute a volume of special pleadings on the side of life at twenty-five. That it does not keep closely to this programme is due, according to the same authority, to the fact that, "with the best will, no man can be twenty-five forever." But it may be remarked that the current against which the book is written is that not alone of advancing years, but of an active mobile spirit, emphatic in assertion, yet with a susceptibility to arguments upon the other side. The opinions of youth are stated in as positive a tone as possible, like stakes driven in where the tide will soon cover them; there is an air as of one conscious yet unashamed of crudities. But indeed the crudities which attach to a literary perception such as Mr. Stevenson's are neither frequent nor grievous; for the essence of crudity is self-assertion and

ignoring of perspectives, and this recognition from the first of non-finality takes the edge off dogmatism. In spite of some imitation of Lamb, as in the title and contents of *An Apology for Idlers*, and of Hazlitt, and a claim of having at twenty-five "much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies," there is a great deal in *Virginibus Puerisque* which is individual, suggestive, and direct from life. There are sayings about Truth of Inter-course which penetrate a long way; there are passages concerning youth, written from half within and half without the boundary, which probe to the quick some of its ailments and errors. "A young man feels himself one too many in the world; his is a painful situation; he has no calling, no obvious utility, no ties but to his parents, and these he is sure to disregard. I do not think that a proper allowance has been made for this true cause of suffering in youth; but by the mere fact of a prolonged existence, we outgrow either the fact or else the feeling. Either we become so callously accustomed to our own useless figure in the world, or else — and this, thank God, in the majority of cases — we so collect about us the interest or the love of our fellows, so multiply our effective part in the affairs of life, that we need to entertain no longer the question of our right to be."

It would be superfluous to ask for the school or college diploma of a young man who writes that "to travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education." *Virginibus Puerisque* is valedictory enough. It is the stepping forth,

"His spirits braced, his thoughts
Pleasant as roses in the thicket blown,"

of a young, well-knit intelligence to which life is a wandering, a journey (the figure occurs to him again and again), to be pursued with relish of its phases as well as with a sense of its significance, — an intelligence which is not

of the doctrinaire order, "*arrêté avant d'arriver*," is not even greatly concerned about reaching a haven of admiration, but can announce in all good faith that "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor." And all this eagerness for the fray, these cheerful, active words, are found alongside of passages which tell that the long struggle for health and battle for existence amid which all Mr. Stevenson's clever and delightful books have been written had already begun, that his sympathies were quickened by suffering and that the days thus dedicated to enjoyment were already felt to be measured. The passage about multiplying an "*effective part in the affairs of life*" is the afterthought to an essay in which the writer had looked bravely, almost carelessly, at the nearness of death. It seems as though the author of the *New Arabian Nights*, like the narrator of the old ones, were constrained to hold his existence by the thread of a story, and ever with the coming of the dark hour to beguile the executioner with the fascination of a new scene or an unheard adventure.

The book which comes next in subject and date, *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*, is a less interesting and characteristic volume; it would be hard to say why, except that in writing deliberately of books Mr. Stevenson, with all his literary sense, is a trifle bookish and much like everybody else. These studies disappoint not through any obvious faults or lack of merit, but rather by the absence of the buoyancy and life which belong to his reproduction of active scenes, whether invented or observed.

It is in romance that his chief successes have been made, — daring raids across the borderland of science and unveracity, of ancient fiction and nineteenth-century fact. *A Gossip on Romance*, which appeared in *Longman's Magazine* late in 1882, was the apology and argument of the first series of *New Arabian*

Nights, published in the same year. In the full tide of realism and of analysis Mr. Stevenson stands for the romantic spirit, and has constituted himself the defender of bygone faiths, the champion and reviver, by precept and practice, of the much-abused story for its own sake. He brings back old chivalries and piracies, and talks to the boyhood of to-day of shipwrecks and highwaymen as if these venerable objects of worship had not been superseded long ago by mercantile heroes and dollar-coining newsboys. If it is not absolutely incumbent upon readers to decide beforehand and forever the question between realism and romance; if it be permitted to rejoice heartily in the truest phase and intention of each, to wave a welcome to the van of either procession and escape the rabble at its end, then let us enjoy without odorous comparisons our Stevensonian romance, and rest satisfied that invention has its truths and falsehoods as well as fact. In the *New Arabian Nights* — a title including both series — there are not the outdoor opportunities which give atmosphere and life to others of his stories, to *Kidnapped* above all, and the style is subordinate to the narrative, or rather to the model on which it is fashioned. The humor is not of a genial or very obvious variety; if you tried to demonstrate it to any one who should have chanced to overlook its existence, you would be very apt to be worsted, and have to fall back, like the blundering repeater in the old jest books, upon the conclusion that "it must have been in the way he said it." And perhaps it is. What Oriental gravity of narrative and precision of detail! The modernization is delicious. The young man with the cream tarts has hardly left Bagdad. Mr. Paul Challoner and the dynamiter are Londoners born, and Prince Florizel, with his pecuniary motives for being abroad is an Al Raschid distinctly of to-day; but they traverse the magic sheet with a motion and pur-

pose which are truly Eastern. The accessories do honor to the management; the tales rest upon evidence as secure, to say the very least, as that of the faith cures and other marvels of the day. The cabs and cigar shops, the packs of cards, the drugs and the boxes of dynamite, are they not here to bear witness? The Suicide Club can hardly fail to recommend itself to candid minds as a balm for certain disorders, social and individual. The invention of the stories is felicitous and wholly in keeping. The original *Arabian Nights* may have been written in this very vein, if we suppose a delicate intention of satire on the part of its author or authors, and this might perhaps be found there if we had the clue to it. Things happen with that utter inconsistency combined with deep logic which is characteristic of the immortal story-book, and is perhaps not entirely absent in actual life. It is one drawback of our vaunted scientific and commercial spirit that we think ourselves proof against the incredible and in possession of full insurance policies in case of marvels, and that, lulled by this sense of security, we succumb at a touch, and surrender in bands to the grossest of miracle workers. Might not a little exercise, now and then, of the fancy simply as fancy tend to prevent it from tripping up the rest of the faculties?

But to insist, as is too often done, upon Mr. Stevenson's ingenuity alone is to run the risk of overstating and at the same time of mechanizing it. There are even readers who, enamored of the unbarred sweetness of his travels, have all along been tempted to be a trifle jealous of his triumphs as a story-teller, and fearful lest practice in that line should injure the delicacy of his gift. They have told themselves that the cleverest ingenuities are apt to be a little hard, and that feats of construction and chapters of incident give small scope to those minor felicities of pen and heart which Mr. Stevenson has taught his readers to

look for. There is reassurance for such fears in the daintinesses of Prince Otto and the wind-blown pages of Kidnapped, and it would be ungrateful to linger regretfully upon one phase of a talent of which the very charm lies in its plasticity, its forward impulse and susceptibility to fresh impressions. Nevertheless, the New Arabian Nights, for all its humor, scarcely escapes that tendency to hardness which is the danger of fancy divorced from poetry, and The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde does not escape it. The most popular of Mr. Stevenson's stories and that by which he is most universally known, this is in some respects the least characteristic; it has more rivals and predecessors than the others, and would be more likely to have imitators. The subject is one which has haunted literature and men's minds for ages; and perhaps Mr. Stevenson, by transferring the ghost to a living and comfortable *bourgeois*, may have done something to allay its wanderings. It seems, however, as if the possibilities of the theme would have admitted of a treatment a trifle finer and more subtle than he has chosen to give it. It may be misreading the intention of the book, with its hint of unfathomed depths in the soul, to suggest that the evil of Mr. Hyde is hardly that which would belong to the personality of Dr. Jekyll; but its effect as a tale of situation and moral would scarcely have been marred if the link of connection between the two characters had been a little more delicate, and the individuality of each more carefully worked out. As it is, its gruesomeness has just a touch of the perfunctory: it does not thrill with so poetic a terror as that stirred by the inimitable one legged-sailor in Treasure Island, or by the ghastliness of Thrawn Janet.

Let us return to the open air, — to the Travels with a Donkey and An Inland Voyage, with their ringing accent of joyousness and personal feeling. Along

with them may be counted Prince Otto, which is a lay of the "good green wood," though some of its characters and situations are "risked," and the scenes are wittily situated between the "seaboard Bohemia" of poetry and the Gerolstein of *opéra bouffe*. Of the latter element it may be remarked, as the old Scotch lady said to certain of her sex holding their skirts from contact with a less immaculate sister, that "it's na catchin'"; what is infectious is the spirit of renewal and of spring, the perfume of kindliness, and the spontaneous delight in goodness, which give to this airy fantasy an imprint of distinction. Kidnapped, too, with its broad landscape, its firmly welded romance and reality, and its delightful scenes of falling out and reconciliation, belongs to the same group. It is in these books that the qualities put forth as views in Mr. Stevenson's essays, and brought into play for the shifting of scenes and lights in his more obviously clever stories, find their freest and most artistic expression. Here we have his style at its best. A certain English weekly, which is nothing if not infallible, after discovering in An Inland Voyage innumerable platitudes, imitations, and affectations, and a peculiar view of English composition, characterizes Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes as a book to be read slowly, "on account of its style," the author's writing having grown "more natural" while "as elegant as ever." It is hardly likely that Mr. Stevenson's entire manner had changed within a twelvemonth, — the two books are pretty near abreast in the affections of most readers, — but a year's space had given opportunity for becoming accustomed to his style. It is an atmospheric style, taking account of divers and shifting effects, with moist running colors, with abrupt edges of tint, and withal a rare freshness and delicacy. It is clever writing, but one forgets its cleverness, which is not of an unusual order, in the enjoyment of other features.

To have yielded one's self to the charm of that idyl of travel through the Cévennes is to have a sensation as keen as recollection of having slept afiel, with the stars shining straight overhead, and felt the strenuous autumn wind of the mountains. It is the record of only a twelve days' excursion, told in less than three hundred pages of open print; yet among many clever and delightful volumes of informal travel, it would not be easy to find one which is quite as unclassifiable, and gives us as much at once from without and from within. For the author is not simply journeying through the Cévennes, but through life as well, and by the footpath of art. The persons with whom he holds brief intercourse on the road — monks, peasants, and Plymouth brethren — are not merely interviewed and reported, but drawn by sympathy and a sort of creative process into relations that are true enough to be almost permanent. The scene is an historic battleground of the two religions. Mr. Stevenson has traversed it, as he went over that field of difference between youth and age, with an instinct of tolerance and reconciliation at once kindly and reverent. There is enough of the old Scottish tradition clinging to him to serve as passport among these Continental Protestants; but it must be to a closer or broader sentiment — personal or human — that we owe the exquisite and feeling sketch of the Trappist monks at the convent of Our Lady of the Snows. Here is an attempt to cut from the book a section of its thought-peopled landscape; the final clause "samples" fairly the lurking humor of the book.

"To my Scotch eyes it seemed smiling and pleasant, as the weather still gave an impression of high summer to my Scotch body; although the chestnuts were already picked out by the autumn, and the poplars that here began to mingle with them had turned into pale gold against the approach of winter.

"There was something in this landscape, smiling although wild, that explained to me the spirit of the Scottish Covenanters. Those who took to the hills for conscience' sake in Scotland had all gloomy and bewildered thoughts; for once that they received God's comfort they would be twice engaged with Satan. But the Camisards had only bright, and supporting visions. They dealt much more in blood, given and taken; yet I find no obsession of the evil one in their records. With a light conscience they pursued their life in these rough times and circumstances. The soul of Séguier, let us not forget, was like a garden. They knew they were on God's side, with a knowledge that has no parallel among the Scots; for the Scots, although they might be certain of the cause, could never rest confident of the person."

With a faculty and gift that is more than half poetic, Mr. Stevenson is yet hardly to be called a lyricist. His new volume of verse, *Underwoods*, lacks the skill and mastery in versification which the reigning English school has taught us to look for almost as a matter of course in the youngest poets. His rhymes are occasionally a loose fit, and the models suggested by his verse are almost invariably among those poets to whom we forgive technical deficiencies for the sweetness of their thought. There are lines both here and in *A Child's Garden of Verses* — for instance, *The Unseen Playmate* of the latter — which recall the groping and the vision of Blake. Many of the Scottish poems in *Underwoods* are in the familiar metre and vein of Burns's epistles. My Conscience, with its shrewd, careless hits, is one of these; and *A London Sabbath Morn*, with its kindly sketch of the gude-man "perplext wi' leisure," and of the churchyard bell that

"Just a wee thing nearer brings
The quick an' deid,"

is an obvious and loving continuation of

The *Cotter's Saturday Night*. If *Underwoods* were a new book, by an unknown author, it might easily be over-viewed, except by a few readers to whom it could not fail to give pleasure. But looked at in connection with its author's prose ; taken, with all the personalities of which it is full, as part of the autobiography referred to in an earlier paragraph of this paper ; sandwiched between pages of travel, or laid beside those whole-souled dedications in which Mr. Stevenson's affection delights, and which, even to his readers, are as a rosary of friendly names, — read in this way, it is a delightful volume, and one which, if it have little to say to a new ear, will tighten the bonds of friendship with an accustomed listener. Here is a poem, as characteristic as any in the book, with some beautiful spontaneous lines and some awkward ones, which, apart from all association, has a ring of sincerity and a quaint charm of its own, but which will be read with a keener or fainter sense of its pathos according to the place which Mr. Stevenson's volumes hold on our shelves and in our estimation : —

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON.

IF I have faltered more or less
 In my great task of happiness ;
 If I have moved among my race
 And shown no glorious morning face ;
 If beams from happy human eyes
 Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
 Books, and my food, and summer rain
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,
 Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take,
 And stab my spirit broad awake ;
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
 Choose thou, before that spirit die,
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,
 And to my dead heart run them in !

There are in literature, as in life, things which criticism is fain to leave to "the celestial surgeon ;" there are others which must be referred to time, perhaps even to hazard. It may be that we who have gathered, in passing, of this harvest ; who have overheard the stories

as they were told ; who have been admitted to glimpses of the sick-room, and brought away no echo of complaint, only kindly messages to friends and fellow-mortals, — it may be that we shall find that the work so cordially written and read has been magnified a little in the mist of our affections. Here is a countryman of Carlyle's, and one who shows himself not imperceptive of the power of that writer, who, in apparent rather than real contradiction to the Carlylean creed, sets for himself at the outset a "task of happiness." Here is a writer who avowedly seeks as a primary object to entertain ; who has not stretched any large canvas, but has sketched incessantly, writing stories and articles which embrace a wide variety of subject. Perhaps not all his volumes have been mentioned in this hasty article, and there is a noticeable quantity of matter, signed sometimes only with initials, which is still lying uncollected in periodicals. All of these are readable, and some are of marked vigor and suggestiveness. There is a fragment still tolerably recent, *The Day After To-Morrow*, which picks up the socialistic question with a very fine instrument. Across the Plains gives a cross-section of this continent in word-painting of considerable breadth. But there is no space left for such details ; what may be noted in Mr. Stevenson's pages, bound or unbound, is their breadth of topic and of sympathy, and their adaptation to a varied audience. To adopt as a vocation not the cloister, but the everyday, haphazard world, and even the world in its careless phases ; to know pain, and yet live a life not of martyrdom, but of gladness ; to work constantly and with heart, and accept the giving and taking of happiness as a "task," is a career which, with all its gypsy pretension, exhibits a suspicious-looking skeleton of Scotch uprightness and intellectual truth under the folds of its drapery.

Sophia Kirk.

AT CHRYSTEMESSE-TYDE.

Two sorrie Thynges there be, —

Ay, three :

A Neste from which y^e Fledglings have been taken,

A Lambe forsaken,

A redde leaf from y^e Wilde Rose rudely shaken.

Of gladde Thynges there be more, —

Ay, four :

A Larke above y^e olde Neste blithely singing,

A Wilde Rose clinging

In safety to a Rock, a Shepherd bringing

A Lambe, found, in his armes, and Chrystemesse
Bells a-ringing.

Willis Boyd Allen.

SOME ASPECTS OF PESSIMISM.

WHEN Mr. Matthew Arnold delivered his lecture on Emerson in this country, several years ago, it was delightful to see how the settled melancholy of his audience, who had come for a panegyric and did not get it, melted into genial applause when the lecturer touched at last upon the one responsive chord which bound his subject, his hearers, and himself in a sympathetic harmony, — I mean Emerson's lifelong, persistent, and unconquerable optimism. This was perhaps the more apparent because Mr. Arnold's addresses were not precisely the kind with which we Americans are best acquainted; they were singularly deficient in the oratorical flights that are wont to arouse our enthusiasm, and in the sudden descents to colloquial anecdote by which we expect to be amused. For real enjoyment it was advisable to read them over carefully after they were printed, and the oftener they were so read the better they repaid perusal; but this not being the point of view from which ordinary humanity is apt to regard a

lecture, it was with prompt and genuine relief that the audience hailed a personal appeal to that cheerful, healthy hopefulness of disposition which we like to be told we possess in common with greater men. It is always pleasant to hear that happiness is "the due and eternal result of labor, righteousness, and veracity," and to have it hinted to us that we have sane and wholesome minds because we think so; it is pleasanter still to be assured that the disparaging tone which religion assumes in relation to this earthly happiness arises from a well-intentioned desire to wean us from it, and not at all from a clear-sighted conviction of its feeble worth. When Mr. Arnold recited for our benefit a cheerless little scrap of would-be pious verse which he had heard read in a London schoolroom, all about the advantages of dying, —

"For the world at best is a dreary place,
And my life is getting low," —

we were glad to laugh over such dismal philosophy, and to feel within ourselves an exhilarating superiority of soul.

But self-satisfaction, if as buoyant as gas, has an ugly trick of collapsing when full-blown, and facts are stony things that refuse to melt away in the sunshine of a smile. Mr. Arnold, like Mr. Emerson, has preached the gospel of compensation with much picturesqueness and beauty; but his arguments would be more convincing if our own observation and experience did not so mulishly stand in their way. A recent writer in *Cornhill*, who ought to be editing a magazine for *Arcady*, asserts with charming simplicity that man "finds a positive satisfaction in putting himself on a level with others, and in recognizing that he has his just share of life's enjoyments." But suppose that he cannot reach the level of others, or be persuaded that his share is just? The good things of life are not impartially divided, like the spaces on a draught-board, and man, who is a covetous animal, will never be content with a little, while his comrade enjoys a great deal. Neither does he find the solace that is expected in the contemplation of the unfortunate who has nothing; for this view of the matter, besides being a singular plea for the compensation theory, appeals too coarsely to that root of selfishness which we are none of us anxious to exhibit. The average fustian-clad man is not too good to envy his neighbor's broadcloth, but he is too good to take comfort in his brother's nakedness. The sight of it may quicken his gratitude, but can hardly increase his happiness. Yet what does Mr. Arnold mean in his poem of *Consolation* — which is very charming, but not in the least consoling — save that the joys and sorrows of each hour balance themselves in a just proportion, and that the lovers' raptures and the blind robber's pain level the eternal scales. It is not a cheering bit of philosophy, whatever may have been the author's intention, for the very existence of suffering darkens the horizon for thoughtful souls. It would be an insult on the part of the

lovers — lovers are odious things at best — to offer their arrogant bliss as indemnification to the wretch for his brimming cup of bitterness; but the vision of his seared eyeballs and sin-laden soul might justly moderate their own expansive felicity. Sorrow has a claim on all mankind, and when the utmost that Mr. Arnold can promise for our consolation is that time, the impartial,

"Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours,"

we do not feel that he affords us any broad ground for self-complacency.

The same key is struck with more firmness in that strange poem, *The Sick King in Bokhara*, where the vizier can find no better remedy for his master's troubled mind than by pointing out to him the vast burden of misery which rests upon the world, and which he is utterly powerless to avert. It is hardly worth while, so runs the vizier's argument, for the king to vex his soul over the sufferings of one poor criminal, whom his pity could not save, when the same tragic drama is being played with variations in every quarter of the globe. Behold, thousands are toiling for hard masters, armies are laying waste the peaceful land, robbers are harassing the mountain shepherds, and little children are being carried into captivity.

"The kaffirs also (whom God curse!)
Vex one another night and day;
There are the lepers, and all sick;
There are the poor, who faint away.

"All these have sorrow and keep still,
Whilst other men make cheer and sing.
Wilt thou have pity on all these?
No, nor on this dead dog, O king!"

Whereupon the sick monarch, who does not seem greatly cheered by this category, adds in a disconsolate sort of way that he too, albeit envied of all men, finds his secret burdens hard to bear, and that not even to him is granted the fulfillment of desire, —

"And what I would, I cannot do."

Unless the high priests of optimism shall

find us some stouter arguments than these with which to make merry our souls, it is to be feared that their opponents, who have at least the knack of stating their cases with pitiless lucidity, will hardly think our buoyancy worth pricking.

As for that small and compact band who steadfastly refuse to recognize in "this sad, swift life" any occasion for self-congratulation, they are not so badly off, in spite of their funereal trappings, as we are commonly given to suppose. It is only necessary to read a page of their writings — and few people care to read more — to appreciate how thoroughly they enjoy the situation, and how, sitting with Hecate in her cave, they weave delicate thoughts out of their chosen darkness. They are full of the hopefulness of despair, and confident in the strength of the world's weakness. They assume that they not only represent great fundamental truths, but that these truths are for the first time being put forth in a concrete shape for the edification and adherence of mankind. Mr. Edgar Saltus informs us that, while optimism is as old as humanity, "systematic pessimism" is but a growth of the last half century, before which transition period we can find only individual expressions of discontent. Mr. Mallock claims that he is the first who has ever inquired into the worth of life "in the true scientific spirit." But when we come to ask in what systematic or scientific pessimism differs from the older variety which has found a home in the hearts of men from the beginning, we do not receive any very coherent answer. From Mr. Mallock, indeed, we hardly expect any. It is his province in literature to propose problems which the reader, after the fashion of *The Lady or the Tiger?* is permitted to solve for himself. But does Mr. Saltus really suppose that Schopenhauer and Hartmann have made much headway in reducing sadness to a science, that love is in any danger of

being supplanted by the "genius of the species," or that the "principle of the unconscious" is at all likely to extinguish our controlling force? What have these two subtle thinkers said to the world that the world has not practically known and felt for thousands of years already? Hegesias, three centuries before Christ, was quite as systematic as Schopenhauer, and his system begot more definite results; for several of his disciples hanged themselves out of deference for his teachings, whereas it may be seriously doubted whether all the persuasive arguments of the *Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* have ever made or are likely to make a single celibate. Marcus Aurelius was as logically convinced of the inherent worthlessness of life as Dr. Hartmann, and, without any scientific apparatus whatever, he stamped his views on the face of a whole nation. We are now anxiously warned by Mr. Saltus not to confound scientific pessimism with that accidental melancholy which is the result of our own personal misfortunes; but Leopardi, whose unutterable despair arose solely from his personal misfortunes, or rather from his moral inability to cope with them, — for Joubert, who suffered as much, has left a trail of heavenly light upon his path, — Leopardi alone lays bare for us the

"Tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,"

with an appalling accuracy from which we are glad to turn away our shocked and troubled eyes.

It is a humiliating fact that, notwithstanding our avaricious greed for novelties, we are forced, when sincere, to confess that "*les anciens ont tout dit*," and that it is probable the contending schools of thought have always held the same relative positions they do now: optimism glittering in the front ranks as a deservedly popular favorite; pessimism speaking with a still, persistent voice to those who, unluckily for themselves, have the leisure and the intelligence to

attend. Schopenhauer hated the Jews with all his heart for being such stubborn optimists, and it is true that their records bear ample witness to the strong hold they took on the pleasures and the profits of the world. But their noblest and clearest voices, Isaias, Jeremias, Ezekiel, speak a different language; and Solomon, who, it must be granted, enjoyed a wider experience than most men, renders a cheerless verdict of vanity and vexation of spirit for "all things that are done under the sun." The Egyptians, owing chiefly to their tender solicitude about their tombs, have taken rank in history as a people enamored rather of death than of life; and from the misty flower-gardens of Buddha have been gathered for centuries the hemlock and nightshade that adorn the funeral-wreaths of literature.

But the Greeks, the blithe and jocund Greeks, who, as Mr. Arnold justly observes, ought never to have been either sick or sorry, — to them, at least, we can turn for that wholesome joy, that rational delight in mere existence, which we have somehow let slip from our nerveless grasp. Whether it was because this world gave him so much, such rare perfection in all material things, or because his own conception of the world to come promised him so exceedingly little, — for one or both of these reasons, the average Greek preferred to cling tenaciously to the good he had, to the hills, and the sea, and the sunshine, rather than to

"Move among shadows, a shadow, and wail
by impassable streams;"

and his choice, under the circumstances, is perhaps hardly a matter for amazement. That a people so richly endowed should be in love with life seems to us right and natural; that amid their keen realization of its fullness and beauty we find forever sounded — and not always in a minor key — the same old notes of weariness and pain is a discouraging item, when we would like to build up an exhaustive theory of happiness. Far,

far back, in the Arcadian days of Grecian piety and simplicity, the devout agriculturist Hesiod looked sorrowfully over the golden fields, searching vainly for a joy that remained ever out of reach. Homer, in a passage which Mr. Peacock says is nearly always incorrectly translated, has given us a summary of life which would not put a modern German to the blush: —

"Jove, from his urns dispensing good and ill,
Gives ill unmixed to some, and good and ill
Mingled to many, good unmixed to none."

Sophocles says uncompromisingly that man's happiest fate is not to be born at all; and that, failing this good fortune, the next best thing is to die as quickly as possible. Menander expresses the same thought more sweetly: —

"Whom the gods love die young;"

and Euripides, the most reverent soul ever saddened by the barrenness of paganism, forces into one bitter line all the bleak hopelessness of which the Greek tragedy alone is capable: —

"Life is called life, but it is truly pain."

Even as isolated sentiments, these ever-recurring reflections diminish perceptibly the sum of a nation's gayety, and, if we receive the drama as the mouthpiece of the people, we are inclined to wonder now and then how they ever could have been cheerful at all. It is easy, on the other hand, to point to Admetos and Antigone as two standing examples of the great value the Greeks placed upon life; for the sacrifice of Alkestis was not in their eyes the sordid bargain it appears in ours, and the daughter of Œdipus goes to her death with a shrinking reluctance seemingly out of keeping with her heroic mould. But Admetos, excuse him as we may, is but a refinement of a common type, old as mankind, and no great credit to its ranks. He may be found in every page of the world's history, from the siege of Jerusalem to the siege of Paris. A Kempis has transfixed him

with sharp scorn in his chapter *On the Consideration of Human Misery*, and a burning theatre or a sinking ship betray him, shorn of poetical disguise, in all his unadorned brutality. But to find fault with Antigone, the noblest figure in classical literature, because she manifests a natural dislike for being buried alive is to carry our ideal of heroism a little beyond reason. Flesh and blood shrink from the sickening horror that lays its cold hand upon her heart. She is young, beautiful, and beloved, standing on the threshold of matrimony, and clinging with womanly tenderness to the sacred joys that are never to be hers. She is a martyr in a just cause, but without one ray of that divine ecstasy that sent Christian maidens smiling to the lions. Beyond a chilly hope that she will not be unwelcome to her parents, or to the brother she has vainly striven to save from desecration, Antigone descends

“Into the dreary mansions of the dead,”

uncheered by any throb of expectation. Finally, the manner of her death is too appalling to be met with stoicism. Juliet, the bravest of Shakespeare's heroines, quails before the thought of a few unconscious hours spent in the darkness of the tomb; and if our more exalted views demand indifference to such a fate, we must not look to the Greeks, nor to him who

“Saw life steadily, and saw it whole,”

for the fulfillment of our idle fancy.

Youth, health, beauty, and virtue were to the ancient mind the natural requisites for happiness; yet even these favors were so far at best from securing it, that “nature's most pleasing invention, early death,” was too often esteemed the rarest gift of all. When Schopenhauer says of the fourth commandment, “‘Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land,’—ah! what a misfortune to hold out as a reward for duty!” we feel both shocked and repulsed

by this deliberate rejection of what is offered us as a blessing; but it is at least curious to note that the happy Greeks held much the same opinion. When the sons of Cydippe—those models of filial devotion—shamed not to yoke themselves like oxen to the cart, and with strong young arms to drag their mother to the feast of Hera, the ancient priestess begged of the dread goddess that she would grant them her best gift; and the prayer was answered, not with length of days, nor with the regal power and splendor promised of old to Paris, but with a boon more precious still than all.

“Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to
cloud,
In heaven, and the vast company was hushed.
But when they sought for Cleobis, behold,
He lay there still, and by his brother's side
Lay Biton, smiling through ambrosial curls,
And when the people touched them they were
dead.”¹

It is hard to assert in the face of a narrative like this that the Greeks valued nothing as much as the mere delight of existence.

As for the favorite theory that Christianity is responsible for the weakening of earthly happiness, and that her ministers have systematically disparaged the things of this world in order to quicken our desire for things eternal, it might suffice to hint that Christianity is a large word, and represents at present a great many different phases of thought. Mr. Arnold objects, rationally enough, to the lugubrious hymns from which the English middle classes are wont to draw their spiritual refreshment; and Dr. Holmes, it will be remembered, has spoken quite as strongly in regard to their depressing influence upon New England households. But Christianity and the modern hymn-book are by no means synonymous terms, and to claim that the early church deliberately lowered the scale of human joy is a very

¹ The Sons of Cydippe, by Edmund Gosse.

different and a very grave charge, and one which Mr. Pater, in *Marius the Epicurean*, has striven valiantly to refute. With what clear and delicate touches he paints for us the innocent gayety of that new birth, — a gayety with no dark background, and no heart-breaking limits of time and space. Compared to it, the sombre and multitudinous rites of the Romans and the far-famed blitheness of the Greeks seem incurably narrow and insipid. The Christians of the catcombs were essentially a cheerful body, having for their favorite emblem the serene image of the Good Shepherd, and believing firmly that “grief is the sister of doubt and ill-temper, and beyond all spirits destroyeth man.” If in the Middle Ages the Church apparently darkened earth to brighten heaven, it was simply because she took life as she found it, and strove, as she still strives, to teach the only doctrine of compensation that the tyranny of facts cannot cheaply overthrow. The mediæval peasant may have been less badly off, on the whole, than we are generally pleased to suppose. He was, from all accounts, a robust, unreasoning creature, who held his neck at the mercy of his feudal lord, and the rest of his scanty possessions at the discretion of the tax-gatherer; but who had not yet bared his back to the intolerable sting of that modern gadfly, the professional agitator and socialistic champion of the poor. Yet even without this last and sorest infliction, it is probable that life was to him but little worth the living, and that religion could not well paint the world much blacker than he found it. There was scant need, in his case, for disparaging the pleasures of the flesh; and hope, lingering alone in his Pandora box of troubles, saved him from utter annihilation by pointing steadily beyond the doors of death.

As a matter of fact, the abstract question of whether our present existence be enjoyable or otherwise is one which

creeds do not materially modify. A pessimist may be deeply religious like Pascal and Châteaubriand, or utterly skeptical like Schopenhauer and Hartmann, or purely philosophical like faint-hearted Amiel. He may agree with Lamennais, that “man is the most suffering of all creatures;” or with Voltaire, that “happiness is a dream, and pain alone is real.” He may listen to Saint Theresa, “It is given to us either to die or to suffer;” or to Leopardi, “Life is fit only to be despised.” He may read in the diary of that devout recluse, Eugénie de Guérin that “dejection is the groundwork of human life;” or he may turn over the pages of Sir Walter Raleigh, and see how a typical man of the world, soldier, courtier, and navigator, can find no words ardent enough in which to praise “the workmanship of death, that finishes the sorrowful business of a wretched life.” I do not mean to imply that Leopardi and Eugénie de Guérin regarded existence from the same point of view, or found the same solace for their pain; but that they both struck the keynote of pessimistic philosophy by recognizing that, in this world at least, sorrow outbalances joy, and that it is given to all men to eat their bread in tears. On the other hand, if we are disinclined to take this view, we shall find no lack of guides, both saints and sinners, ready to look the Sphinx smilingly in the face, and puzzle out a different answer to her riddle.

Another curious notion is that poets have a prescriptive right to pessimism, and should feel themselves more or less obliged, in virtue of their craft, to take upon their shoulders the weight of suffering humanity. Mr. James Sully, for instance, whose word, as a student of these matters, cannot be disregarded, thinks it natural and almost inevitable that a true poet should be of a melancholy cast, by reason of the sensitiveness of his moral nature and his exalted

sympathy for pain. But it has yet to be proved that poets are a more compassionate race than their obscurer brethren who sit in counting-houses or brew beer. They are readier, indeed, to moralize over the knife-grinder, but quite as slow to tip him the coveted sixpence. Shelley, whose soul swelled at the wrongs of all mankind, did not hesitate to inflict pain on the one human being whom it was his obvious duty to protect. But then Shelley, like Carlyle, belonged to the category of reformers rather than to the pessimists; believing that, though the world as he saw it was as bad as possible, things could be easily mended by simply turning them topsy-turvy under his direction. Now the pessimist proper is the most modest of men. He does not flatter himself for a moment that he can alter the existing state of evil, or that the human race, by its combined efforts, can do anything better than simply cease to live. He may entertain with Novalis a shadowy hope that when mankind, wearied of its own impotence, shall efface itself from the bosom of the earth, a better and happier species shall fill the vacant land. Or he may believe with Hartmann that there is even less felicity possible in the coming centuries than in the present day; that humanity is already on the wane; that the higher we stand in the physical and intellectual scale the more inevitable becomes our suffering; and that when men shall have thrown aside the last illusion of their youth, namely, the hope of any obtainable good either in this world or in another, they will then no longer consent to bear the burden of life, but, by the supreme force of their united volition, will overcome the resistance of nature, and achieve the destruction of the universe. But under no circumstances does he presume to imagine that he, a mere unit of pain, can in any degree change or soften the remorseless words of fate.

To return to the poets, however, it is

edifying to hear Mr. Leslie Stephen assert that "nothing is less poetical than optimism," or to listen to Mr. John Addington Symonds, who, scanning the thoughtful soul for a solution of man's place in the order of creation, can find for him no more cheerful task than, Prometheus-like,

"To dree life's doom on Caucasus."

Even when a poem appears to the uninitiated to be of a cheerful, not to say blithesome cast, the critics are busy reading unutterable sadness between the lines; and while we smile at Puck, and the fairies, and the sweet Titania nursing her uncouth love, we must remember that the learned Dr. Ulrici has pronounced the *Midsummer Night's Dream* to be a serious homily, preached with grave heart to an unthinking world. But is Robin Goodfellow really a missionary in disguise, and are the poets as pessimistic in their teaching as their interpreters would have us understand? Heine undoubtedly was, Browning is, and Byron pretended to be. Keats, with all the pathos of his shadowed young life, was nothing of the sort, nor was Milton, nor Goethe, nor Wordsworth; while Scott, lost, apparently, to the decent requirements of his art, confessed unblushingly that fortune could not long play a dirge upon his buoyant spirits. And Shakespeare? Why, he was all and everything. Day and night, sunlight and starlight, were embraced in his affluent nature. He laid his hand on the quivering pulses of the world, and, recognizing that life was often in itself both pleasant and good, he yet knew, and knew it without pain, that death was better still. Look only at the character of Horatio, the very type of the blithe, sturdy, and somewhat commonplace young student, to whom enjoyment seems a birthright, —

"A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks."

Yet it is to this man, of all others, that

the dying Hamlet utters the pathetic plea, —

“ If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
 pain
To tell my story.”

Here at last is a ray of real light, guiding us miles away from the murky paths of modern French and English poetry, where we have stumbled along, growing despondent in the gloom. To brave life cheerfully, to welcome death gladly, are possible things, after all, and better worth man's courage and convictions than to dree on Caucasus forever.

It is ludicrous to turn from the poets to the politicians, but nowadays every question, even the old unanswered one, “Is life worth living?” must needs be viewed from its political standpoint. What can be more delightful than to hear Mr. Courthope assert that optimism is the note of the Liberal party, while the Conservatives are necessarily pessimistic?—especially when one remembers the genial utterance of Mr. Walter Bagehot, contending that the very essence of Toryism is enjoyment. “The way to be satisfied with existing things is to enjoy them.” Yet Sir Francis Doyle bears witness in his memoirs that the stoutest of Tories can find plenty to grumble at, which is not altogether surprising in a sadly ill-regulated world; and while the optimistic Liberal fondly believes that he is marching straight along the chosen road to the gilded towers of El Dorado, the less sanguine Conservative contents himself with trying, after his dull, practical fashion, to step clear of some of the ruts and quagmires by the way. As for the extreme Radicals,—and every nation has its full share of these gentry,—their optimism is too glittering for sober eyes to bear. A classical tradition says that each time Sisyphos rolls his mighty stone ‘up the steep mountain side he believes that it will reach the summit; and its ever-

repeated falls failing to teach him any surer lesson, his doom, like that of our reforming brothers, is softened into eternal hope. But it may at least be questioned whether the other inhabitants of Tartarus — none of whom, it will be remembered, are without their private grievances — do not occasionally weary of the dust and racket, and of the great ball forever thundering about their ears, as it rolls impotently down to the level whence it came.

The pessimist, however,—be it recorded to his credit,—is seldom an agitating individual. His creed breeds indifference to others, and he does not trouble himself to thrust his views upon the unconvinced. We have, indeed, an anecdote of Dr. Johnson, who broadly asserted upon one occasion that no one could well be happy in this world, whereupon an unreasonable old lady had the bad taste to contradict him, and to insist that she, for one, was happy, and knew it. “Madam,” replied the irate philosopher, “it is impossible. You are old, you are ugly, you are sickly and poor. How, then, can you be happy?” But this, we think, was rather a natural burst of indignation on the good doctor's part than a distinct attempt at proselytizing, though it is likely that he somewhat damped the boasted felicity of his antagonist. Schopenhauer, the great apostle of pessimism, while willing enough to make converts on a grand scale, was scornfully unconcerned about the everyday opinions of his every-day — I was going to say associates, but the fact is that Schopenhauer was never guilty of really associating with anybody. He had at all times the courage of his convictions, and delighted in illustrating his least attractive theories. Teaching asceticism, he avoided women; despising human companionship, he isolated himself from men. A luminous selfishness guided him through life, and saved him from an incredible number of discomfords. It was his rule to expect nothing,

to desire as little as possible, and to learn all he could. Want he held to be the scourge of the poor, as *ennui* is that of the rich; accordingly, he avoided the one by looking sharply after his money, and the other by working with unremitting industry. Pleasure, he insisted, was but a purely negative quality, a mere absence from pain. He smiled at the sweet, hot delusions of youth, and shrugged his shoulders over the limitless follies of manhood, regarding both from the standpoint of a wholly disinterested observer. If the test of happiness in the Arabian paradise be to hear the measured beating of one's own heart, Schopenhauer was certainly qualified for admission. Even in this world he was so far from being miserable, that an atmosphere of snug comfort surrounds the man whose very name has become a synonym for melancholy; and to turn from his cold and witty epigrams to the smothered despair that burdens Leopardi's pages is like stepping at once from a pallid, sunless afternoon into the heart of midnight. It is always a pleasant task for optimists to dwell as much as possible on the buoyancy with which every healthy man regards his unknown future, and on the natural pleasure he takes in recalling the brightness of the past; but Leopardi, playing the trump card of pessimism, demonstrates with merciless precision the insufficiency of such relief. We cannot in reason expect, he argues, that, with youth behind us and old age in front, our future will be any improvement on our past, for with increasing years come increasing sorrows to all men; and as for the boasted happiness of that past, which of us would live it over again for the sake of the joys it contained? Memory cheats us no less than hope by hazing over those things that we would fain forget; but who that has plodded on to middle age would take back upon his shoulders ten of the vanished years, with their mingled pleasures and pains? Who would return to

the youth he is forever pretending to regret?

Such thoughts are not cheerful companions; but if they stand the test of application, it is useless to call them morbid. The pessimist does not contend that there is no happiness in life, but that, for the generality of mankind, it is outbalanced by trouble; and this flinty assurance is all he has to offer in place of the fascinating theory of compensation. It would seem as though no sane man could hesitate between them, if he had the choice, for one pleasant delusion is worth a hundred disagreeable facts; but in this serious and truth-hunting age people have forgotten the value of fiction, and, like sulky children, refuse to play at anything. Certainly it would be hard to find a more dispiriting literature than we enjoy at present. Scientists, indeed, are reported by those who have the strength of mind to follow them as being exceedingly merry and complacent; but the less ponderous illuminati, to whom feebler souls turn instinctively for guidance, are shining just now with a severe and chastened light. When on pleasure bent they are as frugal as Mrs. Gilpin, but they sup sorrow with a long spoon, utterly regardless of their own or their readers' digestions. Germany still rings with Heine's discordant laughter, and France, rich in the poets of decadence, offers us *Les Fleurs du Mal* to wear upon our bosoms. England listens, sighing, while Carlyle's denunciations linger like muttering thunder in the air; or while Mr. Ruskin, "the most inspired of the modern prophets," vindicates his oracular spirit by crying,

"Woe! woe! O earth! Apollo, O Apollo!"

with the monotonous persistency of Cassandra. Mr. Mallock, proud to kneel at Mr. Ruskin's feet as "an intellectual debtor to a public teacher," binds us in his turn within the fine meshes of his exhaustless subtleties, until we grow light-headed rather than light-hearted under

such depressing manipulation. Mr. Pater, who at one time gave us to understand that he would teach us how to enjoy life, has so far revealed nothing but its everlasting sadness. If the old Cyrenaics were no gayer than their modern representatives, Aristippus of Cyrene might just as well have been Diogenes sulking in his tub, or Heraclitus adding useless tears to the trickling moisture of his cave.

Even our fiction has grown disconcertingly sad within the last few years, and with a new order of sadness, invented apparently to keep pace with the melancholy march of mind. The novelist of the past had but two courses open to him : either to leave Edwin and Angelina clasped in each other's arms, or to provide for one of them a picturesque and daisy-strewn grave. Ordinarily he chose the former alternative, as being less harassing to himself, and more gratifying to his readers. Books that end badly have seldom been really popular, though sometimes a tragic conclusion is essential to the artistic development of the story. When Tom and Maggie Tulliver go down, hand in hand, amid the rushing waters of the Floss, we feel, even through our tears, — and mine are fresh each time I read the page, — that the one possible solution of the problem has been reached ; that only thus could the widely contrasting natures of brother and sister meet in unison, and the hard-fought battle be gained. Such an end is not sad, it is happy and beautiful ; and, moreover, it is in a measure inevitable, the climax being shadowed from the beginning, as in the tragedy of the Greeks, and the whole tale moving swiftly and surely to its appointed close. If we compare a finely chiseled piece of work like this with the flat, faintly colored sketches which are at present passing muster for novels, we feel that beauty of form is something not compounded of earthly materials only, and that neither the savage strength of French and

Russian realism, nor the dreary monotony of German speculative fiction, can lift us any nearer the tranquil realms of art.

Nor can we even claim that we have gained in cheerfulness what we have lost in symmetry, for the latest device of the pessimistic story-writer is to marry his pair of lovers, and then coldly inform us that, owing to the inevitable evils of life, they were not particularly happy after all. Now Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), that loving student and impersonator of Shakespeare's heroines, has expressed her melancholy conviction that the gentle Hero was but ill-mated with one so fretful and paltry-souled as Claudio ; and that Imogen the fair was doomed to an early death, the bitter fruit of her sad pilgrimage to Milford-Haven. But be this as it may, — and we more than fear that Lady Martin is rightly acquainted with the matter, — Shakespeare himself has whispered us no word of such ill-tidings, but has left us free, an' it please us, to dream out happier things. So, too, Dorothea Brooke wedded to Will Ladislaw has before her many long and weary hours of regretful self-communings ; yet, while we sigh over her doubtful future, we are glad, nevertheless, to take our last look at her smiling in her husband's arms. But when Basil Ransom, in *The Bostonians*, makes a brave fight for his young bride, and carries her off in triumph, we are not for a moment permitted to feel elated at his victory. We want to rejoice with Verena, and to congratulate her on her escape from Mr. Filer and the tawdry music-hall celebrity ; but we are forced to take leave of her in tears, and to hear with unwilling ears that "these were not the last she was destined to shed." This hurts our best feelings, and hurts them all the more because we have allowed our sympathies to be excited. It reminds us of that ill-natured habit of the Romans, who were ungrateful enough to spoil a conqueror's triumph by hiring somebody

to stand in his chariot, and keep whispering in his ear that he was only human, after all ; and it speaks volumes for the stern self-restraint of the Roman nature that the officious truth-teller was not promptly kicked out into the dust. In the same grudging spirit, Mr. Thomas Hardy, after conducting one of his heroines safely through a great many trials, and marrying her at last to the husband of her choice, winds up, by way of wedding-bells, with the following consolatory reflections : " Her experience had been of a kind to teach her, rightly or wrongly, that the doubtful honor of a brief transit through a sorry world hardly

called for effusiveness, even when the path was suddenly irradiated at some half-way point by day-dreams rich as hers. . . . And in being forced to class herself among the fortunate, she did not cease to wonder at the persistence of the unforeseen, when the one to whom such unbroken tranquillity had been accorded in the adult stage was she whose youth had seemed to teach that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain." " What should a man do but be merry ? " says Hamlet drearily ; and, with this reckless mirth pervading even our novels, we bid fair in time to become as jocund as he.

Agnes Repplier.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

SEVENTH PAPER.

XIV.

MORALITY.

IN the last paper I made some reference to morality in literature and life, drawing attention particularly to one point. I said that the morality of literature is not always very closely connected with practice, that people especially seek interest and excitement in fiction, and that immoral subjects may often be superior to moral ones in the dramatic interest of the situations. The English argument about French immorality is founded chiefly on the nature of the subjects treated in French novels. This argument usually assumes one of these two forms : —

(1.) Novelists draw from life ; consequently, as adultery is almost universal in French novels, it must be equally common in French life.

(2.) French people purchase novels about adultery in great numbers ; conse-

quently, the readers of these books must be *practically immoral*.

With regard to the first of these propositions, I should say that crimes of all kinds occur more frequently in all literature that tries to excite an absorbing interest than they do in the dull routine of every-day existence. Murder, for example, is much more frequent in Shakespeare than it is in ordinary English life. Even stories that are considered innocent enough to be read by the young, such as the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and, in recent times, Mr. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, are full of villainy and homicide, introduced for no purpose in the world but to excite the interest of the reader. If we think of a few famous English novels, we shall find that they often describe situations which are certainly not common in the ordinary life of respectable people like ourselves. We are not generally either bigamists, or seducers, or wife-slayers, yet *Jane Eyre* turned upon an intended big-

amy, Adam Bede turned upon a case of seduction and infanticide, and Paul Ferroll fascinated us by the wonderfully self-possessed behavior of a gentleman who had quietly murdered his wife as she lay in bed, early one summer morning. In *Daniel Deronda* the most polished gentleman in the book has a family of illegitimate children, and the most brilliant young lady becomes, in intention, a murderess, whilst the sweetest girl is rescued from attempted suicide. These things *may* happen, which is enough for the purpose of the novelist. In France, the great difficulty of that artist is the uninteresting nature of the usual preliminaries of marriage, so that he is thrown back upon adulterous love as the only kind that is adventurous and romantic.

The immorality of French novels may be accepted as evidence that there is a demand for that kind of reading, but it proves very little else. As for the material in real life that suggests the stories, it need not be abundant. The cases which come to light in the newspapers are sufficient to supply a good part of it, and invention, or the private knowledge of some adventures in real life, may do the rest.

Now with regard to the second proposition, that the readers of immoral stories must be themselves immoral, observation of actual cases entirely fails to confirm it. People read these stories because they feel dull, and seek the interest of exciting situations. Here is a case well known to me. A lady lives in a very out-of-the-way country house, and sees very little society; so reading is her only resource. Fiction is naturally an important part of her reading, and as she is not a linguist she is confined to the works of French authors and a few translations. In this way she has read a good deal about adultery, but her own life is unimpeachable.

It is unnecessary to go to France for a proof that one may read about crimes

without practicing them. French novels have a great circulation in England, but nobody supposes that all the English ladies who read them imitate the conduct of their heroines. A writer in the *Saturday Review*¹ speaks of those music halls and restaurants which are chiefly frequented by the *demi-monde*, and then he goes on to say: "There is the same fascination in going to these places that there is in reading French novels of more than doubtful morality. Let it be but known that there is a book that is hardly decent, and the rush for it is immense among our young married ladies, and even among some of the elder spinsters. Indeed, not to have read any book that is more indecent than usual is to be out of the fashion." This is probably exaggerated, as many books are perfectly decorous in expression whilst depicting an immoral kind of life, and a life may preserve the strictest purity of language though given over to unbridled desires. But, however bad may be the books they read, no one supposes that Englishwomen misconduct themselves in a practical manner because they have read them. Would it be more than fair to extend the same charity to Frenchwomen?

Again, there appears to be a mistake about the reading of novels in France. It seems to be assumed that, because their sale is great, all French people read them. The great sale is partly accounted for by exportation, and it always seems astonishing to an Englishman, because the system of bookselling is not the same in France and England. In fact, however, the sale of an immensely successful French novel scarcely equals that of a single number of the *Daily Telegraph*, and there are millions of English men and women who never read that newspaper. Many French people do not read novels at all; others are extremely careful in their choice. All pious women naturally avoid impure

¹ In the number for July 23, 1887.

literature, and they are a numerous class. Girls are usually limited, in fiction, to translations from English stories and to a few harmless French ones. The habit of novel-reading seems even to vary with localities. The Prefect of the Seine procured some interesting statistics, last year, about the lending libraries on the outskirts of Paris (for a purpose connected with the budget of the department); and from these it appears that there are the most surprising degrees of variety in the habit of novel-reading in different localities. At Asnières, out of a hundred volumes asked for in the libraries, eighty-six are novels, whilst at St. Denis we find them suddenly falling to twelve in the hundred. At Courbevoie the demand for this class of literature is represented by eighty-two per cent., at St. Ouen by twelve and three quarters. Other places vary between these extremes.

The Saturday Review, never very charitable in its judgments about France, and not often very well informed, has spoken as follows about public education in that country: "France has taken a great step forward in these days. It has gone all the way to an expenditure of ninety millions of francs a year, and although Mr. Matthew Arnold does not say so, has materially added to its now permanent deficit by lavish outlay on schools, in which it trains thousands of children to read" — (Well, surely there can be no harm in teaching children to read, but international malevolence is ingenious enough to find evil even here. I resume my suspended quotation:;) "Thousands of children to read who *will never use their knowledge again, or will use it only to read obscenity, to the great and manifest advantage of their minds and morals.*"

This is the kind of information about France which appears to satisfy the readers of the Saturday Review. It is on a level with the surprising statements about the English that we find in the

most ignorant French newspapers. Writing of that kind is not done by men who know the country they write about. The principal reading of the lower classes is the newspapers published at one sou. Some of these are very ably conducted (for example, the *Lyon Républicain*), some others at the same price are much inferior, but the better class of these journals have a great circulation, and are doing more good than harm. The inferior ones publish the sort of trash, in the way of novels, that suits an uncultivated taste. The principal difference between these novels and those read by educated people does not seem to be so much in morality as in the more abundant variety of horrible situations supplied by the writer for the populace. In France, as in England and elsewhere, the taste of the beginners in reading seems to turn naturally to harrowing scenes. But the poor Frenchman is not confined to his newspaper. He has now plenty of opportunities for purchasing cheap scientific and literary works, and also for borrowing them. The collection of *Cent Bons Livres*, published by Félix Vernay, contains books of both classes, issued in a legible type at two sous, and not one of them is immoral. The *Bibliothèque Populaire*, also at two sous, consists of selections from French and foreign literature. The texts are very accurately printed, the translations are good, and the publishers are strict in the exclusion of immoral works; yet the sale of the collection is extensive, and it is found in the dwellings of the humbler classes. The same may be said of the *Bibliothèque Utile*, published by Alcan. But perhaps the best evidence on this subject is in the popular lending libraries instituted by the government. The books for these libraries are specially examined by a commission appointed for the purpose, which excludes indecent publications. There are also the *bibliothèques scolaires* or lending libraries in the schools, and regimental libraries

in the barracks, besides the older town libraries, often extensive and valuable, which are open to all. With regard to the providing of literature in a form suitable for readers of limited education, I may add that this class of literature, simple in expression, yet neither deficient in intelligence nor behind the age in knowledge, scarcely existed in France twenty-five years ago, but is now produced in constantly increasing quantity. Even in former times, however, when facilities were so few, men of the humbler classes frequently rose in the world, and they could not have done that without reading. A well-known Parisian publisher, who was a personal friend of mine, began life as a working joiner.¹

The difficulty about evidence concerning morality is that the sexual vices are so much concealed that the investigator can ascertain only a small part of the truth about them. If the whole truth could be known, it would probably be hideous enough, but there would at least be a basis for recrimination. As things are in the actual world, with truth brought to light here and there in specimens and fragments, we know very little more about it than we do of the interior of the earth. Novels are not evidence, the opinion of foreigners is not evidence; the testimony in the divorce courts is evidence, and, for adultery, that is nearly all we have. But who knows what proportion the cases that become public bear to those that remain forever unrevealed? Considering that for many years there had been no facilities for divorce in France, it was anticipated that when M. Naguet's law came into operation the suits would be for a time like the rushing of pent-up waters; but in reality the world of injured hus-

bands made no overwhelming clamor for deliverance, and soon they came in that quiet succession that reveals only a moderate average of misfortune. The objection that only a part of the cases are ever known applies equally to England. What do we really know? Some men are believed to be quite moral when in fact they are not so good as their reputation, and others are considered to be vicious when they are no worse than the first. Really to *know* that a man leads a moral life, we should require an unimpeachable witness, watching him day and night like a guardian angel. It is for this reason that comparisons of morality are so unsatisfactory.

Having premised, then, that we know very little, and have not the means of knowing much, I will proceed to give an opinion that is founded on what I have been able to ascertain. For convenience, we may divide the population into classes, and begin with the clergy. There are a few flagrant cases of immorality every year amongst the French clergy; but although surrounded by enemies eager to publish every fault, they keep, on the whole, a reputation equal to that of the Catholic clergy anywhere. The clergy in England have an equally good reputation, and there is no reason for supposing it to be undeserved, but they have the possibility of marriage. With the armies the case is different. Soldiers and sailors enjoy a reputation for bravery, but not for sexual morality, in either country. There is very strong medical evidence on this subject, which I cannot go into. The English evidence is very serious, as it points to a danger to the military strength of the country; but it may be argued that the English army is but a part of the nation, whereas

is a delight to me." I asked if he knew that it was an English book. "Yes, sir, I am aware that Defoe was an Englishman." On further inquiry, I found that the lad had read many other books besides. According to the Saturday Review, he ought not to have been taught to read.

¹ During the composition of the present paper I happened one day to be at work upon a boat, when a poor French boy looked on and made a remark. I said, "You must have read Robinson Crusoe to say that." "Yes, sir," he answered, with a look of the keenest pleasure; "I have read it twenty times. The book

the French army represents the nation itself. Another difficulty in the comparison arises from the fact that, although the French may be quite as immoral as the English, their sanitary legislation is more rigorously prudent, so that the consequent physical evils are diminished. With regard to the agricultural populations in both countries, it is difficult to know very much even when you have lived amongst them; but those who know them best believe in the existence of a great deal of virtue, and a great deal of vice, also. I do not think that the rural population in either France or England is anything like generally vicious. You hear now and then of the birth of an illegitimate child, but very rarely of a case of adultery.

A large class, both in France and England, whose general good conduct is doubted by nobody who knows the countries, is that of unmarried girls in the middle and upper classes. Here a fall is so rare as to be practically unknown. The English girl is less retiring than the French *jeune fille*, and she knows more, but she is equally safe. It is something that the two civilizations should have produced at least one class that is so very nearly immaculate.

One cannot say so much of the brothers of the young ladies in either country, but here England has probably the advantage, for a particular reason. French student life is very much concentrated in Paris, and is there surrounded by all the facilities and temptations of a capital city. France has no Oxford and Cambridge, where young men live under a certain gentle restraint, and in places of comparatively small size, where the army of vice is not in full force, but represented only by a detachment. French student life is more like that of medical students and art students in London, whose morality, in the midst of facilities and temptations, depends entirely upon themselves. Student life in Edinburgh has the same lib-

erty as in Paris, but is probably more moral on account of the greater seriousness of the Scottish character and the intellectual ambition of Scottish youth. Both in England and France the errors of young men are very lightly passed over and excused, but in France they are more *expected*, more taken as a matter of course, and there is more of a settled tradition of immorality amongst French students than amongst English. Still, there is nothing in the French system to prevent a young man from living like a good Scotchman, if he likes. It is impossible for us to be just if we overlook the struggling student who is at Paris for his work, and has neither time nor money for much else. The reader is probably aware that amongst Scottish students there are striking examples of courage and self-denial, but he may not know that Paris abounds with instances that, for a richer country, are really of the same kind. I will mention two cases, those of young men whom I know personally, and regard with all the respect which they deserve. One of them, in consequence of a family misfortune, was dependent upon his mother's labor, and by hard work and close economy she was able to support him when at school. She could not undertake the expense of his student life at Paris, but she had a relation there who offered two great helps, a bed and one meal every day. This was absolutely all that the young man had to count upon; the rest had to be won by his own labor. He contrived — I have not space to tell how — to earn all the money necessary for everything else, and became an army surgeon, after which, by further hard work, he gained the medical *agrégation* (a sort of fellowship won by a severe competitive examination). During his student days, I know from his companions that he carefully kept aloof from idle and dissipated society. The other case is that of a young man whose mother, a widow, could do nothing for him.

His earlier education was paid for by the bounty of a rich lady, but as soon as he could earn money by teaching he did so, and went on vigorously with his studies at the same time. He even managed to keep his mother by his labor, without hindering his own advancement. He won a fellowship, and is now occupying the chair of a professor of history,—I do not mean in a school, but as a *professeur de faculté*. He is one of the most cultivated men I ever knew, and probably one of the happiest. Such a career as his is not the usual consequence of a frivolous and dissipated youth. I was talking, an hour before writing this page, with a Frenchman whose own life has been a remarkable example of labor and self-denial, and he told me that there are at this moment hundreds of students in Paris who are supporting themselves, at least in part, by means of lessons and humble literary work, in order that they may enter the professions.

One or two indications have reached me which seem to imply that in England there exists a belief that French school life is immoral. This may be founded on the mutual amenities of the clerical and lay parties in France, which profess a complete disbelief in each other's morality, and would equally accuse each other of murder, if that were as difficult to test. Nobody knows much about the morality of boys, but I may observe that the government of French schools, both lay and clerical, is too strict for any immorality that can be detected to make way there. The very few instances of it in school life that have come to my knowledge have been followed by instant expulsion. I have heard something about school immorality in England coupled with an expression of the desire that the rigorous French system could be established there, not in all things, but for this one safeguard.

With regard to the class of domestic

servants, my own experience (that of a householder living in the country) has been as nearly as possible the same in France and England; that is to say, the girls have been generally well conducted, with one or two instances to the contrary. I am told that in Paris the morality of servants is lower; but never having kept house in Paris, I know nothing about it, except by hearsay. Statistics, however, show a remarkably large proportion of illegitimate births for the capital. An ecclesiastic of high rank, who has had exceptional opportunities for studying the moral aspects of Paris, told me that he attributed the greater immorality of domestics there to the system of lodging, by which the servants are often separated from the family life of the household, and sent to sleep up in the attics, where they are in a world of their own.

Vicious women are of two distinct classes, professional and amateur. The professional class is numerous both in England and France; the amateur class is said to be more numerous in Paris than in London, but of this we cannot really know very much. To know the true condition of a society inwardly corrupt, yet outwardly decorous, you must be an immoral man yourself, living in the midst of it, and judging the women in it by your own personal experience of their frailty. Byron said that the English high life of his time was as profligate as the Italian, and he was in a position to judge; yet the very ladies whom Byron knew to be immoral might have appeared immaculate to Sir Walter Scott.

The latest piece of really significant evidence that has come to me about Parisian society is this. A country gentleman, who sees the polite world of the capital every year, tells me that during recent visits he has been surprised and shocked by the looser tone of conversation now prevailing there, even in the presence of ladies. He expressed his

disapproval of this quite as strongly as any English moralist might have done. The moralist in the Saturday Review says exactly the same thing of London.

Before bringing this unsatisfactory subject of morals to a close (unsatisfactory because most of the facts are kept so secret that one is writing in the dark) I take the precaution of answering in advance the kind of criticism that will be applied to me. The English theory is that England is a moral country and France an immoral one; that the difference between them is the difference between white and black. If an English writer ventures to point to certain facts, such as proceedings in divorce courts, medical evidence about the health of soldiers and sailors, or the statistics of prostitution in both countries, and if from this evidence he deducts the inference that the two are not white and black, but that their color would be more accurately described by different shades of gray, then will that English writer be accused of unpatriotic sentiments, and of preferring French people to his own countrymen. My own attitude in this matter is one of the most open impartiality. Some time ago a series of terrible accusations against the morality of the upper class of Englishmen appeared in a newspaper, not in Paris, but in London itself; and if I had desired to make out a case against the English, nothing would have been easier than to affect belief in these accusations, and treat them as a sort of confession of national iniquity. I have made no reference to such statements, because, on examination, I found them to be no more supported by adequate evidence than Zola's disgusting picture of rustic morals in France. There is evidence going to show corruption in both nations, but we have no real evidence that it is so general as sensational novels and newspapers represent it. In writing for Americans and Englishmen, one naturally draws their attention to facts and considerations that they

are likely to overlook, and so it happens that my remarks on this subject of morality have rather taken the form of a defence of the French, or at least of some classes in France. Had I been writing for French readers, I should have supposed that they knew these things, and have felt at liberty to omit them. I have been represented as holding the opinion that France and England are exactly on the same level in morals, but that is not my view. I have no doubt that England is the more moral country of the two, even in practice, and still more in principle and feeling. The great difference (and it is most profound) is that the English are still capable of stern and austere feeling about these matters, which they have derived from Puritan ancestors; whereas the French, even when practically chaste in their own lives, regard adultery, in the male sex at least, with a sort of amusement not always unmingled with admiration for the address and audacity of the sinner. A certain incident in the early life of a former prime minister of Egypt may be taken as a test of the feeling of the two countries. In England he is looked upon with serious respect, as an example of chastity in youth and wisdom in maturity; but in France all the ability of his administration cannot efface the recollection of his "*niaiserie*" in the well-known interview with "*Madame Putiphar*," and shamefaced youths are called after him to this day.

XV.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH UNTRUTH.

Both in England and France each political party accuses the other of continual mendacity. Like political parties, the nations themselves are enemies, and consider it a legitimate part of the chronic warfare that is maintained between them to say whatever may be to each

other's disadvantage, provided only that it has a chance of being believed.

I notice, however, a difference in kind and quality between French and English lying. The French are daring enough, but they are not really clever in the art. They have much audacity, but little skill. They will say what is not true with wonderful decision, and they will stick to it afterwards; but the English surpass them infinitely in craft. The typical French lie is a simple, shameless invention; the typical English lie is not merely half a truth; it is entangled with half a dozen truths, or semblances of truths, so that it becomes most difficult to separate them unless by the exercise of great patience and judicial powers of analysis. Besides this, if the patient analyst came and put the falsehood on one side and the semblances of truth on the other, the process of separation would be too long, too minute, and too wearisome for a heedless world to follow him.

The French writer who publishes a falsehood always relies greatly upon the ignorance of his readers. He is audacious because he believes himself to be safe from detection; or he may be merely reckless in his statements, without intentional mendacity, knowing that any degree of carelessness is of little consequence in addressing his own careless public. The English writer, on the other hand, is aware that *his* public knows a little of everything, though its knowledge is inexact; and he pays some deference to this sort of inexact knowledge by referring to those facts that an indolent and confused memory may retain. His assertions have therefore a sufficiently good appearance both of truth and of knowledge, and they satisfy a public that has some information and a great theoretical respect for truth combined with much critical indolence.

The first example I shall give is of the reckless French kind. The critic has malevolent feelings towards England

(the shadow cast by his French patriotism), and he indulges these feelings to the utmost by writing what is unfavorable to the country he detests, without stopping to inquire if it is true.

Toussenet is a very popular French author. His name is known to every Frenchman who reads, and he has a great reputation for wit. His book entitled *L'Esprit des Bêtes* appeared first in the year 1847, and is now almost a French classic. I find the following paragraph on page 35 of Hetzel's popular edition. After speaking of the horse in past times, Toussenet directs our attention to the present:—

“Which is the country in Europe where the blood-horse plays the most brilliant part? It is England. Why? The horse continues to reign and govern in England because England is the country of all the world where oppression is most odious and most revolting. There we find a thousand Norman families which possess, by themselves, all the soil, which occupy all posts, and make all the laws exactly as on the day after the battle of Hastings. In England the conquering race is everything, the rest of the nation nothing. The English lord esteems his horse in proportion to the contempt he has for the Irishman, for the Saxon, inferior races that he has vanquished by his alliance with his horse. Take good heed, then, that you offend not one hair of the tail of a noble courser of Albion, you who care for your money and your liberty; for the horse is the appanage of the House of Lords, and these lords have caused the law to declare their horse inviolable and sacred. You may knock down a man with your fist, you may take your wife to market with a halter round her neck, you may trail the wretched prostitute in the mud of the gutter, the daughter of the poverty-stricken artisan whom misery has condemned to infamy. The law of Great Britain tolerates these peccadilloes. For the Norman race of Albion, the English

people has never formed part of humanity."

What strikes us at once in writing of this kind is the astonishing confidence of the author in the ignorance of his readers. The confidence was fully justified. There are few Frenchmen even at the present day to whom anything in this passage would seem inaccurate or exaggerated. The statement that only the Norman families can be lords and landowners is quite one that the French mind would be prepared to accept, because it implies that England is in a more backward condition than France. I have met with an intelligent Frenchman who maintained that serfdom still exists in England, — the serfdom of the Saxon, the serfdom of Gurth and Wamba; and when I happened to mention an English estate as belonging to a certain commoner, another Frenchman, a man of superior culture and gentle breeding, first looked politely skeptical, and then raised the unanswerable objection that in England, as everybody knew, land could be held only by peers. Others will repeat Toussnel's statement that all the public posts (what we call *places*) are held by the nobility.

The kind of falsehood of which Toussnel's statements are an example arises from complete indifference to truth. He pays no attention to it whatever, has no notion that a writer who fails to inform himself neglects a sacred duty, but sets down in malice any outrageous idea that comes uppermost, and then affirms it to be fact.

My next example is of less importance, because it is not spread abroad in a famous and permanent book; still it shows the kind of falsehood to which French malevolence may have recourse. A Frenchman had been staying in England, and on his return to France he told any one who would listen to him that the

English have a strange custom, — the family bath. All the members of an English family, without regard to sex or age, bathe together every morning, in a state of perfect nudity.

This, I think, is a good specimen of a French lie. It is a pure invention, suggested by anger at the superior cleanliness of the English upper classes, and by a desire to make them pay for their cleanliness by a loss of reputation for decency.

By reckless invention on the one hand, and complete carelessness about verification on the other, the French have accumulated a mass of information about the English which is as valuable as the specimens here given. But there is no real interest in the study of artless French mendacity. It is but the inventiveness of children, who say, no matter what. English falsehood, on the other hand, is an inexhaustible subject for the most watchful and interesting analysis. Nothing can surpass the ingenuity with which that marvelous patchwork of truth and its opposite is put together.

The following example has remained in my memory. I found it in an English newspaper of repute, but am unable to give the date. This, however, is in some degree indicated by the passage itself.

"The present atheistical government of France, after expelling the religious orders, has now decreed that the crosses shall be removed from the cemeteries."

The adjective "atheistical" is here quietly substituted for the true one, which would be "laic." The French government is not more atheistic than a board of railway directors. There are four antagonistic established religions in France, and the right to freedom of thought is recognized by law,¹ so that a French government is necessarily non-

¹ An essential difference between France and England. "No one," says Professor Dicey, "can maintain that the law of England

recognizes anything like that natural right to the free communication of thoughts and opinions which was proclaimed in France, nearly a

theocratic and neutral. French cabinets no more profess atheism than they profess Judaism or Romanism.

The expression "after expelling the religious orders" was intended to convey the idea that the religious orders *in general* were expelled *from France*, that being the recognized English view of the Ferry decrees. In reality not a single monk was expelled from France, nor were the orders generally disturbed in any way. The unauthorized orders which were turned out of their houses might have remained there by conforming to the law, which merely requires every association, lay or clerical, to ask for a prefectural "authorization." This is hardly ever refused, and in the case of the "congregations" it would have been willingly granted to all except the Jesuits.¹ Sir Robert Peel said in 1843, "If a church chooses to have the advantages of an establishment, and to hold those privileges which the law confers, that church, whether it be the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, or the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, *must conform to the law.*" The French cabinet was therefore only acting upon a recognized English principle.

We may next examine the statement that the French government ordered the crosses to be removed from the cemeteries. As the decree is stated to be from the government, the impression produced is that it would take effect throughout France; and as no distinction is made between one cross and another, the readers of this and similar paragraphs in the English press inferred that the crosses

hundred years ago, to be one of the most valuable rights of man." (The Law of the Constitution, first edition, pages 257, 258.)

¹ The ordinary law about associations, applied in this instance, was declared by some English journals to be "obsolete," and revived only for persecution. It was so little obsolete that it was steadily applied to lay associations. I was at one time an honorary member of a French club, limited to eighteen in order that an "authorization" might not be required; and I have been vice-president of another club,

on the graves were intended. What an unholy outrage on Christianity and on the feelings of pious relatives! What a perfect subject for indignant denunciation of republican tyranny and violence! However, English travelers still find the crosses on the graves, and the stone-cutters near the cemeteries continually carving new ones under their sheds.

The explanation is very simple. The decree did not issue from the government, but from the town council of a single city, — Paris. Even in Paris it had no application to the graves, but referred exclusively to the crosses on the gateways of the Parisian cemeteries. These crosses, which are very few in number, the municipal council decided to remove, because they appeared to indicate that Christians alone (or, perhaps, even Roman Catholics alone) had a right to interment in the public burial grounds, whereas these were in fact open to Jews and unbelievers as well as to Catholics and Protestants.

Now, I would ask the reader to observe in how few words the false impressions are conveyed, and how many have been needed for a reply. And how can one count upon the sustained attention necessary for the reception of the truth? The truth on French affairs has to penetrate a wall of adamant before it can get into England. The English newspapers suppressed the truth about the application of the Ferry decrees until Mr. John Morley, who was at that time editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, impartially inserted a plain statement of the facts which I sent him.

not limited in numbers, so that we had to send our statutes to be approved by the prefect, and whenever the slightest change was made in them they had to be submitted again to the same authority. It was a very simple formality, costing a postage-stamp. Meanwhile, the unauthorized religious orders refused to conform to the law. Had we done the same, we should have been dissolved as they were, and turned out of our club-house as they were turned out of their establishments.

For my part, I believe neither English statements about French matters, nor French statements about English matters, until I have tested them. National animosity is too strong. The Frenchman invents, the Englishman quietly gives a wrong impression.

Here is another example of this gentle perversion. Mr. Matthew Arnold visited some schools in France, and some time afterwards I found that Mr. Lowell, trusting to statements in the newspapers, and of course in perfect good faith, spoke as follows at the Harvard celebration in November, 1886: "Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in contemporary France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned, or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught, in answer to the question, 'Who gives you all these fine things?' to say, 'The state.' Ill fares the state in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction."

"The public schools" is a general expression including the *lycées*. No such question and answer being known in the *lycées*, I caused inquiries to be made for me in the elementary schools, and with this result: that the question and answer were wholly unknown in those schools to which the application was made; but the masters added that, since many manuals were used (no single manual being imposed by the government, as implied by the newspaper statement), there might possibly be some school in which a manual might contain something resembling the question and answer quoted. I then wrote to Mr. Arnold himself, but was unable to obtain from him the name of any school; he only remembered that "in some school in Paris" he had made a note of the matter. Finally, Mr. Arnold frankly

acknowledged that the word "state" (*l'état*) was not used at all. The phrase really used was *le pays*, which is not an abstraction, but a reality, — the land of France with all its inhabitants. The question and answer seemed to Mr. Arnold to exhibit "the superficiality, nay, silliness, of the French in treating religion and morals." I see in it nothing but a truthful account of a matter of fact. The children were reminded that they owed their education to the country, as a reason for serving the country when the time came.

A very few princes have recently been expelled from France; so few that, Orleanists and Bonapartists included, they can all be counted on the fingers of one hand. Until the Duc d'Aumale wrote an intentionally offensive letter to the President of the republic, in a form which no head of a state would have tolerated, only two members of the House of Orleans had been expelled, — the Count of Paris and his heir, the Duke of Orleans. The English newspapers, in order to augment the appearance of tyranny on the part of the French government, had the ingenuity to pervert this into an expulsion of the entire Orleans family, ladies, children, and all. This was done so cleverly that English readers would hardly notice the speciousness of it, whilst fully receiving the calculated impression. See how neatly it is managed in the following extract from the *Saturday Review* for July 9, 1887: "About the time of the expulsion of himself *and his family* from France, the Count of Paris advised his friends to abandon the practice of indiscriminate opposition." The daily papers announced the expulsion of the Orleans family in capital letters, and the illustrated journals impartially engraved portraits of them all as interesting and illustrious exiles.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

AT PINNEY'S RANCH.

JOHN LANSING first met Mary Hollister at the house of his friend Pinney, whose wife was her sister. She had soft gray eyes, a pretty color in her cheeks, rosy lips, and a charming figure. In the course of the evening somebody suggested mind-reading as a pastime, and Lansing, who had some powers, or supposed powers, in that direction, although he laughed at them himself, experimented in turn with the ladies. He failed with nearly every subject until it came Mary Hollister's turn. As she placed her soft palm in his, closed her eyes, and gave herself up to his influence, he knew that he should succeed with her, and so he did. She proved a remarkably sympathetic subject, and Lansing was himself surprised, and the spectators fairly thrilled, by the feats he was able to perform by her aid. After that evening he met her often, and there was more equally remarkable mind-reading; and then mind-reading was dropped for heart-reading, and the old, old story they read in each other's hearts had more fascination for them than the new science. Having once discovered that their hearts beat in unison, they took no more interest in the relation of their minds.

The action proper of this story begins four years after their marriage, with a very shocking event: nothing less than the murder of Austin Flint, who was found dead one morning in the house in which he lived alone. Lansing had no hand in the deed, but he might almost as well have had; for while absolutely guiltless, he was caught in one of those nets of circumstance which no foresight can avoid, whereby innocent men are sometimes snared helplessly, and delivered over to a horrid death. There had been a misunderstanding between him and the dead man, and only a couple of

days before the murder they had exchanged blows on the street. When Flint was found dead, in the lack of any other clue, people thought of Lansing. He realized that this was so and remained silent as to a fact which otherwise he would have testified to at the inquest, but which he feared might now imperil him. He had been at Austin Flint's house the night of the murder, and might have committed it, so far as opportunity was concerned. In reality the motive of his visit was anything but murderous. Deeply chagrined by the scandal of the fight, he had gone to Flint to apologize, and to make up their quarrel. But he knew very well that nobody would believe that this was his true object in seeking his enemy secretly by night, while the admission of the visit would complete a case of circumstantial evidence against him stronger than had often hanged men. He believed that no one but the dead man knew of the call, and that it would never be found out. He had not told his wife of it at the time, and still less afterward, on account of the anxiety she would feel at his position.

Two weeks passed, and he was beginning to breathe freely in the assurance of safety, when, like a thunderbolt from a cloud that seems to have passed over, the catastrophe came. A friend met him on the street one day, and warned him to escape while he could. It appeared that he had been seen to enter Flint's house that night. His concealment of the fact had been accepted as corroborating evidence of his guilt, and the police, who had shadowed him from the first, might arrest him at any moment. The conviction that he was guilty, which the friend who told him this evidently had, was a terrible comment on the despatch of his position. He walked

home as in a dream. His wife had gone out to a neighbor's. His little boy came to him, and clambered on his knee. "Papa, what makes your face so wet?" he asked, for there were great drops on his forehead. Then his wife came in, her face white, her eyes full of horror. "Oh, John!" she exclaimed. "They say you were at Mr. Flint's that night, and they are going to arrest you. Oh, John, what does it mean? Why don't you speak? I shall go mad if you do not speak. You were not there! Tell me that you were not there!" The ghastly face he raised to hers might well have seemed to confess everything. At least she seemed to take it so, and in a fit of hysterical weeping sank to the floor, and buried her face in her hands upon a chair. The children, alarmed at the scene, began to cry. It was growing dark, and as he looked out of the window Lansing saw an officer and a number of other persons approaching the house. They were coming to arrest him. Animal terror, the instinct of self-preservation, seized upon his faculties, stunned and demoralized as he was by the suddenness with which this calamity had come upon him. He opened the door and fled, with a score of men and boys yelling in pursuit. He ran wildly, blindly, making incredible leaps and bounds over obstacles. As men sometimes do in nightmares, he argued with himself, as he ran, whether this could possibly be a waking experience, and inclined to think that it could not. It must be a dream. It was too fantastically horrible to be anything else.

Presently he saw just before him the eddying, swirling current of the river, swollen by a freshet. Still half convinced that he was in a nightmare, and if he could but shake it off, should awake in his warm bed, he plunged headlong in, and was at once whirled out of sight of his pursuers beneath the darkening sky. A blow from a floating object caused him to throw up his arms,

and, clutching something solid, he clambered upon a shed carried away by the freshet from an up-river farm. All night he drifted with the swift current, and in the morning landed in safety thirty miles below the village from which he had fled for life.

So John Lansing, for no fault whatever except an error of judgment, if even it was that, was banished from home, and separated from his family almost as hopelessly as if he were dead. To return would be to meet an accusation of murder to which his flight had added overwhelming weight. To write to his wife might be to put the officers of the law, who doubtless watched her closely, upon his scent.

Under an assumed name he made his way to the far West, and, joining the rush to the silver mines of Colorado, was among the lucky ones. At the end of three years he was a rich man. What he had made the money for he could not tell, except that the engrossment of the struggle had helped him to forget his wretchedness. Not that he ever did forget it. His wife and babies, from whose embraces he had been so suddenly torn, were always in his thoughts. Above all, he could not forget the look of horror in his wife's eyes in that last terrible scene. To see her again, and convince her, if not others, that he was innocent, was a need which so grew upon him that at the end of three years he determined to take his life in his hand, and return home openly. This life of exile was not worth living.

One day, in the course of setting his affairs in order for his return, he was visiting a mining camp remote from the settlements, when a voice addressed him by his old name, and looking around he saw Pinney. The latter's first words, as soon as his astonishment and delight had found some expression, assured Lansing that he was no longer in danger. The murderer of Austin Flint had been discovered, convicted, and hanged

two years previous. As for Lansing, it had been taken for granted that he was drowned when he leaped into the river, and there had been no further search for him. His wife had been broken-hearted ever since, but she and the children were otherwise well, according to the last letters received by Pinney, who, with his wife, had moved out to Colorado a year previous.

Of course Lansing's only idea now was to get home as fast as steam could carry him; but they were one hundred miles from the railroad, and the only communication was by stage. It would get up from the railroad the next day, and go back the following morning. Pinney took Lansing out to his ranch, some miles from the mining camp, to pass the interval. The first thing he asked Mrs. Pinney was, if she had a photograph of his wife. When she brought him one he durst not look at it before his hosts. Not till he had gone to his room and locked the door did he trust himself to see again the face of his beloved Mary.

That evening Mrs. Pinney told him how his wife and children had fared in his absence. Her father had helped them at first, but after his death Mary had depended upon needlework for support, finding it hard to make the two ends meet.

Lansing groaned at hearing this, but Mrs. Pinney comforted him. It was well worth while having troubles, she said, if they could be made up to one, as all Mary's would be to her when she saw her husband again.

The upcoming stage brought the mail, and next day Pinney rode into camp to get his weekly newspaper, and engage a passage down next morning for Lansing. The day dragged terribly to the latter, who stayed at the ranch. He was quite unfit for any social purpose, as Mrs. Pinney, to whom a guest in that lonely place was a rare treat, found to her sorrow, though indeed she could not

blame him for being poor company. He passed hours, locked in his room, brooding over Mary's picture. The rest of the day he spent wandering about the place, smiling and talking to himself like an imbecile, as he dreamed of the happiness so soon to crown his trials. If he could have put himself in communication with Mary by telegraph, during this period of waiting, it would have been easier to get through, but the nearest telegraph station was at the railroad. In the afternoon he saddled a horse, and rode about the country, thus disposing of a couple of hours.

When he came back to the house, he saw that Pinney had returned, for his horse was tethered to a post of the front piazza. The doors and windows of the living-room were open, and as he reached the front door he heard Pinney and his wife talking in agitated tones.

"Oh, how could God let such an awful thing happen?" she was exclaiming, in a voice broken by hysterical sobbing. "I'm sure there never was anything half so horrible before. Just as John was coming home to her, and she worshipping him so, and he her! Oh, it will kill him. Who is going to tell him? Who can tell him?"

"He must not be told to-day," said Pinney's voice. "We must keep it from him at least for to-day."

Lansing entered the room. "Is she dead?" he asked quietly. He could not doubt, from what he had overheard, that she was.

"God help him! He'll have to know it now," exclaimed Pinney.

"Is she dead?" repeated Lansing.

"No, she is n't dead."

"She is dying, then."

"No, she is well."

"It's the children, then."

"No," answered Pinney. "They are all right."

"Then, in God's name, what is it?" demanded Lansing, unable to conceive what serious evil could have happened

to him, if nothing had befallen his wife and babies.

"We can't keep it from him now," said Pinney to his wife. "You'll have to give him her letter."

"Can't you tell me what it is? Why do you keep me in suspense?" asked Lansing, in a voice husky with a dread he knew not of what.

"I can't, man. Don't ask me," groaned Pinney. "It's better that you should read it."

Mrs. Pinney's face expressed an agony of compassion as, still half clutching it, she held out a letter to Lansing. "John, oh John!" she sobbed. "Remember, she's not to blame. She does n't know."

The letter was in his wife's handwriting, addressed to Mrs. Pinney, and read as follows:—

"You will be surprised by what I am going to tell you. You, who know how I loved John, must have taken it for granted that I would never marry again. Not that it could matter to him. Too well I feel the gulf between the dead and living, to fancy that his peace could be troubled by any of the weaknesses of mortal hearts. Indeed, he often used to tell me that, if he died, he wanted me to marry again, if ever I felt like doing so; but in those happy days I was always sure that I should be taken first. It was he who was to go first though, and now it is for the sake of his children that I am going to do what I never thought I could. I am going to marry again. As they grow older and need more, I find it is impossible for me to support them, though I do not mind how hard I work, and would wear my fingers to the bone rather than take any other man's name after being John's wife. But I cannot care for them as they should be cared for. Johnny is now six, and ought to go to school, but I cannot dress him decently enough to send him. Mary has outgrown all her clothes, and I cannot get her more. Her feet are too tender to go bare, and I cannot

buy her shoes. I get less and less sewing since the new dressmaker came to the village, and soon shall have none. We live, oh so plainly! For myself I should not care, but the children are growing, and need better food. They are John's children, and for their sake I have brought myself to do what I never could have done but for them. I have promised to marry Mr. Whitcomb. I have not deceived him as to why alone I marry him. He has promised to care for the children as his own, and to send Johnny to college, for I know his father would have wanted him to go. It will be a very quiet wedding, of course. Mr. Whitcomb has had some cards printed to send to a few friends, and I enclose one to you. I cannot say that I wish you could be present, for it will be anything but a joyful day to me. But when I meet John in heaven, he will hold me to account for the children he left me, and this is the only way by which I can provide for them. So long as it is well with them, I ought not to care for myself. Your sister,

MARY LANSING."

The card announced that the wedding would take place at the home of the bride, at six o'clock on the afternoon of the 27th of June.

It was June 27th that day, and it was nearly five o'clock. "The Lord help you," ejaculated Pinney, as he saw, by the ashen hue which overspread Lansing's face, that the full realization of his situation had come home to him. "We meant to keep it from you till to-morrow. It might be a little easier not to know it till it was over, than now, when it is going on, and you not able to lift a finger to stop it."

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Pinney once more. "Remember, she does n't know. She's not to blame. She does n't know;" and sobbing hysterically, she fled from the room, unable to endure the sight of Lansing's face.

He had fallen into a chair, and was

motionless, save for the slow and labored breathing which shook his body. As he sat there in Pinney's ranch, this pleasant afternoon, the wife whom he worshiped, never so passionately as now, at their home one thousand miles away was holding another man by the hand, and promising to be his wife.

It was five minutes to five by the clock on the wall before him. It therefore wanted but five minutes of six, the hour of the wedding, at home, the difference in time being just an hour. In the years of his exile, by way of enhancing the vividness of his dreams of home, he had calculated exactly the difference in time from various points in Colorado, so that he could say to himself, "Now Mary is putting the babies to bed." "Now it is her own bedtime." "Now she is waking up," or "Now the church-bells are ringing, and she is walking to church." He was accustomed to carry these two standards of time always in his head, reading one by the other; and it was this habit, bred of doting fondness, which now would compel him to follow, as if he were a spectator, minute by minute, each step of the scene being enacted so far away.

People were prompt at weddings. No doubt already the few guests were arriving, stared at by the neighbors from their windows. The complacent bridegroom was by this time on his way to the home of the bride, or perhaps knocking at the door. Lansing knew him well, an elderly, well-to-do furniture-maker, who had been used to express a fatherly admiration for Mary. The bride was up-stairs in her chamber, putting the finishing touches to her toilet; or, at this very moment, it might be, was descending the stairs to take the bridegroom's arm and go in to be married.

Lansing gasped. The mountain wind was blowing through the room, but he was suffocating.

Pinney's voice, seeming to come from

very far away, was in his ears. "Rouse yourself, for God's sake! Don't give it all up that way. I believe there's a chance yet. Remember the mind-reading you used to do with her. You could put almost anything into her mind by just willing it there. That's what I mean. Will her to stop what she is doing now. Perhaps you may save her yet. There's a chance you may do it. I don't say there's more than a chance, but there's that. There's a bare chance. That's better than giving up. I've heard of such things being done. I've read of them. Try it, for God's sake! Don't give up."

At any previous moment of his life the suggestion that he could, by mere will power, move the mind of a person a thousand miles away, so as to reverse a deliberate decision, would have appeared to Lansing as wholly preposterous as no doubt it does to any who read these lines. But a man, however logical he may be on land, will grasp at a straw when drowning, as if it were a log. Pinney had no need to use arguments or adjurations to induce Lansing to adopt his suggestion. The man before him was in no mood to balance probabilities against improbabilities. It was enough that the project offered a chance of success, albeit infinitesimal; for on the other hand there was nothing but an intolerable despair, and a fate that truly seemed more than flesh and blood could bear.

Lansing had sprung to his feet while Pinney was speaking. "I'm going to try it, and may God Almighty help me!" he cried, in a terrible voice.

"Amen!" echoed Pinney.

Lansing sank into his chair again, and sat leaning slightly forward, in a rigid attitude. The expression of his eyes at once became fixed. His features grew tense, and the muscles of his face stood out. As if to steady the mental strain by a physical one, he had taken from the table a horseshoe which had

lain there, and held it in a convulsive grip.

Pinney had made his extraordinary suggestion in the hope of diverting Lansing's mind for a moment from his terrible situation, and with not so much faith even as he feigned that it would be of any practical avail. But now, as he looked upon the ghastly face before him, and realized the tremendous concentration of purpose, the agony of will, which it expressed, he was impressed that it would not be marvelous if some marvel should be the issue. Certainly, if the will really had any such power as Lansing was trying to exert, as so many theorists maintained, there could never arise circumstances better calculated than these to call forth a supreme assertion of the faculty. He went out of the room on tiptoe, and left his friend alone to fight this strange and terrible battle with the powers of the air for the honor of his wife and his own.

There was little enough need of any preliminary effort on Lansing's part to fix his thoughts upon Mary. It was only requisite that to the intensity of the mental vision with which he had before imagined her, should be added the activity of the will, turning the former mood of despair into one of resistance. He knew in what room of their house the wedding party must now be gathered, and was able to represent to himself the scene there as vividly as if he had been present. He saw the relatives assembled; he saw Mr. Davenport, the minister, and, facing him, the bridal couple, in the only spot where they could well stand, before the fireplace. But from all the others, from the guests, from the minister, from the bridegroom, he turned his thoughts, to fix them on the bride alone. He saw her face as if through the small end of an immensely long telescope, distinctly, but at an immeasurable distance. On this face his mental gaze was riveted, as by convulsive efforts his will strove to reach and move hers against

the thing that she was doing. Although his former experiments in mental phenomena had in a measure familiarized him with the mode of addressing his powers to such an undertaking as this, yet the present effort was on a scale so much vaster that his will for a time seemed appalled, and refused to go out from him, as a bird put forth from a ship at sea returns again and again before daring to essay the distant flight to land. He felt that he was gaining nothing. He was as one who beats the air. It was all he could do to struggle against the influences that tended to deflect and dissipate his thoughts. Again and again a conviction of the uselessness of the attempt, of the madness of imagining that a mere man could send a wish, like a voice, across a continent, laid its paralyzing touch upon his will, and nothing but a sense of the black horror which failure meant enabled him to throw it off. If he but once admitted the idea of failing, all was lost. He must believe that he could do this thing, or he surely could not. To question it was to surrender his wife, to despair was to abandon her to her fate. So, as a wrestler strains against a mighty antagonist, his will strained and tugged in supreme stress against the impalpable obstruction of space, and, fighting despair with despair, doggedly held to its purpose, and sought to keep his faculties unremittently streaming to one end. Finally, as this tremendous effort, which made minutes seem hours, went on, there came a sense of efficiency, the feeling of achieving something. From this consciousness was first born a faith, no longer desperate, but rational, that he might succeed, and with faith came an instantaneous tenfold multiplication of force. The outflow of energy lost the tendency to dissipation, and became steady. The will appeared to be getting the mental faculties more perfectly in hand, if the expression may be used, not only concentrating but fairly fusing them together

by the intensity with which it drove them to their object. It was time. Already, perhaps, Mary was about to utter the vows that would give her to another. Lansing's lips moved. As if he were standing at her side, he murmured with strained and labored utterance ejaculations of appeal and adjuration.

Then came the climax of the stupendous struggle. He became aware of a sensation so amazing that I know not if it can be described at all, — a sensation comparable to that which comes up the mile-long sounding-line, telling that it touches bottom. Fainter far, as much finer as is mind than matter, yet not less unmistakable, was the thrill which told the man, agonizing on that lonely mountain of Colorado, that the will which he had sent forth to touch the mind of another, a thousand miles away, had found its resting-place, and the chain between them was complete. No longer projected at random into the void, but as if sent along an established medium of communication, his will now seemed to work upon hers not uncertainly and with difficulty, but as if in immediate contact. Simultaneously, also, its mood changed. No more appealing, agonizing, desperate, it became insistent, imperious, dominating. For only a few moments it remained at this pitch and then the mental tension suddenly relaxing, he aroused to a perception of his surroundings, of which toward the last he had become oblivious. He was drenched with perspiration and completely exhausted. The iron horseshoe which he had held in his hands was drawn half-way out.

Thirty-six hours later, Lansing, accompanied by Pinney, climbed down from the stage at the railroad station. During the interval Lansing had neither eaten nor slept. If at moments in that time he was able to indulge the hope that his tremendous experiment had been successful, for the main part the overwhelming presumption of common

sense and common experience against such a notion made it seem childish folly to entertain it.

At the station was to be sent the dispatch, the reply to which would determine Mary's fate and his own. Pinney signed it, so that if the worst were true Lansing's existence might still remain a secret; for of going back to her, in that case, to make her a sharer of his shame, there was no thought on his part. The dispatch was addressed to Mr. Davenport, Mary's minister, and merely asked if the wedding had taken place.

They had to wait two hours for the answer. When it came Lansing was without, on the platform, and Pinney was in the office. The operator mercifully shortened his suspense by reading the purport of the message from the tape: "The dispatch in answer to yours says that the wedding did not take place."

Pinney sprang out upon the platform. At sight of Lansing's look of ghastly questioning, the tears blinded him, and he could not speak, but the wild exultation of his face and gestures was speech enough.

The second day following Lansing clasped his wife to his breast, and this is the story she told him, interrupted with weepings and shudderings and ecstatic embraces of reassurance. The reasons which had determined her, in disregard of the dictates of her own heart, to marry again have been sufficiently intimated in her letter to Mrs. Pinney. For the rest, Mr. Whitcomb was a highly respectable man, whom she esteemed and believed to be good and worthy. When the hour set for the marriage arrived, and she took her place by his side before the minister and the guests, her heart indeed was like lead, but her mind calm and resolved. The preliminary prayer was long, and it was natural as it went on that her thoughts should go back to the day when she had thus stood by another's side. She had ado

to crowd back the scalding tears, as she contrasted her present mood of resignation with the mingling of virginal timidity and the abandon of love in her heart that other day. Suddenly, seeming to arise out of this painful contrast of the past and present, a feeling of abhorrence for the act to which she was committed, possessed her mind. She had all along shrunk from it, as any sensitive woman might from a marriage without love, but there had been nothing in that shrinking to compare in intensity with this uncontrollable aversion which had now seized upon her to the idea of holding a wife's relation to the man by her side. It had all at once come over her that she could not do it. Nevertheless she was a sensible and rational woman as well as a sweet and lovely one. Whatever might be the origin of this sudden repugnance, she knew it had none in reason. She was fulfilling a promise which she had maturely considered, and neither in justice to herself nor the man to whom she had given it could she let a purely hysterical attack like this prevent its consummation. She called reason and common sense to her aid, and resolutely struggled to banish the distressing fancies that assailed her. The moisture stood out upon her forehead with the severity of the conflict, which momentarily increased. At last the minister ended his prayer, of which she had not heard a word. The bridal pair were bidden to take each other by the hand. As the bridegroom's fingers closed around hers, she could not avoid a shudder, as at a loathsome contact. It was only by a supreme effort of self-control that she refrained from snatching her hand away with a scream. She did not hear what the minister went on to say. Every faculty was concentrated on the struggle, which had now become one of desperation, to repress an outbreak of the storm that was raging within. For despite the shuddering protest of every instinct and

the wild repulsion with which every nerve tingled, she was determined to go through with the ceremony. But though the will in its citadel still held out, she knew that it could not be for long. Each wave of emotion that it withstood was higher, stronger, than the last. She felt that it was going, going. She prayed that the minister might be quick, while yet she retained a little self-command, and give her an opportunity to utter some binding vow which should make good her solemn engagement, and avert the scandal of the outbreak on the verge of which she was trembling. "Do you," said the minister to Mr. Whitcomb, "take this woman whom you hold by the hand to be your wife, to honor, protect, and love while you live?" "I do," replied the bridegroom promptly. "Do you," said the minister, looking at Mary, "take the man whom you hold by the hand to be your husband, to love and honor while you live?" Mary tried to say "Yes," but at the effort there surged up against it an opposition that was almost tangible in its overpowering force. No longer merely operating upon her sensibilities, the inexplicable influence that was conquering her now seized on her physical functions, and laid its interdict upon her tongue. Three times she strove to throw off the incubus, to speak, but in vain. Great drops were on her forehead; she was deadly pale, and her eyes were wild and staring; her features twitched as in a spasm, while she stood there struggling with the invisible power that sealed her lips. There was a sudden movement among the spectators; they were whispering together. They saw that something was wrong. "Do you thus promise?" repeated the minister after a pause. "Nod, if you can't speak," murmured the bridegroom. His words were the hiss of a serpent in her ears. Her will resisted no longer; her soul was wholly possessed by unreasoning terror of the man and horror of the marriage. "No! No! No!" she

screamed in piercing tones, and, snatching her hand from the bridegroom, she threw herself upon the breast of the astonished minister, sobbing wildly as she clung to him, "Save me, save me! Take me away. I can't marry him, — I can't! Oh, I can't!"

The wedding broke up in confusion, and that is the way, if you choose to think so, that John Lansing, one thousand miles away, saved his wife from marrying another man.

"If you choose to think so," I say, for it is perfectly competent to argue that the influence to which Mary Lansing yielded was merely an hysterical attack, not wholly strange at such a moment in the case of a woman devoted to her first husband, and reluctantly consenting to second nuptials. On this

theory, Lansing's simultaneous agony at Pinney's ranch in Colorado was merely a coincidence; interesting, perhaps, but unnecessary to account for his wife's behavior. That John and Mary Lansing should reject with indignation this simple method of accounting for their great deliverance is not at all surprising in view of the common proclivity of people to be impressed with the extraordinary side of circumstances which affect themselves; nor is there any reason why their opinion of the true explanation of the facts should be given more weight than another's. The writer, who has merely endeavored to put their story into narrative form, has formed no opinion on it which is satisfactory to himself, and therefore abstains from any effort to influence the reader's judgment.

Edward Bellamy.

ON A PHOTOGRAPH RECEIVED FROM A FRIEND IN ROME.

Perchè la faccia mia sì t'innamora?

DANTE.

PEARL of Savoy! so precious to the heart
Of all Italians, and of all who love
That land of Italy, if some apart
Who dwell from Italy's air and Italy's tongue
Fail of remembrance, — when they look above
The private altar where they daily do
Their matins and their vespertine devotion,
Beside the cross they see thy picture too,
Where Victor's name is near Immanuel's hung;
And though from Tiber sundered by the ocean,
Tiber, and Arno, and Cisalpine Po,
Beholding that bright face, the fond emotion
Of country comes to them on bended knees:

O Margherita la superba, — Queen!
In this New World which thy great Genoese
Gave to mankind, — thou hast one lover here
Who bows before thy majesty of mien,
And for thy land's sake holds thine image dear.

T. W. Parsons.

PAUL JONES AND THE ARMED NEUTRALITY.

UNTIL the war of independence the Americans had no navy of their own, such maritime expeditions as that against Louisburg having been undertaken with the aid of British ships. When the war broke out, one of the chief advantages possessed by the British, in their offensive operations, was their entire control of the American waters. Not only were all the coast towns exposed to their sudden attack, but on the broad deep rivers they were sometimes able to penetrate to a considerable distance inland, and by means of their ships they could safely transport men and stores from point to point. Their armies always rested upon the fleets as bases of operations, and soon lost their efficiency when severed from these bases. General Howe was not safe in Philadelphia until his brother had gained control of the Delaware River, and Burgoyne's army invited capture as soon as its connection with the lakes was cut off. From first to last, the events of the war illustrated this dependence of the army upon the fleet. On the retreat from Lexington, it was only the ships that finally saved Lord Percy's weary troops from capture; at Yorktown, it was only the momentary loss of naval superiority that made escape impossible for Cornwallis. For want of a navy, General Washington could not hold the island of New York in 1776; and for a like reason, in 1778, after the enemy had been reduced to the defensive, he could not prudently undertake its recapture. It was through lack of effective naval aid that the Newport expedition failed; and the atrocities of 1779, in Virginia and Connecticut, bore sad testimony to the defenseless condition of our coasts.

Early in the war this crying want was earnestly considered by Congress, and

efforts were made to repair it by the construction of a navy and the equipment of private cruisers. But the construction of a regular navy, which alone could serve the purpose, was beset with even greater difficulties than those which attended the organization of a permanent army. There was, indeed, no lack of good material, whether for ships or for seamen. New England, in particular, with its great length of seacoast and its extensive fisheries, had always possessed a considerable merchant marine, and nourished a hardy race of seafaring people. How formidable they could become in naval warfare, Great Britain was destined, nearly forty years afterward, to find out, to her astonishment and chagrin. But the absence of a central government was even more seriously felt in naval than in military affairs. The action of Congress was feeble, unintelligent, and vacillating. The "marine committees," "navy boards," and "boards of admiralty," to which the work of creating a navy was entrusted, were so often changed in their composition and in their functions that it was difficult for any piece of work to be carried out in accordance with its original design. As there was a total absence of system in the department of admiralty, so there was utter looseness of discipline in the service. There were the same wranglings about rank as in the army, and the consequences were even more pernicious. It was difficult to enlist good crews, because of the uncertainty arising from the general want of system. The risks encountered were excessive, because of the overwhelming preponderance of the enemy from the outset. Of thirteen new cruisers laid down in the autumn of 1775, only six ever succeeded in getting out to sea. During the war one ship-of-the-line was built, — the

America 74; but she was given to the King of France while yet on the stocks. Between 1775 and 1783, there were twenty small frigates and twenty-one sloop-of-war in the service. Of these, fifteen frigates and ten sloop-of-war were either captured by the enemy, or destroyed to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The armaments of these ships were very light; the largest of them, the *Bon Homme Richard*, was constructed for a thirty-eight, but her heaviest guns were only twelve-pounders.

Yet in spite of this light force, weak discipline, and unsteady management, the little American navy did some very good work in the course of the war, and it was efficiently helped by a multitude of private cruisers, just as the Continental army often got valuable aid from the militia. Before the French alliance more than six hundred British vessels had fallen prey to the American cruisers, and so venturesome were these swift little craft that they even hovered around the coast of England, and merchant vessels going from one British port to another needed the protection of a convoy. During the same period, about nine hundred American vessels were taken by British cruisers; so that the damaging power of the American marine seems to have amounted to about two thirds that of such part of the British marine as could be devoted to the injury of American shipping. The damage inflicted upon the Americans was the more serious, for it well-nigh ruined the New England fisheries and the coasting trade. On the other hand, the American cruisers caused marine insurance in England to rise to a far higher point than had ever before been known; and we learn from a letter of Silas Deane to Robert Morris that, shortly before the alliance between France and the United States, the docks on the Thames were crowded with French vessels loading with British goods that sought the shelter of a neutral flag.

In one respect the value of this work of the American cruisers was incalculable. It familiarized Europe with the sight of the American flag in European waters. It was of great importance that Europe should think of the new republic not as merely the theme of distant rumors, but as a maritime power, able to defend itself within sight of the British coast; and in this respect it would be difficult to overrate the services rendered by the heroic captains who first carried the stars and stripes across the ocean, and bearded the lion in his native lair. Of these gallant fellows, Wickes was the first, and his ship, the *Reprisal* 16, was the first American war vessel to visit the eastern shores of the Atlantic. After a brilliant cruise in the summer of 1777, she foundered off the banks of Newfoundland, with the loss of all on board. Next came Captain Conyngham, with the *Surprise* and the *Revenge*, which in the same summer took so many prizes in the North Sea and the British Channel that insurance rose as high as twenty-five per cent., and in some instances ten per cent. was demanded for the short passage between Dover and Calais. But the fame of both these captains was soon eclipsed by that of John Paul Jones, a Scotch sailor, who from boyhood had been engaged in the Virginia trade, and in 1773 had gone to Virginia to live. When war broke out Jones offered his services to Congress, and in October, 1776, his name appears as eighteenth in the list of captains in the new navy. From the outset he was distinguished for skill and bravery, and in 1778, being then thirty years old, he was sent, with the *Ranger* 18, to prowl about the British coasts. In this little ship he made a successful cruise in the Irish Channel, burned some of the shipping in the port of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, and in a fierce fight off Carrickfergus captured the British sloop-of-war *Drake* 20; losing only eight men in killed and

wounded, while the Drake lost forty-two. With the Drake and several merchant prizes, Jones made his way to Brest, and sent the Ranger home to America, while he remained to take command of a more considerable expedition that was fitting out for the following year. Along with the other duties of Franklin, as minister of the United States at the French court, was joined a general superintendence of maritime affairs. He was a sort of agent plenipotentiary of Congress in all matters relating to the navy. He had authority from Congress to issue letters of marque, and exercised it freely, while imposing restrictions that were characteristic of his magnanimous spirit. In 1779, he issued instructions to all American cruisers that, in whatsoever part of the sea they might happen to meet the great discoverer Captain Cook, they were to forget the temporary quarrel in which they were fighting, and not merely suffer him to pass unmolested, but offer him every aid and service in their power; since it would ill beseem Americans to lift their hands against one who had earned the reverence and gratitude of all mankind. So in the instructions given to Paul Jones, he ordered him not to burn defenseless towns on the British coast except in case of military necessity, and in such case he was to give notice, so that the women and children, with the sick and aged inhabitants, might be removed betimes.

The expedition of which Paul Jones took command in the summer of 1779 was designed for a signal "demonstration" upon the coasts of Great Britain. The object of the British raids in Virginia and Connecticut was to terrify the Americans by a bold and savage assertion of the ubiquity of British power. The expedition of Paul Jones was to serve as a sort of counter-irritant. The confused and indefinite character of the American naval service at that time could not have a better illustration than

is to be found in the details of the little squadron with which he was called upon to undertake his perilous task. The flagship was an old Indiaman named the Duras, purchased by the French government and fitted up for the occasion. In compliment to the author of Poor Richard's maxims, her name was changed to the Bon Homme Richard. She was an exceedingly clumsy affair, with swelling bows and a tower-like poop such as characterized the ships of the seventeenth century. She was now pierced for a thirty-eight-gun frigate, but as there was delay in procuring the eighteen-pounders suited for such a craft, her main deck was armed with twelve-pounders instead. In the gun-room below Captain Jones had twelve port-holes cut, in which he mounted six old eighteens, that could be shifted from side to side as occasion required. Leaving these eighteens out of the account, the force of the Bon Homme Richard was about equal to that of a thirty-two-gun frigate. This singular vessel was manned by a crew as nondescript as herself, — a motley gang of sailors and marines from nearly every country in Europe, with half a dozen Malays into the bargain. To these a hundred New England men were afterwards added, bringing up the whole number to 380. For this flagship three consorts were supplied, under the direction of the French government. The Pallas, a merchant vessel pierced for the occasion, was thus transformed into a thirty-two-gun frigate; the Vengeance and Cerf were of smaller calibre. All these ships were French built. To these Franklin added the Alliance 32, which happened to be in a French port at the time. The Alliance, lately built at Salisbury, in Massachusetts, and named in honor of the treaty between France and the United States, was a very swift and beautiful ship, the finest in the American navy. Unfortunately, it was thought desirable to pay a further compliment to our new allies by appointing a French

captain to command her, and this step gave rise to so much discontent and insubordination as well-nigh to destroy her efficiency. Nor had Captain Landais done anything to merit such distinction; he was simply an adventurer, seeking notoriety in the American service.

The ships in this motley squadron were not privateers. The Alliance was a regular member of our navy. The French-built ships were regarded as loaned to the United States, and were to resume their French nationality after the termination of the cruise; but they were all duly commissioned by Franklin, under the powers delegated to him by Congress. For the time being, they were part of the American navy and subject to its regulations. Their commodore, Paul Jones, has often been spoken of as a privateer, sometimes as a pirate, but he was as much a regular captain in our navy as Greene was a regular general in our army. Though, however, there could be no doubt as to the legitimate naval character of the expedition, a more ill-assorted or disorderly squadron was perhaps never sent to sea. The summer was spent in cruising about the British coasts, and many prizes were taken; but the insubordination of the French commanders was so gross that during a large part of the time the ships were scattered in all directions, and Jones was left to cruise alone. On the 17th of September, having got his fleet together, he entered the Frith of Forth, and came within gunshot of Leith, which he intended to attack and capture. Sir Walter Scott, then a school-boy at Edinburgh, has given, in the introduction to *Waverley*, a graphic description of the excitement which was felt upon that occasion. But, as Scott says, "a steady and powerful west wind settled the matter by sweeping Paul Jones and his vessels out of the Frith of Forth." Four days later, the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Vengeance* entered the river Humber, and destroyed

several vessels. On the 23d, the Alliance and Pallas having come up, a British fleet of forty sail was descried off Flamborough Head. They were merchant vessels bound for the Baltic, under convoy of the *Serapis* 44, Captain Pearson, and the *Countess of Scarborough* 20, Captain Piercy. Captain Jones instantly gave chase, ordering his consorts to follow and form in line of battle; but the Alliance disobeyed and ran off to some distance, for a time disconcerting the Pallas, which could not understand the discrepancy between the signals and the movements. The British merchant ships crowded all sail to get out of the way, but the two frigates accepted Jones's challenge, and came up to fight. The *Countess of Scarborough* was very inferior in size and armament to the Pallas, while on the other hand the *Serapis* was much more powerful than the *Bon Homme Richard*. She was a two-decker, mounting twenty eighteen-pounders below, and twenty nine-pounders above, with ten six-pounders on her quarter-deck and fore-castle; so that she could throw 300 pounds of metal on a broadside. The *Bon Homme Richard*, with her six eighteens, could indeed throw 312 pounds on a broadside, but her weight of metal was very badly distributed among light guns. Without her eighteens, she could throw only 204 pounds on a broadside, being thus inferior to her opponent by one third. The *Serapis* had a crew of 320 well trained British sailors, and she was a new and fast ship, perfect in all her appointments.

The fight began at half past seven o'clock, on a dark, cloudy evening, in very smooth water. The two principal opponents delivered their entire broadsides at the same moment. At this first fire, two of the old eighteens in the American frigate burst, killing a dozen men. After this disaster, no one had confidence enough in such guns to fire them again, so that the *Bon Homme*

Richard was at once reduced to two thirds the force of her antagonist, and in ordinary fight must soon have been overcome. A brisk cannonade was kept up for an hour, while the two ships manœuvred for a raking position. The *Serapis*, being much the better sailer, was passing across her adversary's bows, with very little elbow-room, when Jones succeeded in running his vessel into her just aft of her weather beam. For a moment all firing ceased on both ships, and Captain Pearson called out, "Have you struck your colors?" "I have not yet begun to fight," replied Captain Jones. For a moment the ships separated, the *Serapis* running ahead almost in a line with the *Bon Homme Richard*. The *Serapis* now put her helm hard down and was box-hauled, in order to luff up athwart her adversary's bow, and thus regain her raking position; but the *Bon Homme Richard* changed her tack, and presently, in a dense cloud of smoke, the two ships came together again, the British bowsprit passing over the high old-fashioned poop of the American vessel. This was just what Jones desired, and as he stood there on his quarter-deck he seized a stout rope, and lashed the enemy's jib-boom to his mizzen-mast. Thus tied fast, the pressure of the light wind brought the ships alongside, the head of the one lying opposite the stern of the other. Grappling-hooks were now thrown into the quarter of the *Serapis*, and with repeated lashings fore and aft the two monsters were held together in deadly embrace. So close did they lie that their yards were interlocked, and some of the guns of the *Serapis* became useless for want of room to use the rammers. The advantage of her superior armament, was thus in some measure lost, while her advantage in quickness of movement was entirely neutralized. Still her heavy guns at this short range did frightful execution, and the main deck of the *Bon Homme Richard* was soon covered with mangled and dying

men, while her timbers were badly shivered and many cannon were knocked from their carriages. Unable to bear this terrible fire, the Americans crowded upon the upper deck in such numbers as easily to defeat the British attempts to board. Parties of marksmen, climbing into the rigging, cleared the enemy's tops, and shot down every man upon the *Serapis* who ventured from under cover. Hand-grenades were thrown into her port-holes to slay the gunners; and presently one bold fellow, crawling out to the very end of the *Bon Homme Richard*'s main-yard, just over the main hatchway of the *Serapis*, dropped one of these mischievous missiles through the hatchway, where it ignited a row of cartridges that were lying upon the main deck. The explosion ran swiftly along the line, as through a pack of gigantic fire-crackers. More than twenty men were blown into fragments, their heads, arms, and legs flying in every direction, while forty others were disabled. With the havoc already wrought by the guns, the *Serapis* had now lost two fifths of her crew, and her fire perceptibly slackened; so that the Americans were able to go below and work their guns again, pouring into the British port-holes a storm of grape and canister which made an awful carnage.

It was now ten o'clock. All this while the *Alliance* had kept out of the fight, but the *Pallas* had attacked the *Countess of Scarborough*, and after a brisk cannonade compelled her to surrender. The *Alliance* now came down, and stupidly poured a raking volley along the decks of the two chief combatants, doing impartial damage to friend and foe. Warning shouts went up from the *Bon Homme Richard*, and her commander called out to Captain Landais to fall upon the further side of the *Serapis* and board her. The Frenchman replied that he would do so, but instead he ran his ship off a couple of miles to leeward, and comfortably awaited the end

of the battle. By this time the *Serapis* was on fire in several places, so that part of her crew had to leave their guns, and bend all their energies to extinguishing the flames. The American ship was in still worse plight; she had not only been burning for half an hour, but so many holes had been shot in her hull that she began to sink. She had more than a hundred British prisoners below decks, and these men were now set free and marshaled at the pumps. Few guns were worked on either ship, and the rest of the fight between the two exhausted combatants was a mere question of dogged tenacity. At last Captain Jones, with his own hands, directed a couple of guns against the enemy's mainmast, and just as it was threatening to fall she surrendered. The gallant British commander stood almost alone on the main deck of his ship, in the midst of an awful scene of death; while of his few men who remained unhurt, most had sunk down, panting and overcome with fatigue. No sooner were the ships cut asunder than the tottering mainmast of the *Serapis* went overboard, carrying with it the mizzen topmast and all the mizzen rigging. The *Bon Homme Richard* was with difficulty kept afloat till morning, and all night long fresh men from her consorts were hard at work fighting the flames, while the wounded were being carried off. At ten o'clock next morning she sank.

Thus ended one of the most obstinate and murderous struggles recorded in naval history. Of the men engaged, more than half were killed or badly wounded, and few got off without some scar or bruise to carry as a memento of this dreadful night. From a merely military point of view, this first considerable fight between British and American frigates had perhaps no great significance. But the moral effect, in Europe, of such a victory within sight of the British coast was prodigious. The King of France made Paul Jones a

knight of the order of merit, and from the Empress of Russia he received the ribbon of St. Anne. The King of Denmark settled a pension on him, while throughout Europe his exploit was told and told again in the gazettes, and at the drinking-tables on street corners. On his arrival in Holland, whither he went with his prizes a fortnight after the battle, the British government peremptorily demanded that he should be given up, to be hanged as a pirate. The sympathies of the Dutch were decidedly with the Americans; but as they were not quite ready to go to war with England, a tardy notice was given to Jones, after ten weeks, that he had better quit the country. Though chased by a British fleet, he got safely to France in December, and after various adventures, lasting through the ensuing year, he reached Philadelphia early in 1781. On inquiry into the extraordinary behavior of Captain Landais, some doubt as to his sanity arose, so that he was not shot for disobedience of orders, but simply discharged from the navy. Paul Jones was put in command of the *America* 74, but the war was so nearly ended that he did not get to sea again, and Congress presented his ship to the King of France. In 1788, he passed into the Russian service with the rank of rear-admiral. He died in Paris, in 1792, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

Here the question naturally arises, Why should the King of Denmark and the Empress of Russia have felt so much interest in the victory of Paul Jones as to confer distinguished honors upon him for winning it? The answer, at which we shall presently arrive, will forcibly disclose to us the extent to which, by the end of the year 1779, the whole civilized world had become involved in the quarrel between England and her revolted colonies. As at the bridge of Concord the embattled farmers of Massachusetts had once fired a shot heard round the world, so those last guns aimed by Paul

Jones against the mainmast of the *Serapis* aroused an echo of which the reverberations were not to cease until it should be shown that henceforth nobler principles of international law must prevail upon the high seas than had ever yet been acknowledged. We have now to trace the origin and progress of the remarkable complication of affairs which at length, during the year 1780, brought all the other maritime powers of Europe into an attitude of hostility toward Great Britain. For not until we have duly comprehended this can we understand the world-wide significance of our Revolutionary War, or estimate aright the bearings of the events which led to that grand twofold consummation, — the recognition of the independence of the United States, and the overthrow of the personal government of George III. in England.

Paul Jones was not the only enemy who hovered about the British coast in the summer of 1779. In June of that year, Spain declared war against England, but without recognizing the independence of the United States, or entering into an alliance with us. From the beginning, Count Vergennes had sought Spanish aid in his plans for supporting the Americans, but anything like cordial coöperation between Spain and France in such an undertaking was impossible, for their interests were in many respects directly opposite. So far as mere hatred toward England was concerned, Spain doubtless went even farther than France. Spain had not forgotten that she had once been mistress of the seas, or that it was England which had ousted her from this supremacy in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Of England, as the greatest of Protestant and constitutional powers, as the chief defender of political and religious liberty, priest-ridden and king-ridden Spain was always the natural enemy. She had also, like France, the recollection of injuries lately suffered in the Seven Years' War to urge her to a

policy of revenge. And to crown all, in the event of a successful war, she might hope to regain Jamaica, or the Floridas, or Minorca, or, above all, Gibraltar, that impregnable stronghold, the possession of which by England had for more than sixty years made Spaniards blush for shame. On the other hand, Spain regarded the Americans with a hatred probably not less rancorous than that which she felt toward the British. The mere existence of these English colonies in North America was a perpetual reminder of the days when the papal edict granting this continent to Spain had been set at naught by heretical cruisers and explorers. The obnoxious principles of civil and religious liberty were represented here with even greater emphasis than in England. In Mexico and South America the Spanish crown had still a vast colonial empire; and it was rightly foreseen that a successful revolt of the English colonies would furnish a dangerous precedent for the Spanish colonies to follow. Spain was, moreover, the chief upholder of the old system of commercial monopoly; and here her interests were directly opposed to those of France, which, since it had been deprived of its colonial empire, saw in the general overthrow of commercial monopoly the surest way of regaining its share in the trade of the world.

Under the influence of these conflicting motives, the conduct of Spain was marked for a time by hesitation and double-dealing. Between his various wishes and fears, the Spanish prime minister, Florida Blanca, knew not what course to pursue. When he heard of the alliance between France and the United States, which was undertaken against his advice to Vergennes, his wrath knew no bounds. It was a treaty, he said, "worthy of Don Quixote." At first he intrigued with the British government, offering his services as mediator between England and France. Lord Weymouth, the British minister for foreign affairs,

refused to enter into any negotiation so long as France should extend aid to "the rebel colonies." To the covert threat of the wily Spaniard, that if the war were to continue his royal master would doubtless feel compelled to take part with one side or the other, Lord Weymouth replied that the independence of the United States would prove fatal to the continuance of Spanish control over Mexico and South America; and he suggested, accordingly, that the true interest of Spain lay in forming an alliance with Great Britain. While this secret discussion was going on, Florida Blanca also sounded Vergennes, proposing that peace should be made on such terms as to allow the British to retain possession of Rhode Island and New York. This, he thought, would prevent the formation of an American Union, and would sow the seeds of everlasting dissension between Great Britain and the American States, whereby the energies of the English race would be frittered away in internecine conflict, leaving room for Spain to expand itself. But Vergennes would not hear of this. France had recognized the independence of the thirteen States, and had explicitly and publicly agreed to carry on the war until that independence should be acknowledged by England; and from that position she could not easily retreat. At the same time Vergennes intimated that France was in no way bound to protect the American claim to the Ohio Valley, and was far from desiring that the people of the United States should control the whole of North America. Upon this suggestion the Spanish court finally acted. After six months more of diplomatic fencing, a treaty was concluded in April, 1779, between France and Spain, whereby it was agreed that these two powers should undertake a concerted invasion of England. For this undertaking France was to furnish the land force, while both powers were to raise as great a naval armament as possible.

France was to assist Spain in recovering Minorca and the Floridas, and if Newfoundland could be conquered, its fisheries were to be monopolized by the two parties to this treaty. Neither power was to make peace on any terms until England should have surrendered Gibraltar to Spain.

This convention brought Spain into the lists against England without bringing her directly into alliance with the United States. She was left free to negotiate with Congress at her own good pleasure, and might ask for the whole Mississippi Valley, if she chose, in return for her assistance. Gerard, the French minister at Philadelphia, sought to persuade Congress to give up the fisheries and relinquish all claim to the territory west of the Alleghanies. There were hot debates on this subject in 1779, and indeed the situation of affairs was sufficiently complicated to call for the exercise of skillful diplomacy. As the treaty between France and Spain became known in America, it was felt to be in some respects inconsistent with the prior convention between France and the United States. In that convention it had been stipulated that neither party should make peace with Great Britain without the consent of the other. In the convention between France and Spain it was agreed that neither party should make peace until Great Britain should surrender Gibraltar. But the Americans rightly felt that, should Great Britain be found willing to concede their independence, they were in no wise bound to keep up the war for the sole purpose of helping France to conquer Gibraltar for a power which had never owed them any good will, and was at this very moment hoping to cut down their territory. The proposal to exclude America as well as Great Britain from the fisheries excited loud indignation in New England.

Meanwhile, the new allies had gone energetically to work. Early in 1779,

a French fleet had captured all the British settlements in Senegambia, and made a vigorous though unsuccessful assault upon the island of Jersey. In June, war was accordingly declared by Spain so suddenly that England was quite taken by surprise. Florida Blanca had lied with so grave a face that Lord North had not been looking out for such a step. In August, the allied French and Spanish fleets, numbering more than sixty ships-of-the-line, with a full complement of frigates, entered the English Channel, with intent to repeat the experiment of the Invincible Armada; while a French army lay at Havre, ready to cross at the first opportunity. To oppose this formidable force, Admiral Hardy was able to get together only thirty-eight ships-of-the-line, with the ordinary proportion of frigates. There was a panic in England, and the militia were called out. But owing to dissensions between the French and Spanish admirals and serious illness in the crews, nothing whatever was accomplished, and the great fleet retired crestfallen from the channel. Everybody blamed everybody else, while an immense sum of money had been spent upon a wretched fiasco. In America, however, the allies were more successful. Galvez, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, captured Baton Rouge and Mobile, with their British garrisons, and preparations were made for the siege of Pensacola, to complete the conquest of West Florida. In the West Indies, the islands of Grenada and St. Vincent were captured by D'Estaing. The moment that war was declared by Spain, there was begun that siege of Gibraltar which, for its heroic defense, as well as for its long duration of nearly four years, has had no parallel in the annals of modern warfare.

It was only through maritime expeditions that the two new allies could directly assail England with any hope of success; but here on the sea her natural superiority was not long in asserting

itself. Great efforts were made to increase the strength of the navy, and in December, 1779, the command of the fleet in the West Indies was given to a man who among English sailors ranks with Blake and Hawke, on a plane inferior only to that occupied by Nelson. The brilliant career of Sir George Rodney began in the Seven Years' War, in the course of which he bombarded Havre, thus warding off a projected invasion of England, and moreover captured several islands in the West Indies. It was Pitt who first discerned his genius, and put him into a position in which he could win victories. After the peace of 1763 he became a member of Parliament, but lost all he had in gambling, and fled to France to get rid of his creditors. When war broke out between France and England in 1778, the venerable Marshal de Biron loaned him enough money to save him from the Marshalsea or the Fleet, and he returned to England to be appointed to the chief command in the West Indies. A vain and unscrupulous man, as many called him, he was none the less a most skillful and indomitable captain. He was ordered, on his way to the West Indies, to relieve Gibraltar, which was beginning to suffer the horrors of famine, and never was such a task more brilliantly performed. First, he had the good fortune to fall in with fifteen Spanish ships, loaded with provisions and under the convoy of seven war vessels, and all this fleet he captured. Then, at Cape St. Vincent, on a dark and stormy night, he gave chase to a Spanish fleet of eleven ships-of-the-line and two frigates, and in a sharp fight captured or destroyed all but four of them without losing one of his own ships. He thus reached Gibraltar, and after passing up to the fortress the welcome cargoes of the fifteen merchant prizes went on to the West Indies, where his presence turned the scale against the allies. A powerful French fleet under Count de Guichen was cruis-

ing in those waters ; and it was hoped that this fleet would soon be able to come to New York and coöperate with Washington in an attempt to regain that city. But the arrival of Rodney changed all this, and the Count de Guichen, after being worsted in battle, sailed away for France, while Rodney proceeded to New York, to relieve Sir Henry Clinton and foil the projects of Washington.

That very supremacy upon the sea, however, which enabled England to defy the combined fleets of France and Spain served, in its immediate consequences, only to involve her in fresh difficulties. By the arrogant and indiscriminate manner in which she exercised the right of search, she soon succeeded in uniting against her all the neutral nations of Europe ; and a principle of international law was laid down which in our own time has become fully established, and must in future essentially limit the areas over which wars are likely to extend. This new principle of international law related to the rights of merchant vessels belonging to neutral powers, in time of war. In early times it was held that if one country went to war with another, its right to prey upon its enemy's commerce was virtually unlimited. If it found its enemy's goods carried in a ship belonging to some neutral power, it had a right to seize and confiscate them ; and in days when hostility was the rule and peace the exception, when warfare was deemed honorable and commerce ignoble, and when the usages of war were rough and unscrupulous, the neutral ship itself, which carried the goods, was very likely to be confiscated also. As the neutral power whose ship was seized would be sure to resent such behavior, it followed that any war between two maritime powers was likely to spread, until it involved every other power which possessed any merchant shipping or did any business upon the high seas. With a view to confining such evils within as narrow a limit as possible, the

maritime code known as the *Consolato del Mare*, which represented the commercial interests of the Middle Ages, and was generally accepted as of the highest authority in maritime affairs, recognized the right of confiscating an enemy's goods found in a neutral ship, but did not recognize the right of confiscating the neutral ship. In the Middle Ages maritime warfare played a subordinate part ; but after colonies had been planted in America and the East Indies by the great maritime nations of Western Europe, the demand for fixed rules, whereby the usages of such warfare should be regulated, soon came to be of transcendent importance. England and the Netherlands, as powers with whom industrial considerations were of the first consequence and military considerations only secondary, adhered firmly to the rule of the *Consolato del Mare* as the most liberal rule then in existence. France and Spain, as preëminently militant powers, caring more for the means of annoying an enemy than for the interests of commerce in general, asserted the principle that neutral ships detected in carrying an enemy's goods were themselves lawful subjects for seizure. France, however, did not hold this doctrine so firmly as Spain. Here, as in so many other respects, France showed herself more advanced in civilization than Spain, while less advanced than England and the Netherlands. In 1655, by a treaty between Cromwell and Mazarin, France accepted the English rule ; in 1681, under the retrograde government of Louis XIV., she went back to her ancient practice ; in 1744, she again adopted the English rule, while Spain kept on with her old custom, until sharply called to account by Russia in 1780.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the most liberal doctrines respecting maritime warfare had concerned themselves only with the protection of neutral ships. It had never oc-

curred to anybody to maintain that the goods of an enemy should be guaranteed against scrutiny and seizure by the mere fact of their being carried on a neutral ship. That any belligerent could seize its antagonist's property, if found on a neutral ship, was the doctrine laid down alike by Vattel and Bynkershoek, the chief French and Dutch authorities on maritime law. In acting upon this principle, therefore, at the time of our Revolutionary War, England acted strictly in accordance with the recognized maritime law of Europe. She was not, as some writers seem to have supposed, introducing a new principle of aggression, in virtue of her newly acquired position as chief among maritime powers. In stopping the defenseless merchant vessels of neutral or friendly powers, compelling them to show their bills of lading, searching their holds if need be, subjecting them to a hateful inquisition and vexatious delays, she did no more than every maritime nation had been in the habit of doing, and even less than Spain claimed the right to do. It was quite natural, too, that England should insist upon retaining this privilege, as something which no great naval power could afford to dispense with; for obviously, if in time of war your enemy can go on trading with everybody but yourself, and can even receive timber and provisions from people not concerned in the struggle, your means of crippling him are very materially diminished. Such reasoning seemed conclusive everywhere in Europe until after the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time, however, the unexampled naval preponderance of England began to lead other nations to take a new view of the case. By the maintenance of the old rule, England could damage other nations much more than they could damage her. Other nations, accordingly, began to feel that it would be a good thing if the flag of a neutral ship might be held to protect any merchandise whatsoever that she might happen to have on

board. This modern doctrine, that free ships make free goods; was first suggested by Prussia in 1752. Such a view naturally commended itself to a nation which had a considerable number of merchantmen afloat, without any navy fit to protect them; and it was accordingly likely to find favor in the eyes of such nations as Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and the United States. But, more than this, it was a view entirely in accordance with the philosophic tendencies of the age. The great humanitarian movement, which in our time has borne rich and ample fruit, and which has tended in every practicable way to diminish the occasions for warfare and to restrict its scope, had its first brilliant literary representatives among the clear-sighted and enthusiastic French philosophers of the eighteenth century. The liberal tendencies in politics, which hitherto England alone had represented practically, were caught up in France, as soon as the dismal and protracted tyranny of Louis XIV. had come to an end, with an eagerness that partook of fanaticism. English political ideas, without being thoroughly comprehended in their practical bearings, were seized and generalized by Montesquieu and Turgot, and a host of lesser writers, until they acquired a width of scope and a genial interest which exercised a prodigious influence upon the thought of Continental Europe. Never in any age, perhaps, since the days when Sokrates talked to enchanted crowds upon street corners in Athens, did men of broad philosophic ideas come so closely into contact with men absorbed in the pursuit of life's immediate ends as at the time when all Paris rushed to kiss the hand of Voltaire, and when ladies of the court went to sleep with the last *brochure* of Diderot or Helvetius under their pillows. The generous "enthusiasm of humanity," which revealed itself in every line of the writings of these great men, played an important part in the political history of

the eighteenth century. It was an age of crowned philosophers and benevolent despots. Joseph of Austria, Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia, in their several ways, furnished illustrations of this tendency. Catherine, who wrote letters to Voltaire and admired Fox above all other English statesmen, set almost as much store by free thought as by free love, and her interest in the amelioration of mankind in general was second only to her particular interest in the humiliation of the Turk. The idea of taking the lead in a general movement for the liberation of maritime commerce was sure to prove congenial to her enlightened mind, and her action would have great weight with England, which at that time, isolated from all European sympathy, was especially desirous of an alliance with Russia, and especially anxious to avoid offending her. At the beginning of 1778, Sir James Harris, afterward Earl of Malmesbury, was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, with instructions to leave no stone unturned to secure an offensive and defensive alliance between Russia and Great Britain, in order to offset and neutralize the alliance between France and the United States. Negotiations to this end were kept up as long as the war lasted, but they proved fruitless. While Catherine coquetted and temporized, the Prussian ambassador had her ear, and his advice was unfavorable to such an alliance. For the England of Pitt the great Frederick felt sympathy and gratitude; for the England of George III. he had nothing but hatred, and his counsels went far to steady Catherine, if ever she showed signs of wavering. The weight of France was of course thrown into the same scale, and for four years the Russian court was the scene of brisk and multifarious intrigues. Harris said that his very valets were offered bribes by busybodies who wished to get a look at his papers; and when he went out, leaving his secretary writing, he

used to lock him up, not through doubts of his fidelity, but lest he should thoughtlessly leave the door ajar. From Prince Potemkin, one of Catherine's lovers whose favor Harris courted, he learned that nothing short of the cession of Minorca would induce the empress to enter into the desired alliance. Russia was already taking advantage of the situation to overrun and annex the Crimea, and the maritime outlook thus acquired made her eager to secure some naval station on the Mediterranean. Minorca was England's to give. She had won it in the war of the Spanish Succession, and for seventy years it had been one of the brightest jewels in her imperial crown. Together with Gibraltar it had given her that firm grasp upon the Mediterranean which — strengthened in later times by the acquisition of Malta, Cyprus, and the isthmus of Suez — has gone far toward making that vast inland sea an English lake. So great a value did England set upon Minorca that when, in the Seven Years' War, it was lost for a moment, through an error of judgment on the part of Admiral Byng, the British people were seized with a bloodthirsty frenzy, and one of the foulest judicial murders known to history was committed when that gallant commander was shot on his own quarter-deck. Yet even this island, by which England set such store, she was now ready to surrender in exchange for the help of Russia against her revolted colonies and the House of Bourbon. It was not, however, until 1781 that the offer of Minorca was made, and then Catherine had so far acceded to the general combination against England that she could not but refuse it. That such an offer should ever have been made shows how important an alliance with Russia seemed to England at the moment when France and Spain were leagued against her, and all the neutral powers looked on her with hostile eyes. We can thus the better appreciate the significance of the step

which Russia was now to take with reference to the great question of maritime law which was beginning to agitate the civilized world.

In the summer of 1778, the French government, with intent to curb the depredations of British cruisers, issued a proclamation adopting the Prussian doctrine of 1752, that free ships make free goods, and Vergennes took occasion to suggest that Catherine should put herself at the head of a league of neutral powers for the purpose of protecting neutral commerce all over the world. For the moment no decided action was taken, but the idea was one of those broad ideas in which the empress delighted, and she devoted herself to the historical and philosophical study of the subject. Count Panin, her principal minister, who was strongly in sympathy with the King of Prussia, insisted upon the necessity of protecting the commerce of minor powers against England, which since 1763 had become the great naval bully of the world. England was doubtless acting in strict accordance with time-honored custom, but circumstances had changed, and the law must be changed to meet them. The first great war since 1763 was now showing that England could destroy the commerce of all the rest of the world, without any fear of retaliation except through a universal war. During the summers of 1778 and 1779, Prussian, Swedish, Danish, and Dutch ships were continually overhauled by British cruisers, and robbed of cargoes which they were carrying to France. Such gross outrages upon private property, however sanctioned by laws of war that had grown up in a barbarous age, awakened general indignation throughout Europe; and from whatever quarter complaints poured in, Vergennes and Frederick took good care that they should be laid before the Empress of Russia, until presently she came to look upon herself as the champion of little states and oppressed traders. The

British depredations were, moreover, apt to be characterized by an arrogance which, while it rendered them all the more exasperating, sometimes transcended the limits of aggression prescribed by the rude maritime law of that day. Upon Netherland commerce England was especially severe, for the Dutch had more merchant shipping than any other people on the Continent, with a weak navy to protect it. England forbade the Dutch to send timber to France, as it would probably be used in building ships of war. On the 30th of December, 1779, seventeen Dutch vessels, laden with tar and hemp, and other materials useful in shipyards, were sailing through the English Channel, escorted by five ships-of-the-line under Count Bylandt, when toward nightfall they were overtaken and hailed by a British squadron of sixteen ships-of-the-line under Admiral Fielding. A lively parley ensued. Bylandt swore that his ships should not be searched, and Fielding threatened violence. While this was going on, twelve of the Dutch ships got away under cover of darkness, and reached in safety the French ports to which they were bound. Early in the morning, Bylandt fired upon the boat which was bringing a party of British officers to search the merchantmen that remained. Upon this, three British ships instantly poured their broadsides into the Dutch flagship, which returned the compliment, and then hauled down its flag, as resistance was useless. Nobody was killed, but Fielding seized the five merchantmen, and took them in to Portsmouth. The States-General of the Netherlands complained of the outrage to Lord Stormont, the new foreign secretary, and demanded the restitution of the prizes. The matter was referred to the British court of admiralty, and the singular doctrine was there laid down that the Dutch vessels were virtually blockade-runners, and as such were lawfully captured! "Great Britain," said the judge,

“by her insular position, blocks naturally all the ports of Spain and France, and she has a right to avail herself of this position as a gift of Providence.” But the States-General did not accept this interpretation of the law and theology of the matter, and they appealed to the Empress of Russia.

Just at this moment events occurred which compelled Catherine to take some decided stand on the question of neutral rights. Through fear of adding her to the list of their enemies, the British ministry had issued the most stringent orders that no Russian vessel should be searched or molested, under any circumstances. The Dutch and Danish flags might be insulted at pleasure, but that of Russia must be respected; and so well were these orders obeyed that Catherine had no grounds for complaint against England on this score. Spain, on the other hand, was less cautious. In the winter of 1779–80, her cruisers captured two Russian vessels laden with wheat, in the mistaken belief that their cargoes were destined for Gibraltar. The ships were taken into Cadiz, their cargoes were sold at auction, and their penniless crews were outrageously treated by the people, and came little short of starving. Catherine was wild with rage, and instantly ordered out fifteen ships-of-the-line and five frigates for the protection of Russian commerce. For a moment war between Spain and Russia was imminent. But Panin moved with cautious shrewdness, and consulted the King of Prussia, who persuaded Florida Blanca to restore the captured ships, with compensation to the owners of the cargoes, and an ample apology for the blunder. The empress was satisfied, and Panin assured her that now the time had come for her to act with magnanimity and power, laying down an impartial code for the protection of maritime commerce, and thus establishing a claim to the gratitude of mankind through all future ages. On the 8th of

March, 1780, Catherine issued a proclamation, setting forth the principles of maritime law which she was henceforth resolved to defend by force, if necessary. Henceforth neutral ships were to sail unmolested from port to port, even on the coasts of countries at war. They were to be free to carry into such ports any goods or merchandise whatsoever, except arms and ammunition, and the right of search was to be tolerated as regarded such contraband articles, and for no other purpose. Hereafter no port was to be considered blockaded unless the enemy's ships of war should be near enough to make it dangerous to enter. These principles were immediately adopted by Spain, France, and the United States, the three powers actually at war with England. At the same time, Denmark and Sweden entered into an arrangement with Russia for the mutual protection of their commerce. It was announced that for every Danish, Swedish, or Russian ship searched or seized by the cruisers of any belligerent power, a strict retaliation would be made by the allied navies of these three countries. This covenant, known as the Armed Neutrality, was practically a threat aimed at England, and through her unwillingness to alienate Russia it proved a very effective threat. We can now understand the interest shown by Denmark and Russia in the victory of Paul Jones, and we can also appreciate the prodigious moral effect of that victory. So overwhelming was England's naval superiority that the capture of a single one of her war ships was a memorable event. To the lesser maritime powers it seemed to bring the United States at once into the front rank of belligerents. The British ministry was too well instructed to be brought under this spell; but in view of the great hostile combination now formed against it, for the moment it was at its wits' end. “An ambiguous and trimming answer was given,” says Sir James Harris; “we seemed equally

afraid to accept or dismiss the new-fangled doctrines. I was instructed secretly to oppose, but avowedly to acquiesce in them." In England, the wrath and disgust extended to all parties. Shelburne and Camden joined with North and Thurlow in denouncing Catherine's proclamation as an impudent attempt, on the part of an upstart power, hardly known on the sea till quite lately, to dictate maritime law to the greatest maritime power the world had ever seen. It was contended that the right to search neutral vessels and take an enemy's goods from them was a cardinal principle of international law; and jurists, of course, found the whole body of precedents on the side of this opinion. But in spite of all protests these "new-fangled doctrines," subversive of all precedent, were almost immediately adopted throughout Europe. In December, 1780, the Netherlands joined the Armed Neutrality, under circumstances presently to be related. In May, 1781, it was joined by Prussia; in October, 1781, by the Empire; in July, 1782, by Portugal; in September, 1782, by the Turk; in February, 1783, by the Kingdom of Naples. Though England's maritime strength exceeded that of all the members of the league taken together, she could not afford to run the risk of war with all the world at once; and thus the doctrine that free ships make free goods acquired a firm foothold. In the chaos of the Napoleonic wars, indeed, paper blockades and illegal seizures abounded, and it fared ill with neutral commerce on the high seas. But the principles laid down by Catherine survived that terrible crisis, and at last they were formally adopted by England at the close of the Crimean War, in 1856.

This successful assertion of the rights of neutrals was one of the greatest and most beneficent revolutions in the whole history of human warfare. It was the most emphatic declaration that had ever

been made of the principle that the interests of peace are paramount and permanent, while those of war are subordinate and temporary. In the interest of commerce it put a mighty curb upon warfare, and announced that for the future the business of the producer is entitled to higher consideration than that of the destroyer. Few things have ever done so much to confine the area of warfare and limit its destructive power. If the old doctrine were in force at the present day, when commerce has expanded to such enormous dimensions, and every sea is populous with merchant ships, it would be well-nigh impossible for any two maritime powers to go to war without dragging all the rest of the world into the struggle. For the speedy accomplishment of this great reform we have chiefly to thank the Empress Catherine, whose action at the critical moment was so prompt and decisive. It is curious to consider that an act which so distinctly subordinated military to industrial interests should have emanated from that country of Europe which had least outgrown the militant stage of civilization, and should have been chiefly opposed by that country which had advanced the farthest into the industrial stage. It is a brilliant instance of what may be achieved by an enlightened despot when circumstances are entirely favorable. Among the many acts of Catherine which, in spite of her horrible vices, have won the admiration of mankind, this is doubtless the most memorable; and as time goes on we shall realize its importance more and more.

The immediate effect of the Armed Neutrality was to deprive England of one of her principal weapons of offense. To add to her embarrassment, there now came war with Holland. While there was strong sympathy between the British and Dutch governments, there was great jealousy between the peoples which had so long been rivals in the colonial world. Hence there were two parties

in the Netherlands, — the party of the Stadtholder, which was subservient to the policy of the British government, and the popular party, which looked with favor upon the American cause. The popular party was far the more numerous, including all the merchants of the most mercantile of countries, and it was especially strong in the city of Amsterdam. A brisk trade — illicit from the British point of view — was carried on between Holland and the United States, chiefly through the little Dutch island of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies. An equally lively trade went on between Holland and France, and against this England felt that she had an especial right to make complaint. Her relations with Holland were regulated not simply by the ordinary law of nations, but by careful and elaborate treaties, made in the days when the two peoples were leagued in sympathy against the aggressive policy of Louis XIV. In 1678, it had been agreed that if either England or Holland should be attacked by France, both powers should make common cause against their common enemy; and in 1716 this agreement had been renewed in such wise as to include the contingency of an attack by Spain, since a younger branch of the House of Bourbon had succeeded to the Spanish throne. When, in 1779, Spain declared war against England, the latter power accordingly called upon the Netherlands for aid; but no aid was given, for the Dutch felt that they had an especial right to complain of the conduct of England. By that same treaty which in 1674 had finally given New York to the English, it had been provided that in case either England or Holland should ever go to war with any other country, the ordinary rules of maritime law should not be enforced as between these two friendly commercial powers. It was agreed that either power might freely trade with the enemies of the other; and such a treaty was at that time great-

ly to the credit of both nations. It was made in a moment when an honorable spirit of commercial equity prevailed. But it was one of the chief symptoms of the utter demoralization of the British government in 1778, after the untimely death of Lord Chatham, that these treaty obligations were completely ignored; and in the general plunder of merchant shipping which went on at that time, no nation suffered like the Dutch. George III. now felt that he had got everything into his own hands, and when the Dutch complained he gave them to understand that, treaty or no treaty, he should do as he pleased. Under such circumstances, it was rather cool for England to ask aid against Spain, and the Dutch very naturally turned a deaf ear to the demand. It was thus a very pretty quarrel as it stood at the end of 1779, when Fielding fired upon the flagship of Count Bylandt, and Paul Jones was allowed to stay with his prizes ten weeks in a Dutch harbor. Each party was thus furnished with an "outrage." The righteous anger of the Dutch over the high-handed conduct of Fielding was matched by the British chagrin over the victory of Jones. The Stadtholder's weak efforts to keep the peace were quite overwhelmed in the storm of wrath that arose. After much altercation, England notified Holland that all treaties between the two countries must be considered as abrogated, owing to the faithless behavior of the Dutch in refusing aid against Spain, in trading with France and America, in resisting the right of search, and in sheltering Paul Jones. Having thus got rid of the treaties, England proceeded to act as if there were no such thing as international law where Dutchmen were concerned. During the summer of 1780, the wholesale robbery on the high seas grew worse than ever, and, with a baseness that seems almost incredible, the British ambassador at the Hague was instructed to act as a spy, and gather information concerning the

voyages of Dutch merchants, so that British cruisers might know just where to pounce upon the richest prizes. Thus goaded beyond human endurance, Holland at last joined the Armed Neutrality, hoping thereby to enlist in her behalf the formidable power of Russia.

But the policy of England, though bold and arrogant in the extreme, was so far well considered as to have provided against such an emergency. She was determined to make war on Holland, to punish her for joining the Armed Neutrality; but if she were to avow this reason, it would at once entail war with Russia also, so that it was necessary to find some other reason. The requisite bone of contention was furnished by a curiously opportune accident. In October, 1780, an American packet was captured off the banks of Newfoundland, and among the prisoners was Henry Laurens, lately president of Congress, now on his way to the Hague to negotiate a loan. He threw his papers overboard, but a quick-witted tar jumped after them, and caught them in the water. Among them was found a project for a future treaty of commerce between the Netherlands and the United States, which had been secretly concerted two years before between Jean de Neufville, an Amsterdam merchant, and William Lee, an American commissioner to Berlin. It was signed also by Van Berckel, the chief magistrate of Amsterdam; but as it had been neither authorized nor sanctioned by the States-General or by Congress, it had no validity whatever. Quite naturally, however, the discovery of such a document caused much irritation in England, and it furnished just the sort of excuse for going to war which the ministry wanted. To impose upon the imagination of the common people, Laurens was escorted through the streets of London by a regiment of soldiers, and shut up in the Tower, where he was denied pen and paper, and no one was allowed to enter his

room. A demand was made upon Holland to disavow the act of Van Berckel, and to inflict condign punishment upon him and his accomplices, "as disturbers of the public peace and violators of the rights of nations." In making this demand, it was foreseen that the States-General would disavow the act of Van Berckel, but would nevertheless decline to regard him as a fit subject for punishment. The message was sent to the British ambassador at the Hague on the 3d of November. It was then known in England that Holland contemplated joining the Northern league, but the decisive step had not yet been actually taken by the States-General. The ambassador was secretly instructed by Lord Stormont not to present the demand for the disavowal and punishment of Van Berckel unless it should become absolutely certain that Holland had joined the league. At their meeting in November, the States-General voted to join the league, and the demand was accordingly presented. Everything happened according to the programme. The States-General freely condemned and disavowed the Amsterdam affair, and offered to make reparation; but with regard to the punishment of Van Berckel, they decided that an inquiry must first be made as to the precise nature of his offense and the court most fit for trying him. England replied by a peremptory demand for the immediate punishment of Van Berckel, and, without waiting for an answer, proceeded to declare war against Holland on the 20th of December. Four days before this, the swiftest ship that could be found was sent to Admiral Rodney, who was then at Barbadoes, ordering him to seize upon St. Eustatius without a moment's delay.

Whatever other qualities may have been lacking in the British ministry at this time, they certainly were not wanting in pluck. England had now to fight single-handed against four nations, three of which were, after herself, the chief

naval powers of the world. According to the Malmesbury Diaries, "this bold conduct made a great and useful impression upon the Empress" of Russia. It was partly with a view to this moral effect that the ministry were so ready to declare war. It was just at this time that they were proposing, by the offer of Minorca, to tempt Catherine into an alliance with England; and they did not wish to have her interpret their eagerness to secure her aid as a confession of weakness or discouragement. By making war on Holland, they sought to show themselves as full of the spirit of fight as ever. To strengthen the impression, Harris blustered and bragged. The Dutch, said he, "are ungrateful, dirty, senseless boors, and, since they will be ruined, must submit to their fate." But in all this the British government was sailing very near the wind. Prince Galitzin, the Russian ambassador at the Hague, correctly reported that the accession of Holland to the Armed Neutrality was the real cause of the war, and that the Amsterdam affair was only a pretext. Upon this ground, the Dutch requested armed assistance from Catherine, as chief of the league. The empress hesitated; she knew the true state of the case as well as any one, but it was open to her to accept the British story or not, as might seem best. Dispatches from Berlin announced that Frederick was very angry. When he first heard the news, he exclaimed, "Well! since the English want a war with the whole world, they shall have it." Catherine then sat down and wrote with her own hand a secret letter to Frederick, asking him if he would join her in making war upon England. On second thoughts, the King of Prussia concluded there was no good reason for taking part in the affair, and he advised Catherine also to keep her hands free. This decided the empress. She did not care to make war upon England, except with such overwhelming force as to

be sure of extorting very important concessions. She accordingly chose to believe the British story, and she refused to aid the Dutch, on the ground that their quarrel with England grew out of a matter with which the Armed Neutrality had nothing to do. At the same time, after dallying for awhile with the offer of Minorca, she refused that also, and decided to preserve to the end the impartial attitude which she had maintained from the beginning.

Meanwhile, on the 3d of February, 1781, a powerful fleet under Rodney, with the force of 5000 men which had been detached in November, 1779, from Clinton's army in New York, appeared before the island of St. Eustatius, and summoned it to surrender. The Dutch governor, ignorant of the fact that war had begun, had only fifty-five soldiers on the island. He had no choice but to surrender, and the place was given up without a blow. The scene which ensued was one of the most disgraceful in all the history of England. The British had an especial spleen against this wealthy little island, which had come to be the centre of an enormous trade between France and Holland and the United States. Rodney called it a nest of thieves, and declared that "this rock, only six miles in length and three in breadth, had done England more harm than all the arms of her most potent enemies, and alone supported the infamous American rebellion." His colleague, General Vaughan, who commanded the land force, regarded it as a feeder for the American "colonies," of which the summary extinction would go far toward ending the war. With such feelings, they made up their minds to do their work thoroughly; and accordingly they confiscated to the crown not only all the public stores, but all the private property of the inhabitants. Their orders were carried out with great brutality. The goods in the warehouses were seized and laden upon ships, to be

carried away and sold at auction in the neighboring islands. Every kind of private and personal property was laid hold of, and the beggared inhabitants were turned out-of-doors and ordered to quit the island. The total value of the booty amounted to more than twenty million dollars. Among the victims of this robbery were many British merchants, who were no better treated than the rest. Rodney tore up their remonstrance without reading it, and exclaimed, "This island is Dutch, and everything in it is Dutch, and as Dutch you shall all be treated." The proceedings were fitly crowned by a contemptible act of treachery. The Dutch flag was kept flying as a decoy, and in the course of the next seven weeks more than fifty American ships, ignorant of the fate of the island, were captured by the aid of this dirty stratagem.

The conduct of the government in declaring war against Holland was denounced by the Whigs as criminal, and the true character of the shameful affair of St. Eustatius was shown up by Burke in two powerful speeches. But the government capped the climax of infamy when it deliberately approved the conduct of Rodney, and praised him for it. Many of the British victims, however, brought their cases before the courts, and obtained judgments which condemned as illegal the seizure of private property so far as they were concerned. On the continent of Europe, the outrage awakened general indignation, as an infraction of the laws and usages of civilized warfare, the like of which had not been seen for many years; and it served to alienate from Great Britain the little sympathy that remained for her.

The position of England at this time was alarming, as well as ignominious. She had contrived to league against herself, in various degrees of hostility, nearly the whole of the civilized world, and the most distressing part of the situa-

tion, to all liberal-minded Englishmen, was the undeniable fact that this hostility was well deserved. To the historian who appreciates the glorious part which England has played in history, the proceedings here recorded are painful to contemplate; and to no one should they be more painful than to the American, whose forefathers climbed with Wolfe the rugged bank of the St. Lawrence; or a century earlier, from their homes in New England forests heard with delight of Naseby and Marston Moor; or back yet another hundred years, in Lincolnshire villages defied the tyranny of Gardiner and Bonner; or at a yet more remote period did yeoman's service in the army of glorious Earl Simon, or stood, perhaps, beside great Edward on the hallowed fields of Palestine. The pride with which one recalls such memories as these explains and justifies the sorrow and disgust with which one contemplates the spectacle of a truculent George Germaine, an unscrupulous Stormont, or a frivolous North; or hears the dismal stories of Indian massacres, of defenseless villages laid in ashes, of the slaughter of unarmed citizens, of legalized robbery on the ocean highway, or of colossal buccaneering, such as that which was witnessed at St. Eustatius. The earlier part of the reign of George III. is that period of English history of which an enlightened Englishman must feel most ashamed, as an enlightened Frenchman feels ashamed of the reigns of Louis XIV. and the two Bonapartes. All these were periods of wholesale political corruption, of oppression at home and unrighteous warfare abroad, and all invited swift retribution in the shape of diminished empire and temporary lowering of the national prestige. It was not until some time after the downfall of the personal government of George III. that England began to resume her natural place in the foremost rank of liberal and progressive powers. Toward that

happy result, the renewal and purification of English political life, the sturdy fight sustained by the Americans in defense of their liberties did much to con-

tribute. The winning of independence by the Americans was the winning of a higher political standpoint for England and for the world.

John Fiske.

ISLAND DEMOCRACY IN THE CASPIAN.

A PORTION of my six months' sojourn in the government of Astrakhan was devoted to a tour through the fisheries of the Lower Volga and the Caspian Sea, and it was in preparing for my trip southwards that I became acquainted with a family whose name is a "household word" throughout the Russian Empire. Not to ally the Sapozhnikofs with the rise of the fishing industries in Russia would be well-nigh as unnatural as to dissociate the Rothschilds from the history of banking in Europe. Yet the reputation of the firm at Astrakhan is as intensely local in some of its aspects as it is wide-spread and cosmopolitan in others. Successive members of that firm, among them the earliest contributors to the prosperity of the place, have left marks upon the annals of Astrakhan that cannot soon be effaced nor forgotten. Nor is it for so-called enterprise — for the good always done by the right employment of capital — that the firm is best remembered by the "metropolis of the Caspian." It is a repute for a kind of philanthropy not at all common in these days that seems to have been most easily won by the Sapozhnikofs. They were the first among Russian industrial firms to bestow pensions upon workmen after a certain length of service, and they have long insisted on providing wedding dowries for the daughters of their employés. By far the larger number of their benefactions are unknown and incommunicable, because of the secrecy with which the firm has always sought to guard its simple and natural

impulses from misconstruction; yet some of the deeds which have created its popularity in Astrakhan are of much too public and historic a character to be easily suppressed even in the interests of modesty. One of them carries the local memory back to an unusual spring rising of the waters, many years ago, when the Volga, having broken through its natural barriers, began to spread and threaten the dwellings of a number of peasant laborers. Hundreds of workmen had been hurried up to repair the breach, but the earth cast into it was as quickly washed away by the fast-rising flood. At this juncture, the Sapozhnikofs, without feeling their interests jeopardized (save in a truly humanitarian sense), at once threw open their extensive stores, and directed the workmen to use their flour in arresting the inundation. Thousands of bags were carried down to the breach, and there piled up into a solid wall, against which the waters broke in vain. The flour, of course, perished, causing to the Sapozhnikofs a loss of nearly half a million of roubles; yet the Volga was beaten back, and the poor laborers' homes were preserved from destruction.

It was through M. Alexander Alexei Sapozhnikof, its youngest member, that the firm received my first call in Astrakhan. I found a fine representative of that modern type of young Russia which is now leaving its impress upon the contemporary history of the fatherland. I mean by this that I met a young man of charming manners, a cosmopolitan by education, travel, and sym-

pathy; one who liked nothing better than to know foreigners and exchange views with them. Alexei Alexandrovich conversed with me in English, which he spoke with Russian correctness. His knowledge of languages was still further shown by the French, German, and Italian books — newly arrived, some of them still uncut — that lay on his library table. What most impressed me in this enlightened young millionaire was the great simplicity of his character, the ease and gentlemanliness of his demeanor, and an utter absence of that snobbery of wealth which sometimes gives such offensive odor to the possession of money, in the countries which the commercial spirit has claimed for its own.

Our interview ended in Alexei Alexandrovich inviting me to pay a visit to the fisheries of the firm, on the island of Iskamin, reached in twenty hours of steaming from Astrakhan. On the following morning, I received a note informing me that the screw-boat the Two Brothers would be at my disposal at seven o'clock the same evening, in case I decided to begin my trip at that hour. I accepted the offer without delay, and at the time named found a handsome, newly painted steamer awaiting my arrival, near the Sapozhnikof quay. My host, who had strolled down to wish me a pleasant journey, briefly introduced me to the captain, and politely committed the vessel and its crew to my direction. A steward thereupon showed me the way to the cabin which had been set apart for my use. A brightly polished samovar hissed on a central table, as we entered a room as snug and comfortably furnished, I am ready to aver, as any ever prepared for ocean traveler since steamships began; and such was the effect of an open door, permitting a glimpse into the larder, that in ten minutes I was ready for tea. Half an hour later, I went on deck, and found myself afloat on the Caspian Sea, autocrat, as it were, of my own little craft, and

journeying rapidly southwards twixt two twilights: on the one hand, the vanishing lights of Astrakhan; on the other, the dying glow of a September day.

Soon after sunrise, next morning, I had my first view of the isles of the Caspian. Some of them are mere spots of green girdled by the blue sea; others present their sandy tops to the sky for miles. But all have been built by "Mother Volga," with the sediment of which that venerable lady has been despoiling the Russian earth for so many centuries. In the larger maps of this little-known territory the islands depend from Astrakhan like a bunch of grapes clinging to its parent stalk; yet to the naked eye, harvesting its own knowledge, they seem thrust apart by waters as wide as the Neva or the Thames, the distance between some of them almost equaling that from horizon to horizon. A generous climate and a tender sky, the one recalling Southern France, the other suggesting Italy, are Heaven's dower to all these marine oases; and they flourish, from the Volga's mouth to the Wolf's Tail, with a perennial prosperity that is none the less wonderful because it is unknown in countries far away.

Here in the deeps of an inland sea, isolated alike from the worlds of the East and the West by the liquid rim of the Caspian, are the homes of populations more remarkable, perhaps, than any that have yet been produced by the civilization of a modern state. Scattered over a hundred islands, and not numbering more than a few thousand persons, this ideal community lives a life of complete indifference to all that may be happening on the mainland. Its men and women are born, live, work, and die without caring to see more of Russia or of human existence than that which can be glimpsed from their own or some neighboring islet. New ideas, as they are called, never penetrate into regions like these, yet it has been here given to

a simple fishing population to solve the problem of individual rights whole decades in advance of the socialisms of Europe and of the West. No law is here needed to maintain the repute of the community in the eyes of the world, nor is force, public or private, relied upon for immoral services in the interest of moral ends. A policeman is never seen; the very function of judgeship seems to be unknown amongst the people. I hardly need add that there has not been noted for years, in these favored spots, the faintest suggestions of vice or of crime.

Some of my readers may perchance wonder by how much diligent church work or missionary enterprise such immunities have been purchased. Plentiful as are churches in Russia, I saw none in the islands of the Caspian. The priest is as rare as the policeman. It is true that church ceremonies are occasionally necessary, but the ecclesiastical dignitary to perform them must be brought from territories afar off. Strangest of all is the fact that the passport system, enforced throughout the mainland, is here so relaxed that "papers" are not asked for; there being, in reality, no one to demand them. A semblance of authority may be found in the personage known as the fisheries inspector, but his duties concern the submarine rather than the overground population.

The real cause of this ideal state of things is to be found in the simplicity of the aims and lives of the people. In this one little corner of the world, at least, there is no struggle going on for the possession of wealth. Classes of rich and poor remain unrepresented by the faintest signs of social differentiation. The inhabitants seem equally well to do, and all labor, without exception, to satisfy only the simplest needs of existence. Pitiless competition is yet a stranger, for the work is constant, and the population varies little in number from year to year. Food is incredibly cheap, at a

price menaced by no monopoly or tariff law: indeed, the fish diet upon which the people subsist almost exclusively has been said with truth, comparative if not absolute, to cost nothing. Nevertheless, it enters not into anybody's head to take a selfish advantage of the smallest of such favoring circumstances. The hearts of these toilers have grown great in their constant battle with the sea, and it is out of mutual sympathies, not from disintegrating hates, that their wonderful democracy — compound of Russian, Tatar, and Calmuck — has drawn its simple virtues, its unconscious greatness, and its cohering strength.

Iskamin itself — fairly representative of the group — is an island about three miles in diameter; partly dotted with sand-hills, or *bugri*, near the point of debarkation, on the west falling towards the water in a gentle slope of green. Most of the houses were visible within easy distance of the pier; further inland, a few domiciles alternated with Calmuck kibitkas, or the wooden huts of some Tatar agriculturists. Having pointed out from the deck these signs of civilization, the captain escorted me to the place selected for my sojourn while on the island, — a small country house of two stories, built on rising ground, and commanding, from a balcony, a view over the larger part of Iskamin. The cook had preceded me, I was informed, and ere I could fairly take possession of my apartments a young man came forward to state that he had been requested to watch over my comfort, to provide me with such amusement as the island afforded, to make me as familiar as I cared to be with methods of fishing, and to accompany me in whatever direction I needed his society or his help.

On the day following, I allowed myself to be conducted to the fisheries of Iskamin. Our first visit was paid to the large wooden building in which fish, having been received from the boats, are opened, salted, and packed in barrels

for transit. Work had been temporarily suspended, but we found nearly two hundred young women standing together at the end of the shed (almost every face turned inward), chanting Russian songs. The spectator's first glance fell upon the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of the group; his next rested on the masculine picturesqueness of their attire. Each wore loose-fitting, white linen trousers, a short jacket, and a head-dress consisting of a large colored handkerchief, carried over the crown and tied beneath the chin. Sometimes the girls sang in unison; at other times solos were given, the singer exhausting her memory and vocal resources before yielding place to her neighbor. Of the gestures indulged in, there was one in which the whole group took part; it consisted of a swinging, balancing motion of the body, the feet being carried alternately to the right and left.

All at once an immense barge was seen approaching the landing-place. The singing broke off abruptly, the group dissolved, and in the twinkling of an eye each girl had taken her seat at a low stool, provided with a small table. The worker was then seen to be armed with two implements: one a sharp hook set in a handle, the other a keen-bladed knife. As soon as the fish have been unloaded, a heap of them is placed near each stool. Using her hook, the girl catches up a fish, and, dealing with it on the table before her, slits it with the knife in three places from head to tail, a dextrous final movement discarding the entrails. Each fish, after being treated in this way, is thrown upon a second heap, for salting. Another worker thrusts salt into the longitudinal slits left by the knife, and then deposits the fish in a barrel, for final exportation. Frequent repetition has given to both operations a rapidity which makes it somewhat difficult to follow them. An expert worker is said to be capable, even with allowance made for long stop-

pages, of opening two thousand fishes in a day.

The girls who open fish work "by the piece," receiving at the rate of a rouble a thousand, in a part of the Russian Empire where the laborer is better off with 1s. 6d., or thirty cents, per day, than is many a West European artisan paid five or six times that amount. The salters, on the other hand, receive a fixed salary, determined by their experience and capacity. Work generally begins at six o'clock in the morning, when there is light at that time; but the length of the workingday is often extremely irregular, since it depends on the success of the fishing operations, the state of the cargoes, and other variable circumstances. To save a newly arrived load of fish from putrefaction, it is occasionally necessary to work throughout the night.

From the *vataga* thus described I was escorted to a prettily decorated pleasure-boat, lying close to the pier. Six Calmuck rowers, rendered picturesque alike by nature and art, pulled us rapidly from Iskamin. In an hour the islands had fallen behind, and the Caspian, in all its blue and rippled extent, lay peeping at us over the last sand-bank to the south. A barge-like vessel, without bulwarks, resembling many of the Finnish craft seen in the Neva, had been moored near the bank, and on its deck we saw twenty Mongol figures turning a rude wooden capstan. From the capstan a line ran into the water, on the surface of which it was stretched in an immense circle, fully half a mile in circumference. The Calmucks turned their capstan with deliberate slowness, by a series of impulses that carried each man forward no more than a step at a time; all chanting, meanwhile, a weird song full of effects in the minor key, — now suggesting triumph, now lamentation. They were dragging in the "floating net," and we had arrived at the spot in time to follow the operation from beginning to end. The net, by means of

weights at the lower, and floats at the upper, extremity, is made to hang like a wall, which completely surrounds the circular mass of water around which it is carried. In recovering the meshes, the two ends of the net are gradually drawn out in such a way as to continually diminish the space inclosed, and yet prevent the escape of the fish. When the circle has been at last narrowed until it has a diameter of no more than a few feet, it is seen to be alive with fish, which are then taken out by hand, to be deposited in boats for removal. But the ultimate yield of the throw by no means represents all the fish originally shut in by the stretching of the net. So ineradicable is piscine love of liberty, and so energetic is the abhorrence of these intelligent creatures for human tormentors, that hundreds of the inclosed fishes fight their way out of the trap long before the brawny arms of the spoilers can be stretched out to seize their victims. A sterlet, finding its activity circumscribed by a "floater," will retreat a hundred yards or more, and then, going forward with the speed of an ocean steamer, will often cut its way through the stoutest net, leaving in it a gap often several feet in width. Nor are smaller fish daunted when the meshes prove too strong for them. Not a few escape by burrowing into the muddy bottom below the lower rim of the net. But by far the larger number discover the narrowing walls of their prison when it is too late.

Numerous restrictions limit the use of the floating net, but their aim is to increase rather than lessen the destruction of piscine life. One of them, for example, prohibits the taking of sturgeon until the fish have returned from their spawning places in the delta of the Volga. A fine of fifty roubles is the penalty imposed for use of the floating net in the open sea. Upon "sleeping nets," on the other hand, few restrictions are placed. They consist of hempen meshes

supported by stakes driven into the sea or river bottom. A modification of this net is used for winter fishing, after apertures have been made in the ice. With the "pocket nets,"—so called from their shape, not because of their diminutiveness,—upwards of forty thousand fish have sometimes been taken at a single throw. Two boats are necessary for successful work with the pocket net. From the prow of one of them the head fisher thrusts his spear into the water from time to time, alert to give the signal on the approach of a shoal of Caspian herring. This fish, which is somewhat larger than the English herring, was formerly known to the people as the *beshenka*, or "mad fish;" for years nobody would eat it, the herring being valuable solely on account of its oil. But owing to the efforts of the Fishery Commission, under the presidency of M. de Baer, it was formally naturalized as aliment, and to-day the consumption of it has attained to dimensions literally enormous. Caspian herring, I ought to add, undergo a special preparation in brine. They are deposited, with large quantities of dry salt, in capacious vats; the brine undergoes liquefaction, and the herring are kept saturated with it for months. The duration of the salting process depends upon the kind of the fish; the quantity of salt used, upon the season. In the case of certain varieties, saturation for six days suffices; sturgeons are kept in the vats for six months. A barrel of the Caspian herring, containing about a thousand fish, may be purchased in the vataga for about 22 roubles; that is to say, \$11. A single sturgeon (*belouga* variety) has been known to weigh as much as 150 puds, or 5400 English pounds. The ordinary size of the fish is represented by about a third of this weight, that is, 50 puds; the proportions and cost being,—head, 10 puds (360 lb.), 50 roubles; caviare, 5 puds (180 lb.), 350 roubles; remainder of carcass,

45 puds, 600 roubles : in all, 1800 lb., for \$500. In the seasons of open navigation, fish of all kinds are usually sent up the Volga in barges or steamers specially constructed for the purpose, either packed in brine, or alive in large tanks, to which the river water has free access. Only the sterlet and some other expensive varieties are transported to their destination alive.

The subsidiary industries more or less closely associated with fishing in the Caspian and Lower Volga seem to have been extensively developed during the past decade. The older inhabitants of the islands remember when much caviare was thrown away, and when even the waves could not dispose of it rapidly enough to prevent it from becoming dangerous to human health. In places vast deposits of it arose above the surface of the water, like islands of guano, to putrefy in the sun. To-day the demand for caviare as an article of food is larger than ever, and is steadily increasing. To Western Europe alone 15,000 puds (540,000 lb.) are annually exported. It is also worth noting that while more sturgeon are caught in one year than were taken in two a decade ago, the price of the roe is steadily maintained. The choicest caviare, that which is fresh from the fish, is of a light brown color, and costs about two roubles a pound in the Russian capital. Treated for exportation, and then known as ordinary pressed black, caviare brings about a rouble per pound, wherever purchased in Russia. The best caviare is that prepared from the roe of sturgeons caught between the 8th of July and the 15th of August. At other times, the process has fewer conditions in its favor ; in some cases, the quality of the caviare is so deteriorated by excessive heat and carelessness that a pud (36 lb.) of the article is worth not more than from three to four roubles. That exceedingly palatable fish, the sterlet, furnishes by far the best caviare known to *gourmets*, yet it supplies

the delicacy in quantities so small as to exclude sterlet caviare from the market as an article of commerce. Caviare for European consumption is yielded almost exclusively by the sturgeon ; yet Greek merchants purchase the roe of much inferior fish, convert it into a highly complex kind of caviare, and then export it to Constantinople, Athens, and other cities of Turkey and Greece.

Changes in the fishing industries of the Caspian often remind one of those vicissitudes of agriculture that suggest resort to lands formerly deemed unworthy of cultivation. I have already spoken of the late employment of the Caspian herring as an article of nutrition. The river lamprey has also attained with tardiness to popular favor. It was first taken for its oil, and was for years used, dried, as a torch by the Cossacks (whence probably the widespread fable concerning the "candle-eating" Russians). A thousand lampreys yield about eight pounds of pure, transparent oil, worth three roubles per pud. Recently the fish was introduced into the market as an article of food, and so popular has it become that the demand seems to be exhausting the supply quite rapidly. Another example of this increased utilization of everything utilizable in fish is furnished by the improved methods which have been devised for the preparation of isinglass from the sturgeon. Nevertheless, it still requires a *belouga* of immense size to supply a few ounces of isinglass, and the price of the article stands very near the old cost of one hundred and fifty roubles a pud ; that is to say, about two dollars per pound. Some years ago, at the Cossack village of Samyani, a surgeon invented a process of making isinglass from the scales of fishes, and did actually sell his product, alleging that two pounds of it were worth a pud of the material prepared in the ordinary way ; but there has been no following up of the experiment on a large scale. The long-suffer-

ing sturgeon goes on yielding, in addition to its own flesh, not only caviare and isinglass, but also the *veziga* which enters so largely into the composition of the fish pies eaten by the riparian populations of the Volga and the Caspian Sea. *Veziga* is the spinal cord of the fish, washed and dried, and the people pay for it at the rate of about half a rouble a pound. Five pounds of *veziga* represent the yield of a thousand sturgeons.

In acquiring such information as this I spent two days in and about the Sapozhnikof vatagas, and was at last glad to pass from salting-rooms and ice-chambers, from slippery walks and an atmosphere odorous of fish and brine, to the green slope along which, on its uninhabited side, Iskamin looks across a strip of water-worn sand to the sea. I passed hours of every subsequent day somewhere in this verdant three miles of leaf and shrub; wandering in and out of Calmuck tents; swinging in Tatar hammocks to the lap-lap of the Caspian, the dry chirp of the cicada; or lazily watching the incessant war of fish and bird on the bone-strewed marge between those rival kingdoms, once the battleground of the fang and the beak. I remember being awakened from one irresistible doze by a flap of wings, and on starting up I saw, dabbling in the shallow water ten yards distant from me, a splendid flamingo, right royal in movement and stature, of dazzlingly white plumage, tipped here and there with wondrously delicate rose. A murderous instinct (the legacy of all men properly linked with their ancestors) swelled within me to kill this beautiful bird, — an instinct which, on analysis, I found to be less, perhaps, a selfish decision by appetite as to which of us should pick the other's bones than a wantonly human excess of what the physicists call "energy of position." I was tempted, at any rate, just long enough to feel, with Heine, that the passion for killing game is an

affair of the blood, not of education; yet having left my gun behind me, I could not fairly claim the credit of any moral decision in the matter. The flamingo himself, with a distrust of my species evidently much older than his years, formally refused to regard me as an exception; for when I clapped my hands to acquaint him of my nearness, he rose precipitately into the air, and in a few moments was lost to sight.

The companion of most of my wanderings in Iskamin never failed to dine with me, whatever might be our separate arrangements for the day. Here I must confess that, with the exception of bread, vegetables, and a few dainties, including caviare, my diet on the island was wholly fish. Beef is phenomenally cheap in Astrakhan, but the cow is rarely seen in Caspian territory, nor do the insular populations display any marked fondness for the other animal foods. The prevailing sandy character of the islands does not favor stock-raising, yet the true cause of the local abstinence from meat is the luxurious fare provided by the marine world. For myself, I can say not only that I had placed before me during my sojourn the finest specimens known of the scaly dwellers of the Caspian, but that to a variety in kind, not a little embarrassing, there was added on my behalf a still more remarkable variety in method, the contribution of what was afterwards described to me as the best cooking talent in Astrakhan. Nor must I fail to urge that, even confined solely to sterlet and sturgeon, no reasonable man's appetite could grow sated in the circumstances under which, for a fortnight, I daily dined off fish in Iskamin.

It was on a certain afternoon, at the close of one of these fish dinners, that my companion was commissioned by our cook to bring her a supply of *chylym*. Electing to follow him out of curiosity, I was led along a branch of the Caspian running inland as far as a tiny lake,

which we found almost overgrown with a species of water-plant. My guide sprang into a boat, and was soon engaged in collecting from the wet stalks strange growths resembling nuts, many-ribbed, of a dirty green color. Having nearly filled his craft, he called a fisherman, and sent the cargo home by water. At tea, that day, the cook placed before us some cakes of a peculiar though agreeable flavor, whereat I indulged in a timid glance of inquiry, and was promptly informed that they were the fruits of our afternoon trip to the lake. The cook, it seemed, had opened our nuts, ground the kernels into a kind of flour, turned the flour into paste, and served up the result to us hot from the oven. "Bread upon the waters" is thus no mere figure of speech in Iskamin, but a reality, and to find it again after many days means simply for the islanders to lay in a supply of chylum for winter use.

A still more pleasant afternoon I spent in visiting the haunts of the far-famed Nymph of the Caspian. Neither rock nor whirlpool besets the approach to this coy beauty, but as the siren can be seen only in her bath, from the luxurious heat of which she draws not a few of her charms, one might well be led to prefer both Scylla and Charybdis to the peril of the brink to which this fascinator lures unsuspecting travelers at Chyulpan. Yet the danger is much more apparent than real. The Nympha Caspica has broken up no households and precipitated no fratricidal wars; the worst that can be said against her is that she has planted a deep and never-to-be-satisfied longing in the heart of botanical Europe. Men of science, tender in their admiration of her beauty, and wishing to see it flourish elsewhere, have carried her virtues to foreign parts in vain. This tall, lily-like flower, with its overflowing bulb of tender pink, bearing its seeds in a punctured gourd, and bathed far up its slender stem by a continual flow of well-nigh boiling water, mysteri-

ously renewed, — this queen of desert, unpopulous Chyulpan, scattering her perfume over land and sea, is the unique product of unique conditions, and can no more be transplanted than the Caspian itself.

The remaining days of my sojourn in Iskamin were largely spent among the islanders and in their houses. I learnt that formerly the domiciles were aggregated as much as possible, but that, owing to the additional danger created by this arrangement during conflagrations, and to the frequent burning down of the habitations thus massed together, it was now customary to separate houses from each other by considerable distances. Yet this isolating tendency has modified neither the social habits of the islanders nor their system of mutual help. A bake-house, with oven, is usually erected by the builder for every three or four domiciles, and the families concerned supply the needed culinary skill in turns. In a few special cases, each household does its own cooking at a stove or furnace in the open air. The population, which consists of males and females in about equal numbers, is mainly Russian, but contains Mongol elements, the Calmucks being highly prized both as good fishers and expert boatmen. The few Tatars I met were the only agriculturists which the island is capable of supporting. They were what in commercial phrase would be called large growers of watermelons, in which capacity they had introduced into Iskamin a system of irrigation such as is often found in Central Asia, but is rarely seen in Europe: a horse, marching in a circular path, causes a wheel furnished with buckets to turn within a large tank kept full of water; each bucket, as it reaches the top of the wheel, discharges its burden into a receiver, from which wooden spouts radiate, thus carrying the water to various parts of the ground to be irrigated.

I have little more to add than that at

the end of a fortnight my sojourn in Iskamin came to a close, and that the Two Brothers conveyed me safely back to the metropolis of the Caspian. I have since thought much of the life amid which I moved in that part of the world, and have found less charm, perhaps, in the actual events of my daily existence there than in the grateful setting of unworldly tranquillity which closed them in. Verily, when I come to compare that sluggish ongoing of life with the furious progress I know so well in countries farther west; when I contrast the simple naturalism of places not yet won for enterprise nor exploited by greed with the maniac activity of our machine age, most of it unholy, much of it distracting and injurious, I am led to think first of some limpid mountain tarn,

mirroring heaven far up among the voiceless hills, and then of some lower flood, restless and swollen, noisy with the clank of countless wheels, and dark with its burden of the cares of the children of men. And when I look back at those strange people, not yet cultured enough to be untruthful, nor selfish enough to be dishonest, and think again of their homely faces, true "household countenances;" of their quiet manners, as graceful as untutored; their simple dignity, without affectation; and their uncalculating hospitality, as eager to entertain a beggar as a king, I pray fervently that civilization may be long in reaching Astrakhan, and that the good friends I left behind on these isles of the Caspian may be the last of all to come under its corrupting sway.

Edmund Noble.

PAUL PATOFF.

XXII.

A FEW days later, the Carvels were installed for the summer in one of the many large houses on the Buyukdere quay, which are usually let to any one who will hire them. These dwellings are mostly the property of Armenians and Greeks who lost heavily during the war, and whose diminished fortunes no longer allow them to live in their former state. They are vast wooden buildings, for the most part, having a huge hall on each floor, from which smaller rooms open on two sides; large windows in front afford a view of the Bosphorus, and at the back the balconies are connected with the gardens by flights of wooden steps. In one of these, not far from the Russian embassy, the Carvels took up their abode, and John expressed himself extremely well satisfied with his choice and with his bargain. In the

course of their stay in Pera, the family had contrived to collect a considerable quantity of Oriental carpets and other objects: some good, some utterly worthless in themselves, but useful in filling up the immense rooms of the house. Chrysophrasia seemed to find the East sympathetic to her nerves, and was certainly more in her element in Constantinople than in Brompton or Carvel Place. Strange to say, she was the one of the family who best understood the Turks and their ways. In contact with a semi-barbarous people, she developed an amount of common sense and keen intelligence which I had never suspected her of possessing.

As for me, I had gone up to Buyukdere one day, and had then and there changed my mind in regard to my departure. The roses were in full bloom, and everything looked so unusually attractive that I could not resist the temp-

tation of spending the summer in the place. A few years ago, when I thought of traveling, I set out without hesitation, and went to the ends of the earth. I suppose I am growing old, for I begin to dislike perpetual motion. The little kiosk on the hill, at the top of a beautiful garden, was very tempting, too, and after a few hours' consideration I hired it for the season, with that fine disregard for consequences which one learns in the East. The only furniture in the place was an iron bedstead and an old divan. There was not a chair, not a bit of matting; not so much as an earthen pot in the kitchen, nor a deal table in the sitting-room. But in Turkey such conveniences are a secondary consideration. The rooms were freshly whitewashed, the board floors were scrubbed, and the view from the windows was one of the most beautiful in the world. A day spent in the bazaar did the rest. I picked up a queer, wizened old Dalmatian cook, and with the help of my servant was installed in the little place eight and forty hours after I had made up my mind.

The life on the Bosphorus is totally different from that in Pera. Everybody either keeps a horse or keeps a sailboat, and many people do both; for the Belgrade forest stretches five and twenty miles inland from Buyukdere and Therapia, and the broad Bosphorus lies before, widening into a deep bay between the two. The fresh northerly breeze blows down from the Black Sea all day, and often all night; and there is something invigorating in the air, which revives one after the long, gay season in Pera, and makes one feel that anything and everything is possible in such a place.

The forest was different in May from what it had been on that bitter March night when Gregorios and I drove down to Laleli's house. The maidam — the broad stretch of grass at the opening of the valley, before you reach the woods

— was green, and fresh, and smooth. The trees were full of leaves, and gypsies were already camping out for the season. The woodland roads were not as full of riders as they are in July and August, and the summer dancing had not yet begun, nor the garden parties, nor any kind of gayety. There was peace everywhere, — the peace of quiet spring weather before one learns to fear the sun and to long for rain, when the crocus pushes its tender head timidly through the grass, and the bold daisies gayly dance by millions in the light breeze, as though knowing that their numbers save them from being plucked up and tied into nosegays, and otherwise barbarously dealt with, according to the luck of rarer flowers.

So we rode in the forest, and sailed on the Bosphorus, and enjoyed the freedom of the life and the freshness of the cool air, and things went on very pleasantly for every one, as far as outward appearances were concerned. But it was soon clear to me that the matter which more or less interested the whole party was no nearer to its termination than it had been before. Paul came and went, and his face betrayed no emotion when he met Hermione or parted from her. They were sometimes alone together, but not often, and it did not seem to me that they showed any very great anxiety to procure themselves such interviews. A keen observer might have noticed, indeed, that Hermione was a shade less cordial in her relations with Alexander, but he himself did not relax his attentions, and was as devoted to her as ever. He followed her about, always tried to ride by her side in the forest and to sit by her in the boat; but under no circumstances did I see Paul's face change either in color or expression. He did not look scornful and cynical, as he formerly did, nor was there anything hostile in his manner towards his brother. He merely seemed very calm and very sure of himself, — too

sure, I thought. But he had made up his mind to win, and meant to do it in his own fashion, and he appeared to be indifferent to the fact that while his duties often kept him at the embassy the whole day, Alexander had nothing to do but to talk to Hermione from morning till night. I fancied that he was playing a waiting game, but I feared that he would wait too long, and lose in the end. I knew, indeed, that under his calm exterior his whole nature was wrought up to its highest point of excitement; but if he persisted in exercising such perfect self-control he ran the risk of being thought too cold, as he appeared to be. I was called upon to give an opinion on the matter before we had been many days in Buyukdere, and I was embarrassed to explain what I meant.

John Carvel and Hermione, Alexander and I, rode together in the woods, one afternoon. Paul was busy that day, and could not come. It fell out naturally enough that the young girl and her cousin should pair off together, leaving us two elderly men to our conversation. Hermione was mounted on a beautiful Arab, nearly black, which her father had bought for her in Pera, and Alexander rode a strong white horse that he had hired for the short time which remained to him before he should be obliged to return to St. Petersburg. They looked well together, as they rode before us, and John watched them with interest, if not altogether with satisfaction.

"Griggs," he observed, at last, "it is very odd. I don't know what to make of it at all. You remember the conversation we had in Pera, the first night after our arrival? I certainly believed that Hermý wanted to marry Paul. She seems to get on amazingly well with his brother. Don't you think so?"

"It is natural," I answered. "They are cousins. Why should they not like each other? Alexander is a most agreeable fellow, and makes the time pass very pleasantly, when Paul is not there."

"What surprises me most," said John Carvel, "is that Paul does not seem to mind in the least. And he has never spoken to me about it, either. I am beginning to think he never will. Well, well, there is no reason why Hermý should marry just yet, and Paul is no great match, though he is a very good fellow."

"A very good fellow," I assented. "A much better fellow than his brother, I fancy, — though Alexander has what women call charm. But Paul will not change his mind. You need not be afraid of that."

"I should be sorry if Hermý did," said Carvel, gravely. "I should not like my daughter to begin life by jilting an honest man for the sake of a pretty toy soldier like Alexander."

It was very clear that John Carvel had a fixed opinion in the case, and that his judgment did not incline to favor Alexander. On the other hand, he could not but be astonished at Paul's silence. Of course I defended the latter as well as I could, but as we rode slowly on, talking the matter over, I could see that John was not altogether pleased.

Alexander and Hermione had passed a bend in the road before us, and had been hidden from our view for some time, for they were nearly half a mile in front when we had last seen them. They rode side by side, and Alexander seemed to have plenty to say, for he talked incessantly in his pleasant, easy voice, and Hermione listened to him. They came to a place where the road forked to the right and left. Neither of them was very familiar with the forest, and, without stopping to think, they followed the lane which looked the straighter and broader of the two, but which in reality led by winding ways to a distant part of the woods. When John Carvel and I came to the place, I naturally turned to the left, to cross the little bridge and ascend the hill towards the Khedive's farm. In this way the

two young people were separated from us, and we were soon very far apart, for we were in reality riding in opposite directions.

The lane taken by Hermione and her cousin led at first through a hollowed way, above which the branches of the trees met and twined closely together,—as beautiful a place as can be found in the whole forest. Alexander grew less talkative, and presently relapsed altogether into silence. They walked their horses, and he looked at his cousin's face, half shaded by a thin gray veil, which set off admirably the beauty of her mouth and chin.

"Hermione," he said after a time, in his softest voice.

The girl blushed a little, without knowing why, but did not answer. He hesitated, as though he could get no further than her name. As the blush faded from her cheek, his cousin glanced timidly at him, not at all as she generally looked. Perhaps she felt the magic of the place. She was not used to be timid with him, and she experienced a new sensation. There was generally something light and gay in his way of speaking to her which admitted of a laughing answer; but just now he had spoken her name so seriously, so gently, that she felt for the first time that he was in earnest. Instinctively she put her horse to a brisker pace, before he had said anything more. He kept close at her side.

"Hermione," he said again, and his voice sounded in her ear like the voice of an unknown spell, weaving charms about her under the shade of the enchanted forest. "Hermione, my beloved, do not laugh at me any more. It is earnest, dear,—it is my whole life."

Still she said nothing, but the blush rose again to her face and died away, leaving her very pale. She shortened the reins in her hands, keeping the Arab at a regular, even trot.

"It is earnest, darling," continued her cousin, in low, clear tones. "I never knew how much I loved you until to-day. No, do not laugh again. Tell me you know it is so, as I know it."

The lane grew narrower and the branches lower, but Hermoine would not slacken speed, though now and then she had to bend her head to avoid the leafy twigs as she passed. But this time she answered, not laughing, but very gravely.

"You must not talk like that any more," she said. "I do not like to hear it."

"Is it so bitter to be told that you are loved—as I love? Is it so hard to hear? But you have heard once—twice, twenty times; you will not always think it bad to hear; your ears will grow used to it. Ah, Hermione, if you could guess how sweet it is to love as I love, you would understand!"

"I do not know—I cannot guess—I would not if I could," answered the young girl, desperately. "Hush, Alexander! Do not talk in that way. You must not. It is not right."

"Not right?" echoed the young man, with a soft laugh. "I will make it right; you shall guess what it is to love, dear,—to love me as I love you."

He bent in his saddle as he rode beside her, and laid his left hand on hers, but she shook his fingers off impatiently.

"Why are you angry, love?" he asked. "You have let me say it lightly so often; will you not let me say it earnestly for once?"

"No," she answered, firmly. "I do not want to hear it. I have been very wrong, Alexander. I like you very much—because you are my cousin—but I do not love you—I will not—I mean, I cannot. No, I am in earnest, too,—far more than you are. I can never love you—no, no, no, never!"

But she had let fall the words "I will not," and Alexander knew that there was a struggle in her mind.

"You will not?" he said, tenderly. "No — but you will, darling. I know you will. You must; I will make you!"

Again he leaned far out of his saddle, and in an instant his left arm went round her slender waist, as they rode quickly along, and his lips touched her soft cheek just below the little gray veil. But he had gone too far. Hermione's spurred heel just touched the Arab's flank, and he sprang forward in a gallop up the narrow lane. Alexander kept close at her side. His blood was up, and burning in his delicate cheek. He still tried to keep his hand upon her waist, and bent towards her, moving in his saddle with the ease of a born horseman as he galloped along. But Hermione spurred her horse, and angrily tried to elude her cousin's embrace, till in a moment they were tearing through the woods at a racing pace.

Suddenly there came a crash, followed by a dull, heavy sound, and Hermione saw that she was alone. She tried to look behind her, but several seconds elapsed before her Arab could be quieted; at last she succeeded in making him turn, and rode quickly back along the path. Alexander's horse was standing across the way, and Hermione was obliged to dismount and turn him before she could see beyond. Her cousin lay in the lane, motionless as he had fallen, his face pale and turned upwards, one arm twisted under his body, the other stretched out upon the soft mould of the woodland path. Hermione stood holding the two horses, one with each hand, and looking intently at the insensible man. She did not lose her presence of mind, though she was frightened by his pallor; but she could not let the horses run loose in such a place, when they might be lost in a moment. She paused an instant, and listened for the sound of hoofs, thinking that her father and I could not be far behind. But the woods were very still, and she re-

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membered that she and her cousin had ridden fast over the last two miles. Drawing the bridles over the horses' heads, she proceeded to fasten them to a couple of trees, not without some trouble, for her own horse was excited and nervous from the sharp gallop; but at last she succeeded, and, gathering her habit in one hand, she ran quickly to Alexander's side.

There he lay, quite unconscious, and so pale that she thought he might be dead. His head was bare, and his hat, crumpled and broken, lay in the path, some distance behind him. There was a dark mark on the right side of his forehead, high up and half covered by his silky brown hair. Hermione knelt down, and tried to lift his head upon her knee. But his body was heavy, and she was not very strong. She dragged him with difficulty to the side of the path, and raised his shoulders a little against the bank. She felt for his pulse, but there was no motion in the lifeless veins, nor could she decide whether he breathed or not. Utterly without means of reviving him, for she had not so much as a bottle of salts in the pocket of her saddle, she knelt over him, and wiped his pale forehead with her handkerchief, and blew gently on his face. She was pale herself, and was beginning to be frightened, though she had good nerves. Nevertheless, she took courage, feeling sure that we should appear in five minutes at the latest.

It was clear that in galloping by her side at full speed Alexander's head had struck violently against a heavy branch, which grew lower than the rest. His eyes had been turned on her, and he had not seen the danger. The branch was so placed that Hermione, lowering her head to avoid the leaves, as she looked straight before, had passed under it in safety; whereas her cousin must have struck full upon the thickest part, three or four feet nearer to the tree. At the pace they were riding, the blow might

well have been fatal, and as the moments passed, and the injured man showed no signs of life, Hermione's heart beat faster and her face grew whiter. Her first thought was of his mother, and a keen, sharp fear shot through her as she thought of the dreadful moment when Madame Patoff must be told; but the next instant brought her a feeling of far deeper horror. He had been hurt almost while speaking words of love to her; he had struck his head because he was looking at her instead of before him, and it was in some measure her fault, for she had urged the speed of that foolish race. She bent down over him, and the tears started to her eyes. She tried to listen for the beating of his heart, and, opening his coat, she laid her ear to his breast. Something cold touched her cheek, and she quickly raised her head again and looked down. It was a small flat silver flask which he carried in the pocket of his waistcoat, and which in the fall had slipped up from its place. Hermione withdrew it eagerly, and unscrewed the cap. It contained some kind of spirits, and she poured a little between Alexander's parted lips.

The deathly features contracted somewhat, and the eyelids quivered. She poured the brandy into the palm of her hand, and chafed his temples and forehead. Alexander drew a long breath, and slowly opened his eyes; then shut them again; then, after a few moments, opened them wide, stared, and uttered an exclamation of surprise in Russian.

"Are you better?" asked Hermione, breathlessly. "I thought you were dead."

"No, I am all right," he said, faintly, trying to raise himself. But his head swam, and he fell back, once more insensible. This time, however, the fainting fit did not last long, and he soon opened his eyes again, and looked at Hermione without speaking. She continued to rub the spirits upon his fore-

head. Then he put out his hand and grasped the flask she held, and drank a long draught from it.

"It is nothing," he said. "I can get up now, thank you." He struggled to his feet, leaning on the young girl's arm. "How did it happen?" he asked. "I cannot remember anything."

"You must have struck your head against that branch," answered Hermione, pointing to the thick bough which projected over the lane. "Do you feel better?"

"Yes. I can mount in a minute," he replied, steadying himself. "I have had a bad shaking, and my head hurts me. It is nothing serious."

"Better sit down for a few minutes, until the others come up," suggested the young girl, who was surprised to see him recover himself so quickly.

He seemed glad enough to follow her advice, and they sat down together on the mossy bank.

"It was my fault," said Hermione, penitently. "It was so foolish of me to ride fast in such a place."

"Women care for nothing but galloping, when they are on horseback," said Alexander. It was not a very civil speech, and though Hermione forgave him because he was half stunned with pain, the words rang unpleasantly in her ear. He might have been satisfied, she thought, when she owned that it was her fault. It was not generous to agree with her so unhesitatingly. She wondered whether Paul would have spoken like that.

"Do you really think you can ride back?" she asked, in a colder tone.

"Certainly," he said, "provided we ride slowly. What can have become of uncle John and Griggs?"

Uncle John and Griggs were at that moment wondering what had become of the two young people. We had ridden on to the top of the hill, and had stopped on reaching the open space near the Khedive's farm, where there is a beauti-

ful view, and where we expected to find our companions waiting for us. But we were surprised to see no one there. After a great deal of hesitation we agreed that John Carvel, who did not know the forest, should follow the main road down the hill on the other side, while I rode back over the way we had come. I suspected that Alexander and Hermione had taken the wrong turn, and I was more anxious about them than I would show. The forest is indeed said to be safe, but hardly a year passes without some solitary rider being molested by gypsies or wandering thieves, if he has ventured too far from the beaten tracks. I rode as fast as I could, but it was nearly twenty minutes before I struck into the hollow lane. I found the pair seated on the bank, a mile further on, and Hermione hailed me with delight. Everything was explained in a few words. Alexander seemed sufficiently recovered from his accident to get into the saddle, and we were soon walking our horses back towards the maidám of Buyukdere. Neither Alexander nor Hermione talked much by the way, and we were all glad when we reached the tiny bazaar, and were picking our way over the uneven street, amongst the coppersmiths, the lounging soldiers, the solemn narghylé smokers, the kaffejis, the beggars, and the half-naked children.

On that evening, two things occurred which precipitated the course of events: John Carvel had an interview with Hermione, and I had a most unlucky idea. John Carvel's mind was disturbed concerning the future of his only daughter; and though he was not a man who hastily took fright, his character was such that when once persuaded that things were not as they should be, he never hesitated as to the course he should pursue. Accordingly, that night he called Hermione into his study, and determined to ask her for an explanation. The poor girl was nervous, for she suspected

trouble, and did not see very clearly how it could be avoided.

"Sit down, Hermy," said John, establishing himself in a deep chair with a cigar. "I want to talk with you, my dear."

"Yes, papa," answered Hermione, meekly.

"Hermy, do you mean to marry Paul, or not? Don't be nervous, my child, but think the matter over before you answer. If you mean to have him, I have no objection to the match; but if you do not mean to, I should like to know. That is all. You know you spoke to me about it in England, before we left home. Things have been going on a long time now, and yet Paul has said nothing to me about it."

It was impossible to put the matter more clearly than this, and Hermione knew it. She said nothing for some minutes, but sat staring out of the window at the dark water, where the boats moved slowly about, each bearing a little light at the bow. Far down the quay a band was playing the eternal *Stella Confidente*, which has become a sort of national air in Turkey. The strains floated in through the window, and the young girl struggled hard to concentrate her thoughts, which somehow wound themselves in and out of the music in a very irrelevant manner.

"Must I answer now, papa?" she asked at last, almost desperately.

"My dear," replied the inexorable John, in kind tones, "I cannot see why you should not. You are probably in very much the same state of mind to-night as you were in yesterday, or as you will be in to-morrow. It is better to settle the matter and be done with it. I do not believe that a fortnight, a month, or even a longer time will make any perceptible difference in your ideas about this matter." He puffed at his cigar, and again looked at his daughter. "Hermy," he continued, after another interval of silence, "if you do not mean to

marry Paul, you are treating him very badly. You are letting that idiot of a brother of his make love to you from morning till night."

"Oh, papa! How can you!" exclaimed Hermione, who was not accustomed to hearing any kind of strong language from her father.

"Idiot, — yes, my dear, that expresses it very well. He is my nephew, and I have a right to call him an idiot, if I please. I believe the fellow wears stays, and curls his hair with tongs. He has a face like a girl, and he talks unmitigated rubbish."

"I thought you liked him, papa," objected Hermione. "I do not think he is at all as silly as you say he is. He is very agreeable."

"I have no objection to him," retorted John Carvel. "I tolerate him. Tolerance is not liking. He fascinated us all for a day or two, but it did not last very long. That sort of fascination never does."

There was another long pause. The band had finished the *Stella Confidente*, and ran on without stopping to the performance of the drinking chorus in the *Traviata*. Hermione twisted her fingers together, and bit her lips. Her father's opinion of Alexander was a revelation to her, but it carried weight with it, and it aroused a whole train of recollections in her mind, culminating in the accident of the afternoon. She remembered vividly what she had felt during those long minutes before Alexander had recovered consciousness, and she knew that her feelings bore not the slightest relation to love. She had been terrified, had blamed herself, and had thought of his mother; but the idea that he might be dead had not hurt her as it would have done had she loved him. She had felt no wild grief, no awful sense of blankness; the tears which had risen to her eyes had been tears of pity, of genuine sorrow, but not of despair. She tried to think what she would have felt had she seen

Paul lying dead before her, and the mere idea sent a sharp thrust through her heart that almost frightened her.

"Well, my dear," said John, at last, "can you give me an answer? Do you mean to marry Paul or Alexander, or neither?"

"Not Alexander, — oh, never!" exclaimed Hermione. "I never thought of such a thing."

"Paul, then?"

"Papa, dear," said the young girl, after a moment's hesitation, "I will tell you all about it. When Paul came, I firmly intended to marry him. Then I began to know Alexander — and — well, I was very wrong, but he began to make pretty phrases, and to talk of loving me. Of course I told him he was very foolish, and I laughed at him. But he only went on, and said a great deal more, in spite of me. Then I thought that because I could not stop him I was interested in him. Paul wanted to speak to you, but I would not let him. I did not feel that my conscience was quite clear. I was not sure that I should always love him. Do you see? I think I love him, really, but Alexander interests me."

"But you never for a moment thought of marrying Alexander? You said so just now."

"Oh, never! I laughed at him, and he amused me, — nothing more than that."

"Then I don't quite see" — began John Carvel, who was rather puzzled by the explanation.

"Of course not. You are a man, — how can you understand? I will promise you this, papa: if I cannot make up my mind in a week, I will tell Paul so."

"How will a week help you, my dear? Ever so many weeks have passed, and you are still uncertain."

"I am sure that a week will make all the difference. I think I shall have decided then. I am in earnest, dear papa," she added, gravely. "Do you think I

would willingly do anything to hurt Paul?"

"No, my dear, I don't," answered John Carvel. "Only—you might do it unwillingly, you know, and as far as he is concerned it would come to very much the same thing." And with this word of warning the interview ended.

When I went home to dinner, I found Gregorios Balsamides seated on the wooden bench under the honeysuckle outside my door. He had escaped from the dust and heat of Pera, and had come to spend the night, sure of finding a hearty welcome at my kiosk on the hill. I sat down beside him, and he began asking me questions about the people who had arrived, giving me in return the news and gossip of Pera.

"You have a very pretty place here," he said. "A man I knew took it last summer, and used to give tea-parties and little *fêtes* in the evening. It is easy to string lanterns from one tree to another, and it makes a very pretty effect. It is a mild form of idiocy, it is true, — much milder than the prevailing practice of dancing in-doors, with the thermometer at the boiling point."

"It is not a bad idea," I answered. "We will experiment upon our friends the Carvels in a small way. I will ask them and the Patoffs to come here next Saturday. Can you come, too?"

The thing was settled, and Gregorios promised to be of the party. We dined, and sat late together, talking long before we went to bed. Gregorios is a soldier, and does not mind roughing it a little; so he slept on the divan, and declared the next day that he had slept very well.

XXIII.

Madame Patoff had not received the news of Alexander's accident with indifference, and it had been necessary that he should assure her himself that he was not seriously hurt before she could

be quieted. He had been badly stunned, however, and his head gave him much pain during several days, as was natural enough. He spent most of his time on the sofa in his mother's sitting-room, and she would sit for hours talking to him and trying to soothe his pain. The sympathy between the two seemed strengthened, and it was strange to see how, when together, their manner changed. The relation between the mother and the spoiled child is a very peculiar one, and occupies an entirely separate division in the scale of human affections; for while the mother's love in such a case is sincere, though generally founded on a mere capricious preference, the over-indulged affection of the child breeds nothing but caprice and a ruthless desire to see that caprice satisfied. Madame Patoff loved Alexander so much that the belief in his death had driven her mad; he, on his side, loved his mother because he knew that in all cases, just and unjust, she would defend him, take his part, and help him to get what he wanted. But he never missed her when they were separated, and he never took any pains to see her unless in so doing he could satisfy some other wish at the same time. He was selfish, willful, and obstinate at two and thirty as he had been at ten years of age. His mother was willful, obstinate, and capricious, but as far as he was concerned she was incapable of selfishness.

What was most remarkable in her manner was her ease in talking with Professor Cutter, and her indifference in referring to her past insanity. She did not appear to realize it; she hardly seemed to care whether any one knew it or not, and regarded it as an unfortunate accident, but one which there was little object in concealing. As the scientist talked with her and observed her, he opened his eyes wider and wider behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, and grew more and more silent when any one spoke to him of her. I knew later

that he detected in her conduct certain symptoms which alarmed him, but felt obliged to hold his peace on account of the extreme difficulty of his position. He felt that to watch her again, or to put her under any kind of restraint, might now lead to far more serious results than before, and he determined to bide his time. An incident occurred very soon, however, which helped him to make up his mind.

One afternoon we arranged an excursion to the ruined castle of Anadoli Kavák, on the Asian shore, near the mouth of the Black Sea. Mrs. Carvel, who was not a good sailor, stayed at home, but Miss Dabstreak, Madame Patoff, and Hermione were of the party, with Paul, Macaulay Carvel, Professor Cutter, and myself. Macaulay had borrowed a good-sized cutter from one of his many colleagues who kept yachts on the Bosphorus, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we started from the Buyukdere quay.

There was a smart northerly breeze as we hoisted the jib, and it was evident that we should have to make several tacks before we could beat up to our destination. The boat was of about ten tons burden, with a full deck, broken only by a well leading to the cabin; a low rail ran round the bulwarks, for the yacht was intended for pleasure excursions and the accommodation of ladies. The members of the party sat in a group on the edge of the well, and I took the helm. Chrysophrasia was in a particularly Oriental frame of mind. The deep blue sky, the emerald green of the hills, and the cool clear water rippling under the breeze no doubt acted soothingly upon her nerves.

"I feel quite like Sindbad the Sailor," she said. "Mr. Griggs, you ought really to tell us a tale from the Arabian Nights. I am sure it would seem so very real, you know."

"If I were to spin yarns while steering, Miss Dabstreak," I said, "your

fate would probably resemble Sindbad's. You would be wrecked six or seven times between here and Kavák."

"So delightfully exciting," murmured Chrysophrasia. "Annie," she continued, addressing her sister, "shall we not ask Mr. Griggs to wreck us? I have always longed to be on a wreck."

"No," said Madame Patoff, glancing at her foolish sister with her great dark eyes. "I should not like to be drowned."

"Of course not; how very dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Dabstreak. "But Sindbad was never drowned, you remember. It was always somebody else."

"Oh — somebody else," repeated Madame Patoff, looking down at the deep water. "Yes, to drown somebody else, — that would be very different."

I think we were all a little startled, and Hermione looked at Paul and turned pale. As for Cutter, he very slowly and solemnly drew a cigar from his case, lit it carefully, crossed one knee over the other, and gazed fixedly at Madame Patoff during several minutes, before he spoke.

"Would you really like to see anybody drowned?" he asked, at last.

"Why do you ask?" inquired Madame Patoff, rather sharply.

"Because I thought you said so, and wanted to know if you were in earnest."

"I suppose we should all like to see our enemies die," said the old lady. "Not painfully, of course, but so that we should be quite sure of it." She laid a strong emphasis on the last words, and as she looked up I thought she glanced at Paul.

"If you had seen many people die, you would not care for the sight," said the professor, quietly. "Besides, you have no enemies."

"What is death?" asked Madame Patoff, looking at him with a curiously calm smile, as she asked the question.

"The only thing we know about it is

that it appears to be in every way the opposite of life," was the scientist's answer. "Life separates us for a time from the state of what we call inanimate matter. When life ceases we return to that state."

"Why do you say 'what we call inanimate matter'?" inquired Paul.

"Because it has been very well said that names are labels, not definitions. As a definition, inanimate matter means generally the earth, the water, the air; but the name would be a very poor definition, — as poor as the word 'man' used to define the human animal."

"You do not think that inanimate matter is really lifeless?" I asked.

"Unless it is so hot that it melts," laughed the professor. "Even then it may not be true, — indeed, it may be quite false. We call the moon dead, because we have reason to believe that she has cooled to the centre. We call Jupiter and Saturn live planets, though we believe them still too hot to support life."

"All that does not explain death," objected Madame Patoff.

"If I could explain death, I could explain life," answered Cutter. "And if I could explain life, I should have made a great step towards producing it artificially."

"If one could only produce artificial death!" exclaimed Madame Patoff.

"It would be very amusing," answered Cutter, with a smile, folding his huge white hands upon his knee. "We could try it on ourselves, and then we should know what to expect. I have often thought about it, I assure you. I once had the curiosity to put myself into a trance by the Munich method of shining disks, — they use it in the hospitals instead of ether, you know, — and I remained in the state half an hour."

"And then, what happened when you woke up?"

"I had a bad headache and my eyes hurt me," replied the professor, dryly.

"I dare say that if a dead man came to life he would feel much the same thing."

"I dare say," assented Madame Patoff; but there was a vague look in her eyes, which showed that her thoughts were somewhere else. We were close upon the Asian shore, and I put the helm down to go about. The ladies changed their places, and there was a little confusion, in which Cutter found himself close to me.

"Keep an eye on her," he said, quickly, in a low voice. "She is very queer."

I thought so, too, and I watched Madame Patoff to see whether she would return to the subject which seemed to attract her. Cutter kept up the conversation, however, and did not again show any apprehension about his former patient's state of mind, though I could see that he watched her as closely as I did. The fresh breeze filled the sails, and the next tack took us clear up to Yen Mahallè, on the European side; for the little yacht was quick in stays, and, moreover, had a good hold on the water, enabling her to beat quickly up against wind and current. Once again I went about, and, running briskly across, made the little pier below Anadoli Kavak, little more than three quarters of an hour after we had started. We landed, and went up the green slope to the place where the little coffee-shop stands under the trees. We intended to climb the hill to the ruined castle. To my surprise, Professor Cutter suggested to Madame Patoff that they should stay below, while the rest of us made the ascent. He said he feared she would tire herself too much. But she would not listen to him.

"I insist upon going," she said. "I am as strong as any of you. It is quite absurd."

Cutter temporized by suggesting that we should have coffee before the walk, and Chrysophrasia sank languidly down upon a straw chair.

"If the man has any loukoum, I could bear a cup of coffee," she mur-

mured. The man had *loukoum*, it appeared, and *Chrysophrasia* was satisfied. We all sat down in a circle under the huge oak-tree, and enjoyed the freshness and greenness of the place. The *kaffeji*, in loose white garments and a *fez*, presently brought out a polished brass tray, bearing the requisite number of tiny cups and two little white saucers filled with pieces of *loukoum-rahata*, the Turkish national sweetmeat, commonly called by schoolboys *fig-paste*.

"Why was I not born a Turk!" exclaimed *Chrysophrasia*. "This joyous life in the open air is so intensely real, so profoundly true!"

"Life is real anywhere," remarked *Cutter*, with a smile. "The important question is whether it is agreeable to the liver."

"Death is real, too," said *Madame Patoff*, in such a curious tone that we all started slightly, as we had done in the boat. My nerves are good, but I felt a weird horror of the woman stealing over me. The imperturbable scientist only glanced at me, as though to remind me of what he had said before. Then he took up the question.

"No, madam," he said, coldly. "Death is a negation, almost a universal negation. It is not real; it only devalues reality, and then denies it. You can say that life is to breathe, to think, to eat, to drink, to love, to fear, — any of these. Death is only the negation of all these things, because we can only say that in death we do none of them. Reality is motion, in the broad sense, as far as man is concerned; death is only the cessation of the ability to move. You cannot predicate anything else of it."

"Oh, your dry, dry science!" exclaimed *Chrysophrasia*, casting up her green eyes. "You would turn our fair fields and limpid — ahem — skies — into the joyless waste of a London pavement, or one of your horrid dissecting-rooms!"

"I don't see the point of your simile, Miss *Dabstreak*," answered *Cutter*, with

pardonable bluntness. "Besides, that is philosophy, and not science."

"What is the difference, Mr. *Griggs*?" asked *Hermione*, turning to me.

"My dear young lady," said I, "science, I think, means the state of being wise, and hence the thing known, which gives a man the title of wise. Philosophy means the love of wisdom."

"Rather involved definition," observed the professor, with a laugh. "There is not much difference between the state of being wise and the state of loving wisdom."

"The one asserts the possession of that which the other aspires to possess, but considers to be very difficult of attainment," I tried to explain. "The scientist says to the world, 'I have found the origin of life: it is protoplasm, it is your God, and all your religious beliefs are merely the result of your ignorance of protoplasm.' The philosopher answers, 'I allow that this protoplasm is the origin of life, but how did this origin itself originate? And if you can show how it originated from inanimate matter, how did the inanimate matter begin to exist? And how was space found in which it could exist? And why does anything exist, animate or inanimate? And is the existence of matter a proof of a supreme design, or is it not?' Thereupon Science gets very red in the face, and says that these questions are absurd, after previously stating that everything ought to be questioned."

"Science," answered the professor, "says that man has enough to do in questioning his immediate surroundings, without going into the matter of transcendental inquiry."

"Then she ought to keep to her own proper sphere," said I, waxing hot. "The fact is that Science, armed with miserably imperfect tools, but unbounded assumption, has discovered a jelly-fish in a basin of water, and has deduced from that premise the tremendous conclusion that there is no God."

"That is strong language, Mr. Griggs, — very strong language," repeated the professor. "You exaggerate the position too much, I think. But it is useless to argue with transcendentalists. You always fall back upon the question of faith, and you refuse to listen to reason."

"When you can disprove our position, we will listen to your proof. But since the whole human race, as far as we can ascertain, without any exception whatsoever, has believed always in the survival of the soul after death, allow me to say that when you deny the existence of the soul the *onus probandi* lies with you, and not with us."

Therewith I drank my coffee in silence, and looked at the half-naked Turkish children playing upon the little pier over the bright water. It struck me that if the learned scientist had told them that they had no souls, they would have laughed at him very heartily. I think that in the opinion of the company I had the best of the argument, and Cutter knew it, for he did not answer.

"I have always believed that I have a soul," said Macaulay Carvel, in his smooth, monotonous tone. But there was as much conviction in his tone as though he had expressed his belief in the fact that he had a nose.

"Of course you have," said Hermione. "Let us go up to the castle, and see the view before it is too late. Aunt Annie, do wait for us here; it is very tiring, really."

"You seem to think I am a decrepit old woman," answered Madame Patoff, impatiently, as she rose from her chair.

Paul felt that it was his duty to offer his mother his arm for the ascent, though the professor came forward at the same moment.

"Dear Paul, you are so good," said she, accepting his assistance as we began to climb the hill.

I saw her face in that moment. It was as calm and beautiful as ever, but I thought she glanced sideways to see whether every one had heard her speech and appreciated it. Little was said as we breasted the steep ascent, for the path was rough, and there was barely room for two people to walk side by side. At last we emerged upon a broad slope of grass outside the walls of the old fortress. A goatherd lives inside it, and has turned the old half-open vaults into a stable for his flocks. We paused under the high walls, which on one side are built above the precipitous cliff, with a sheer fall of a hundred feet or more. Towards the land they are not more than forty feet high, where the grass grows up to their base. There is a curious gate on that side, with the carved arms of the Genoese republic imbedded in the brick masonry.

Some one suggested that we should go inside, and after a short interview with the goatherd he consented to chain up his enormous dog, and let us pass the small wooden gate which leads to the interior. Inside the fortress, the falling in of the roof and walls has filled the old court so that it is nearly on a level with the walls. It is easy to scramble up to the top, and the thickness is so great that it is safe to walk along for a little distance, provided one does not go too near the edge. We wandered about below, and some of us climbed up to see the beautiful view, which extends far down the Bosphorus on the one side, and looks over the broad Black Sea on the other. Madame Patoff still leaned on Paul's arm, while the professor gallantly helped the languid Chrysophrasia to reach the most accessible places. Macaulay was engaged in an attempt to measure the circumference of the castle, and rambled about in quest of facts, as usual, noting down the figures in his pocket-book very conscientiously. I was left alone with Hermione for a few minutes. We sat down on a heap of broken

masonry to rest, talking of the place and its history. Hermione was so placed that she could not see the top of the wall which overhung the precipice on the outer side, but from where I sat I could watch Paul slowly helping his mother to reach the top.

"It belonged to the Genoese, and was built by them," I said. "The arms over the gate are theirs. Perhaps you noticed them." Paul and his mother had reached the summit of the wall, and were standing there, looking out at the view.

"How did the Genoese come to be here?" asked Hermione, digging her parasol into the loose earth.

"They were once very powerful in Constantinople," I answered. "They held Pera for many years, and" —

I broke off with an exclamation of horror, starting to my feet at the same instant. I had idly watched the mother and son as they stood together, and I could hear their voices as they spoke. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, Madame Patoff put out her hand, and seemed to push Paul with all her might. He stumbled and fell upon the edge, but from my position I could not tell whether he had saved himself or had fallen into the abyss.

I suppose Hermione followed my look, and saw that Madame Patoff was standing alone upon the top, but I did not stop to speak or explain. I sprang upon the wall, and in a second more I saw that Paul had fallen his full length along the brink, but had saved himself, and was scrambling to his feet. Madame Patoff stood quite still, her face rigid and drawn, and an expression of horror in her eyes that was bad to see. But I was not alone in coming to Paul's assistance. As I put out my arm to help him to his feet, I saw Hermione's small hands lay hold of him with desperate strength, dragging him from the fatal brink. But Paul was unhurt, and was on his legs in another moment. He was ghastly white,

and his lips worked curiously as his eyes settled on his mother's face.

"How did it happen?" asked Hermione, as soon as she could speak, but still clinging to his arm, while she glanced inquiringly at her aunt.

"I do not know," said Paul, in a thick voice, between his teeth.

"I was dizzy," gasped Madame Patoff. "I put out my hand to save myself" —

"Do me the favor to come down from this place at once," I said, grasping her firmly by the arm, and leading her away.

"Paul, Paul, how did it happen?" I heard Hermione saying, as we descended.

But Paul's lips were resolutely shut, and he would say nothing more about it. Indeed, he was badly startled, but I knew his paleness was not caused by fear. In my own mind the conviction was strong that his mother had deliberately attempted to murder him by pushing him over the edge. I remembered Cutter's warning, and I wondered that he should have allowed her to go out of his sight, since he recognized the condition of her brain; but a moment's reflection made me recollect that I had understood him differently. He had meant that she might try to kill herself, not her son; and that had been my own impression, for it was not till later that I learned how she had spoken of Paul to herself, that night in Pera, after the ball. At that time the professor knew more about the matter than I did, for Hermione had confided in him when they were alone in Santa Sophia.

I think Madame Patoff tried to explain the accident to me, as I got her down into the ruined court, but I do not remember what she said. My only wish was to get the party back to Buynkdere, and to be alone with Cutter for five minutes.

"Patoff has met with an accident," I said, as the others came up. "He stumbled near the edge of the wall, and is badly shaken. We had better go home."

There was very little explanation needed, and Paul protested that he had incurred no danger, though he acquiesced readily enough to the suggestion. I did not let Madame Patoff leave my arm until we were once more on board the little yacht, for I was convinced that the woman was dangerously mad. The drawn expression of her pale face did not change, and she soon ceased speaking altogether. I noted the fact that in all the excitement of the moment she expressed no satisfaction at Paul's escape. It was not until we reached the water that she said something about "dear Paul," in a tone that made me shudder.

We were a silent party, as we ran down the wind to Buyukdere. Cutter sat beside Madame Patoff, and watched her curiously; for the expression of her face had not escaped him, though he had no idea of what had happened. Sitting on the deck, at the edge of the well, she looked down at the water, as we rushed along.

"What do you see in the water?" asked the professor, quietly. The answer came in a very low voice, but I heard it as I stood by the helm:—

"I see a man's face under the water, looking up at me."

"And whose face is it?" inquired Cutter, in the same matter-of-fact tone.

"I will not tell you, nor any one," she answered. Cutter looked up at me to see whether I had heard, and I nodded to him. In a few minutes we were alongside of the pier. I refused Chryso-phrasia's not very pressing invitation to tea, and, bidding good-by to the rest, I put my arm through the professor's. He seemed ready enough to go with me, so we walked along the smooth quay in the sunset, arm in arm.

"I wanted to speak to you," I said. "You ought to know what happened up there this afternoon. Madame Patoff tried to push Paul over the edge. It was a deliberate attempt to murder

him." Cutter stopped in his walk, and looked earnestly into my face.

"Did you see it yourself? Did you positively see it, or is that only your impression?"

"I saw it," I answered, shortly.

"She is quite mad still, then. No one but a mad woman would attempt such a thing. What is worse, it is a fixed idea that she has." He told me what Hermione had confided to him.

"Then Paul's life is not safe for a moment," I said, after a slight pause.

"Unless his brother marries Miss Carvel, I should advise him to be on his guard when he is alone with his mother. He is safe enough when other people are present. I know those cases. They are sly, cautious, timid. She will try and push him over the edge of a precipice, when nobody is looking. Before you she will call him 'dear Paul,' and all the rest of it."

"That looks to me more like the cunning of a murderess than the slyness of a maniac," I said.

"Most murderers are only maniacs, mad people," answered the professor. "Men and women are born with a certain tendency of mind which makes them easily brood over an idea. Their life and circumstances foster one particular notion, till it gets a predominant weight in their weak reasoning. The occasion presents itself, and they carry out the plan they have been forming for years in secret, or even unconsciously. If in carrying out their ideas they kill anybody, it is called murder. It makes very little difference what you call it. The law distinguishes between crimes premeditated and crimes unpremeditated. Murder, willful and premeditated, involves in my opinion a process of mind so similar to that found in lunatics that it is impossible to distinguish the one from the other, and I am quite ready to believe that all premeditated murders are brought about by mental aberration in the murderer. On the other hand,

manslaughter, quick, sudden, and unplanned, is the result of more or less inhuman instincts, and those who commit the crime are people who approach more or less nearly to wild beasts. For the advancement of science, murderers should not be hanged, but should be kept as interesting cases of insanity. Much might be learned by carefully observing the action of their minds upon ordinary occasions. As for homicides, or man-slaughterers, — I wish we could use the English word, — they are less attractive as a study, and I do not care what becomes of them. The brain of a freshly killed tiger would be far more interesting.”

“What do you propose to do with Madame Patoff?” I asked. “You do not suppose that Miss Carvel will marry Alexander Patoff in order to prevent his mother from murdering Paul?”

“She ought to,” answered Cutter, quietly. “It would be most curious to see whether there would be any change in her fixed dislike of the younger son.”

“And do you mean that that young girl should sacrifice her life to your experiments?” I asked, rather hotly. I hated the coldness of the man, and his ruthless determination to make scientific capital out of other people’s troubles.

“I can neither propose nor dispose,” he answered. “I only wish that it might be so. After all, she could be quite as happy with Alexander as with Paul. I doubt whether she has a strong preference for either.”

“You are mistaken,” said I. “She loves Paul much more than she herself imagines. I saw her face to-day when Paul was lying on the edge of the precipice. You did not. I have watched them ever since they have been together in Constantinople, and I am convinced that she loves Paul, and not Alexander. What do you intend to do with Madame Patoff? You know I have a little party at my cottage on Saturday, — you prom-

ised to come. Is it safe to let her come, too?”

“Perfectly,” answered my companion. “The only thing to be done at present is to prevent her remaining alone with Paul.”

“Suppose that Paul tells what happened this afternoon. What then?”

“He will not tell it. I have a great admiration for the fellow, he is so manly. If she had done worse than that, he would not tell any one, because she is his mother. But he will be on his guard, never fear. She will not get such a chance again. Good-night.”

The professor left me at the door of the garden through which I had to pass to reach the little kiosk. I walked slowly up through the roses and the flowers, meditating as I went. Paul had a new enemy in the professor, who would certainly try and help Alexander, in order to continue his experiments upon Madame Patoff’s mind. Poor Paul! He seemed to be persecuted by an evil fate, and I pitied him sincerely.

XXIV.

It was Saturday afternoon, and my preparations for my little tea-party were complete. Gregorios Balsamides had arrived from Pera, and we were waiting for the Carvels, seated on the long bench before the house, where the view overlooks the Bosphorus. The sun had almost set, and the hills of Asia were already tinged with golden light, which caught the walls of the white mosque on the Giant’s Mountain, — the Yusha-Dagh, where the Mussulmans believe that Joshua’s body lies buried; Anadoli Kāvák was bathed in a soft radiance, in which every line of the old fortress stood out clear and distinct, so that I could see the very spot where Paul had fallen a few days before; the far mouth of the Black Sea looked cold and gray in the shadows below the hills, but down

below the big steamers, the little yachts, the outlandish Turkish schooners, and the tiny caiques moved quickly about in the evening sunshine. My garden had become a wilderness of roses, in the soft spring weather, too, and each flower took a warmer hue as the sun sank in the west, and slowly neared the point where it would drop behind the European foreland.

The kiosk was a wooden building, narrow and tall, so that the rooms within were high, and the second story was twenty feet above the ground. I had caused hundreds of lamps to be hung within and without, to be lighted so soon as the darkness set in, and my man, who has an especial talent for all sorts of illuminations, and in general for everything which in Southern Italy comes under the head of *festa*, had borrowed long strings of little signal flags and streamers, which he had hung fantastically from the house to the surrounding trees. When once the lamps should be lighted the effect would be very pretty, and to the eyes of English people utterly new.

Gregorios sat beside me on the garden-seat, and we talked of Madame Patoff and her latest doings. My mind was not at rest about her, and I inwardly wished that some accident might prevent her from coming that day. I had more than once almost determined to speak to my old friend John Carvel, and to tell him what had occurred at Anadolí Kavák. Nothing but my respect for Professor Cutter's opinion as a specialist had prevented me from doing so; but now, at the last moment, I wished I had not been overruled, for I had an unpleasant conviction that his prudence had been forgotten in his desire to study the case. For men of his profession there seems to be an absorbing interest in deciding the question of where crime ends and madness begins, and to put Madame Patoff under restraint would have been to cut short one of the most

valuable experiences of Cutter's life. He probably knew that in the present stage of her malady such a proceeding would very likely have driven her into hopeless and evident insanity. I could have forgiven him if I had thought that he regarded the question from a moralist's point of view, and balanced the danger of leaving the unfortunate woman at large against the possible advantage she herself might gain from enjoying unrestricted liberty. But I was sure that the scientist was not thinking of that. He had expressed interest rather than horror at her attempt to push Paul over the edge of the wall. He had answered my anxious questions concerning the treatment of Madame Patoff by a short dissertation on insanity in general, and had left me to continue his studies, regardless of any danger to his patient's relations. The moral point of view shrank into insignificance as he became more and more absorbed in the result of the case, and I believe that he would have let us all perish, if necessary, rather than consent to relinquish his study. He might have regretted his indifference afterwards, especially if he had arrived at no satisfactory conclusion in regard to the unhappy woman; but in the fervor of scientific speculation, minor considerations of safety were forgotten. Cutter is not a bad man, though he is ruthless. He would be incapable of doing any one an injury from a personal motive, but in comparison with the importance of one of his theories the life of a man is no more to him than the life of a dog. I said something of the kind to Balsamides.

"My dear fellow," he answered, "do you expect common sense from people who waste their lives in such a senseless fashion? Can anything be more absurd than to attempt to explain the vagaries of a diseased mind? They call that science in the professor's country. They may as well give it up. They will never ultimately discover any better treatment

for dangerous lunatics than solid bolts and barred windows."

"I believe you are right," I said. "If we could put medicine into the head as we can into the stomach, something might be accomplished. It is very unpleasant to think that I am to entertain a lady at my tea-party who only the other day tried to murder her son in my sight."

"Very," assented Gregorios. "Here they come."

We heard the sound of voices in the garden, and rose to meet the party as they came up towards the house. None of them had been to see me before, except Paul, and they at once launched into extravagant praises of the view and of the kiosk. Chrysophrasia raved about the sunset effects, and Hermione was delighted with the way the flags were arranged. Macaulay consulted his pocket barometer to see how many feet above the sea the house was built, and declared that the air must be far more healthy in such a place than on the quay. Madame Patoff looked silently out at the view, leaning on Alexander's arm, while John Carvel and his wife stood close together, smiling and appreciative, the ideal of a well-assorted and perfectly happy middle-aged couple. Cutter talked to Balsamides, and Paul followed Hermione as she slowly moved from point to point. I stood alone for a few moments, and looked at them, going over in my mind all that had happened during the last seven months, and wondering how it would all end.

These ten people had lived much together, and had found themselves lately united in some very strange occurrences. With the exception of Balsamides and the professor, they were all nearly related, and yet they were as unlike each other as people of one family could be. The gentle, saintly Mary Carvel had little in common with her æsthetic sister Chrysophrasia Dabstreak, and neither of them was very like Madame Patoff.

Sturdy John Carvel was not like his sleek son Macaulay, except in honesty and good nature. Alexander Patoff was indeed like his mother, but Paul's stern, cold nature was that of his father, long dead and forgotten. As for Hermione, she presented a combination of character derived from the best points in her father and mother, marred only, I thought, by a little of that vacillation which was the chief characteristic of her aunt Chrysophrasia. Cutter and Balsamides were men of widely different nationalities and temperaments: the one a ruthless scientist, the other an equally ruthless fatalist; the one ready to sacrifice the lives of others to a fanatic worship of his profession, the other willing to sacrifice himself to the inevitable with heroic courage, but holding other men's lives as of no more value than his own. A strange company, I thought, and yet in many respects a most interesting company as well.

"Shall we go in-doors and have tea?" I said, after a few moments, collecting my guests together. "The view is even better from the windows above."

I led them into the stone-paved vestibule of the wooden house, and up the wooden stairs to the upper story. Presently they were all installed in the large room where the preparations for the small festivity had been made, and I began to do the honors of my bachelor establishment.

In a Turkish family, the room where we were sitting, and the three others upon the same floor, would have been set apart for the harem; for one door separated them from the staircase and from all the rest of the house, — a large, strong door, painted white, and provided with an excellent lock and key. I had selected one room for my bedroom, and the rest were furnished with Oriental simplicity, not to say economy. But Balsamides had sent down a bale of beautiful carpets, which he lent me for

the occasion, and which I had hung upon the walls and spread upon the floors and divans. Tea, coffee, sherbet, a beautiful view, and a little illumination of the gardens constituted the whole entertainment; but the enthusiasm of my guests knew no bounds, probably because they had never seen anything of the kind before.

"Griggs is growing to be a true Oriental," remarked Balsamides, approvingly, "He understands how the Turks live."

"Yes," I answered, "I present you the thing in all its bareness. You may take this as a specimen of an Eastern house. People are apt to fancy that those long, latticed houses on the Bosphorus conceal unheard-of luxuries, and that the people live like Sybarites. It is quite untrue. They either try to imitate the French style, and do it horribly, or else they live in great bare rooms like these."

"What do the women do, all day long?" asked Chrysophrasia. "I am sure they do not pass their time upon a straw matting, staring at each other, — so very dreary!"

"Nevertheless they do," said Gregorios. "They smoke and eat sweetmeats from morning till night, and occasionally an old woman comes and tells them stories. Some of them can read French. They learn it in order to read novels, but cannot speak a word of the language."

"Dreary, dreary!" sighed Chrysophrasia. "And then, the division of the affections, you know, — so sad."

"Many of them die of consumption," said Gregorios.

"It would be curious to watch the phases of their intelligence," said the professor, slowly sipping his coffee, and staring out of the window through his great gold-rimmed spectacles.

The sun had gone down, and the darkness gathered quickly over the beautiful scene. At one of the windows Hermione

sat silently enjoying the evening breeze; Alexander was seated beside her, while Paul stood looking out over her head. Neither of the two men spoke, but from time to time they exchanged glances which were anything but friendly. Outside, my man and the gardener were lighting the little lamps, and gradually, as each glass cup received its tiny light, the festoons of white and red grew, and seemed to creep stealthily from tree to tree. The conversation languished, and the deepening twilight brought with it that pleasant silence which is the very embodiment of rest descending at evening on the tired earth.

"It is like an evening hymn," said Mrs. Carvel, whose gentle features were barely visible in the gloom.

No one spoke, but I fancied I saw John Carvel lay his hand affectionately on his wife's arm, as they sat together. There was a light above the eastern hills, brightening quickly as we looked, and presently the full moon rose and shed her rays through the low open windows, making our faces look white and deathly in the dark room. It shone on Madame Patoff's marble features, and cast strange shadows around her mouth.

"Shall we have lights?" I asked. There was a general refusal; everybody preferred the moonlight, which now flooded the apartment.

"It seems to me," said Chrysophrasia, half sadly, — "it seems to me — ah, no! I must be mistaken, — and yet — it seems to me that I smell something burning."

"I think it is the lamps outside," I answered. No one else took any notice of the speech, which jarred upon the pleasant stillness. I myself thought she was mistaken.

"What a wonderful contrast!" said Hermione. "I mean the lamps and the moonlight." Then she added, suddenly, "Do you know, Mr. Griggs, there is really something burning. I can smell it quite well."

A fire in a Turkish house is a serious matter. The old beams and boarded walls are like so much tinder, and burn up immediately, as though soaked with some inflammable liquid. I rose, and went out to see if there were anything wrong. As I opened the door which shut off the whole apartment from the stairs, I heard a strange crackling sound, and outside the window of the staircase, which was in the back of the house, I saw a red glare, which brightened in the moment while I watched it. I did not go further, for I knew the danger was imminent.

"Will you be good enough to come down-stairs?" I said, quietly, as I reëntered the room where my guests were assembled. "I am afraid that something is wrong, but there is plenty of time."

A considerable confusion ensued, and everybody rushed to the door. Protestations were vain, for all the women were frightened, and all the men were anxious to help them. The sight of the flames outside the window redoubled their fears, and they rushed out, stumbling on the dusky landing. In the confusion of the moment, I did not realize how it all happened. Chrysophrasia, who was mad with fright, caught her foot against something, and fell close beside me. The other ladies were already down-stairs, I thought. I picked her up, and carried her down as fast as I could, and out into the garden.

"Come away from the house!" I cried. "Away from the trees!"

Chrysophrasia was senseless with fear, and I bore her hastily on till I reached the fountain, some twenty yards down the hill. Then I put her down upon a bench. There were two buckets and a couple of watering-pots there, and I shouted to the other men to come to me, as I filled two of the vessels and ran round to the back of the house. I passed Madame Patoff, standing alone under a festoon of little lamps, by a tree,

and I remember the strange expression of gladness which was on her face. But I had no time to speak to her, and rushed on with my water-cans.

Meanwhile, the flames rose higher and higher, crackling and licking the brown face of the old timber. There was small chance of saving the building now. My men had been busy lighting the lamps in the garden, but I found them already on the spot, dipping water out of a small cistern with buckets, and dashing it into the fire with all their might, their dark faces grim and set in the light of the flames. I worked as hard as I could, supposing that all the party were safe. I had no idea of what was going on upon the opposite side of the house. In truth, it was horrible enough.

Paul and Cutter were very self-possessed, and their first care was to see that the four ladies were safe. They had Hermione and her mother with them, and, taking the direction of the fountain, they found Chrysophrasia upon the bench where I had left her, in a violent fit of hysterics. Madame Patoff was not there.

"I was going back for aunt Annie," said Macaulay Carvel, "for I counted them as they came out, and missed her. She ran right into my arms, as I stood in the door. She is somewhere in the garden. I am quite sure of it."

Cutter hurried off, and began to search amongst the trees. Already the bright flames could be seen in the lower story, and in a moment more the glass of one of the windows cracked loudly, and the fire leapt through. Then from the high windows above a voice was heard calling, loud and clear, to those below:—

"The door is locked! Can any one help me?" The voice belonged to Gregorios, and the party looked into each other's faces in sudden horror, and then glanced at the burning house.

"Save him! Save him!" cried Hermione.

But Paul had already left her side, and had reached the open door of the porch. Alexander stood still, staring at the flames.

"He saved you!" said Hermione, grasping his arm fiercely. "Will you do nothing to help him?"

"Paul is gone already," answered Alexander, impatiently. "There is nothing the matter. Paul will let him out."

But the other men were less apathetic, and had followed the brave man to the door. He had disappeared already, and as they came up a tremendous puff of smoke and ashes was blown into their faces, stifling and burning them, so that they drew back.

"Jump for your life!" shouted John Carvel, looking up at the window from which the voice had proceeded.

"Yes, jump!" cried Alexander, who had reluctantly followed. "We will catch you in our arms!"

But no one answered them. Nothing was heard but the crackling of the burning timber and the roaring of the flames, during the awful moments which followed. Stupefied with horror, the three men stood staring stupidly at the hideous sight. Then suddenly another huge puff of smoke and fiery sparks burst from the door, and with it a dark mass flew forward, as though shot from a cannon's mouth, and fell in a heap upon the ground outside. All three ran forward, but some one else was there before them, dragging away a thick carpet, of which the wool was all singed and burning.

There lay Gregorios Balsamides as he had fallen, stumbling on the doorstep, with the heavy body of Paul Patoff in his arms. Hermione fell on her knees, and shrieked aloud. It was plain enough. Paul, without the least protection from the flames, had struggled up the burning staircase, and had unlocked the door, losing consciousness as he opened it. Gregorios, who was not to be outdone in bravery, and whom no

danger could frighten from his senses, had wrapped a carpet round the injured man, and, throwing another over his own head, had borne him back through the fire, the steps of the wooden staircase, already in flames, almost breaking under his tread. But he had done the deed, and had lived through it.

He looked up faintly at Hermione, as she bent over them both.

"I think he is alive," he gasped, and fainted upon the ground.

They bore the two senseless bodies away to the fountain, and laid them down, and sprinkled water on their faces. Behind them they could hear the crash of the first timbers falling in, as the fire reached the upper story of the kiosk; at their feet they saw only the still, pale faces of the men who had been ready to give their lives for each other.

But Cutter had gone in search of Madame Patoff, during the five minutes which had sufficed for the enacting of this scene. He had found her where I had passed her, looking up with a strange smile at the doomed house.

"Paul is looking for you," said the professor, taking her arm under his. She started, and trembled violently.

"Paul!" she cried, in surprise. Then, with a wild laugh, she stared into Cutter's eyes. He had heard that laugh many a time in his experience, and he silently tightened his grip upon her arm. "Paul!" she repeated wildly. "There is no more Paul," she added, suddenly lowering her voice, and speaking confidentially. "Hermione can marry my dear Alexander now. There is no more Paul. You do not know? It was so quickly done. He stayed behind in the room, and I locked the door, so tight, so fast. He can never get out. Ah!" she screamed all at once. "I am so glad! Let me go—let me go"—

At that moment, I came upon them. Relinquishing all hopes of saving the

house, and wondering vaguely, in my confusion of mind, why nobody had come to help me, I called my two men off, and was going to see what had become of the party. I found Madame Patoff a raving maniac, struggling in the gigantic hands of the sturdy scientist. I will not dwell upon the hideous scene which followed. It was the last time I ever saw her, and I pray that I may never again see man or woman in such a condition.

Meanwhile, the two men who lay by the fountain in the moonlight showed signs of life. Gregorios first came to himself, for he had only fainted. He was in great pain, but was as eager as the rest to restore Paul to consciousness. Patoff was almost asphyxiated by the smoke, his hair and eyebrows and mustache were almost burnt off, and his right hand was injured. But he was alive, and at last he opened his eyes. In a quarter of an hour he could be helped upon his feet. Balsamides was already standing, and Paul caught at his hand.

"Not that arm," said Gregorios calmly, holding out the other. In his fall he had broken his wrist.

In answer to my cries, the two Carvels left the injured men and came to our assistance, while we struggled with the mad woman, who seemed possessed of the strength of a dozen athletes. Hermione was left by the fountain.

"I was quite sure it would be all right," said Alexander to her, presently. It was more than the young girl could bear. She turned upon him fiercely, and her beautiful face was very white.

"I despise you!" she exclaimed. That was all she said, but in the next moment she turned and threw her arms about Paul's neck, and kissed his burnt and wounded face before them all.

There is little more to be said, for my story is told to the end. When I found them all together, Gregorios took

me aside, and drew a crumpled mass of papers from his pocket with his uninjured hand.

"I stayed behind to save your papers and your money," he said, quietly. "I have seen houses burn before, and there is generally no time to be lost."

I wonder what there is at the bottom of that man's strange nature. Cold, indifferent, and fatalistic, apparently one of the most selfish of men, he nevertheless seems to possess somewhere a kind of devoted heroism, an untainted quality of friendship, only too rare in our day.

Hermione Carvel is to be married to Paul in the autumn, but there is reason to believe that Alexander, who has rejoined his regiment in St. Petersburg, will not find it convenient to be at the wedding. When Balsamides was crying for help from the upper window, and when Alexander stood quietly by Hermione's side while his brother faced the danger, the die was cast, and she saw what a wide gulf separated the two men, and she knew that she loved the one, and hated the other with a fierce hatred.

Poor Madame Patoff is dead, but before he left Constantinople Professor Cutter spent half an hour in trying to demonstrate to me that she might have been cured if Hermione had married Alexander. I am glad he is gone, for I always detested his theories.

So the story is ended, my dear friend; and if it is told badly, it is my fault, for I assure you that I never in my life spent so exciting a year. It has been a long tale, too, but you have told me from time to time that you were interested in it; and, after all, a tale is but a tale, and is a very different affair from an artistically constructed drama, in which facts have to be softened, so as not to look too startling in print. I have given you facts, and if you ever meet Gregorios Balsamides he will tell you that I have exaggerated nothing. More-

over, if you will take the trouble to visit Santa Sophia during the last nights of Ramazán, you will understand how Alexander Patoff disappeared; and if you will go over the house of Laleli Khanum Effendi, which is now to be sold, you will see how impossible it was for him to escape from such a place. In the garden above Mesar Burnu you will see the heap of ashes which is all that remains of the kiosk where I gave my unlucky tea-party; and if you will turn up the bridle-path at the left of the Belgrade road, a hundred yards before you reach the aqueduct, you will

come upon the spot where Gregorios threatened to kill Selim, the wicked Lala, on that bitter March night. I dare say, also, that if you visit any of these places by chance you will remember the strange scenes they have witnessed, and I hope that you will also remember Paul Griggs, your friend, who spun you this yarn because you asked him for a story, when he was riding with you on that rainy afternoon last month. I only wish you knew the Carvels, for I am sure you would like them, and you would find Chrysophrasia very amusing.

F. Marion Crawford.

OF ONE WHO IS DEAF.

As one apart in mellow shade,
With smiling Sadness she doth dwell;
No sounds or harsh or sweet invade
Her ear's unvibrant shell.

Yet she, on lips that Love hath taught,
Can read the pantomimic word;
With sphery search that fathoms thought,
It seems her eyes have heard!

So do the stars, to lonely men
Who cross some vast and open wild,
Deepen with all-discerning ken,
Unswerving, just, yet mild.

Although to them arrives no sound
Of all that fills our lower night,
They probe the human heart's profound
With silent shafts of light.

Oh, who beneath night's searching skies
But feels his inmost being known,
Or who that meets her star-pure eyes
But his unworth must own?

Edith M. Thomas.

THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST.

IV.

RELIGION.

IN regard to their religion, nations, like individuals, seem singularly averse to practicing what they have preached. Whether it is that his self-constructed idols prove to the maker too suggestive of his own intellectual chisel to deceive him for long, or whether sacred soil, like less hallowed ground, becomes, after a time, incapable of responding to repeated sowings of the same seed, certain it is that in spiritual matters most peoples have grown out of conceit with their own conceptions. An individual may cling with a certain sentiment to the religion of his mother, but nations have shown anything but a foolish fondness for the sacred superstitions of their great-grandfathers. To the charm of creation succeeds invariably the bitter-sweet after-taste of criticism, and man would not be the progressive animal he is if he long remained in love with his own productions.

What his future will be is too engrossing a subject, and one too deeply shrouded in mystery, not to be constantly pictured anew. No wonder that the consideration of that country toward which mankind is ever being hastened should prove as absorbing to fancy as contemplated earthly journeys proverbially are. Few people but have laid out skeleton tours through its ideal regions, and, perhaps, as in the mapping beforehand of merely mundane travels, one element of attraction has always consisted in the possible revision of our routes.

Besides, there is a fascination about the foreign merely because it is such. Distance lends enchantment to the views of others, and never more so than when those views are religious visions. An

enthusiast has certainly a greater chance of being taken for a god among a people who do not know him intimately as a man. So with his doctrines. The imported is apt to seem more important than the home-made; as the far-off bewitches more easily than the near. But just as castles in the air do not commonly become the property of their builders, so mansions in the skies almost as frequently have failed of being directly inherited. Rather strikingly has this been the case with what are to-day the two most powerful religions of the world, — Buddhism and Christianity. Neither is now the belief of its founder's people. What was Aryan born has become Turanian bred, and what was Semitic by conception is at present Aryan by adoption. The possibilities of another's hereafter look so much rosier than the limitations of one's own present!

Few pastimes are more delightful than tossing pebbles into some still, dark pool, and watching the waves that leap in answer, as they run in ever-widening circles to the shore. Most of us as boys have felt its fascination second only to that of the dotted spiral of the skipping stone, a fascination not outgrown with years. There is something singularly attractive in the subtle force that sways each particle, and is then insensibly imparted to the next, a motion mysterious in its immateriality. Some such pleasure must be theirs who have thrown their thoughts into the hearts of men, and seen them spread in waves of feeling, whose sphere keeps widening as it moves on. For like the mobile water is the mind of man, — quick to catch emotions, quick to transmit them. Of all waves of emotion, this is not the least true of religious ones that, starting from their birthplace, pass out to stir others, who have but humanity in common with

those who professed them first. Like the waves in the pool, too, they leave their original converts to sink back again into comparative quiescence, as they advance to throw into sudden tremors hordes of outer barbarians. In both of the great religions in question this wave propagation has been most marked, only the direction it took differed. Christianity went westwards; Buddhism traveled east. Proselytes in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy find counterparts in Eastern India, Burmah, and Thibet. Gradually the taught surpassed their teachers both in zeal and numbers. Jerusalem and Benares eventually gave place to Rome and Lassa as sacerdotal centres. Still the movement journeyed on. Popes and Lhamas remained where their predecessors had founded sees, but the tide of belief surged past them in its irresistible advance. Farther yet from where each faith began are to be found at present the greater part of its adherents. The home that the Western hemisphere seems to promise to the one the extreme Orient affords the other. As Roman Catholicism looks now to America for its strength, so Buddhism to-day finds its worshipers principally in Japan.

But though the Japanese may be said to be all Buddhists, Buddhist is by no means all that they are. At the time of their adoption of the great Indian faith, the Japanese were already in possession of a system of superstition which has held its own to this day. In fact, as the state religion of the land, it has just experienced a revival, a regalanizing of its old-time energy, at the hands of Mr. Satow and of some of the native archæologists. Formerly this body of belief was the national faith, the Mikado, the direct descendant of the early gods, being its head on earth. His reinstatement to temporal power formed a very fitting first step toward reinvesting the cult with its pristine prestige: a curious instance, indeed, of a religious revival due to archæological, not to religious

zeal, and to foreign more than to native enthusiasm.

This cult is the mythological inheritance of the whole eastern seaboard of Asia, from Siam to Kamchatka. In Japan it is called Shintoism. The word "Shinto" means literally "the way of the gods," and the letter of its name is a true exponent of the spirit of the belief. For its scriptures are rather an itinerary of the gods' lives than a guide to that road by which man himself may attain to immortality. Thus with a certain fitness pilgrimages are its most noticeable rites. One cannot journey anywhere into the heart of Japan without meeting multitudes of these pilgrims, with their neat white leggings and their broad-brimmed hats, nor rest at night at any inn that is not hung with countless little banners of the pilgrim associations, of which they all are members. Being a pilgrim there is equivalent to being a tourist here, only that to the excitement of doing the country is added a sustaining sense of the meritoriousness of the deed. Oftener than not his objective point is the summit of some noted mountain. For peaks are peculiarly sacred spots in the Shinto faith. The fact is perhaps an expression of man's instinctive desire to rise, as if the bodily act in some wise betokened the mental action. The shrine in so exalted a position is of the simplest: a rude hut, with or without the only distinctive emblems of the cult, a mirror typical of the god and the pendent *gohei*, or zigzag strips of paper, permanent votive offerings of man. As for the belief itself, it is but the deification of those natural elements which aboriginal man instinctively wonders at or fears, the sun, the moon, the thunder, the lightning, and the wind; all, in short, that he sees, hears, and feels, yet cannot comprehend. He clothes his terrors with forms which resemble the human, because he can conceive of nothing else that could cause the unexpected. But the awful shapes he conjures up have

naught in common with himself. They are far too fearful to be followed. Their way is the "highway of the gods," but no Jacob's ladder for wayward man.

In this externality to the human lies the reason that Shintoism and Buddhism can agree so well, and can both join with Confucianism in helping to form that happy family of faiths which is so singular a feature of Far Eastern religious capability. It is not simply that the two contrive to live peaceably together. They are actually both of them implicitly believed by the same individual. Millions of Japanese are good Buddhists and good Shintoists at the same time. That such a combination should be possible is due to the essential difference in the character of the two beliefs. The one is extrinsic, the other intrinsic, in its relations to the human soul. Shintoism tells man but little about himself and his hereafter; Buddhism, little but about himself and what he may become. In examining Far Eastern religion, therefore, for personality, or the reverse, we may dismiss Shintoism as having no particular bearing upon the subject. The only effect it has is indirect in furthering the natural propensity of these people to an adoration of nature.

In Korea and in China, again, Confucianism is the great moral law, as by reflection it is to a certain extent in Japan. But that in its turn may be omitted in the present argument, inasmuch as Confucius taught confessedly and designedly only a system of morals, and religiously abstained from pronouncing any opinion whatever upon the character and career of the human soul.

Taoism, the third great religion of China, resembles Shintoism to this extent, that it is a body of superstition, and not a form of philosophy. It undertakes to provide nostrums for spiritual ills, but is dumb as to the constitution of the soul for which it professes to prescribe. Its pills are to be swallowed

unquestioningly by the patient, and are warranted to cure; and owing to the two great human frailties, fear and credulity, its practice is very large. Possessing, however, no philosophic diploma, it is without the pale of the present discussion.

The demon-worship of Korea is a mild form of the same thing, with the hierarchy left out, every man there being his own spiritual adviser. He is born with an innate belief in spirits, whom he accordingly propitiates from time to time.

We come, then, by elimination to a consideration of Buddhism, the great philosophic faith of the whole Far East.

Not uncommonly in the courtyard of a Japanese temple, in the solemn half-light of the sombre firs, there stands a large stone basin, cut from a single block, and full to the brim with water. The trees, the basin, and a few stone lanterns — so called from their form, and not their function, for they have votive pebbles where we should look for wicks — are the sole occupants of the place. Sheltered from the wind, withdrawn from sound, and only piously approached by man, this antechamber of the god seems the very abode of silence and rest. It might be Nirvana itself, human entrance to an immortality like the god's within, so peaceful, so pervasive, is its calm; and in its midst is the moss-covered monolith, holding in its embrace the little imprisoned pool of water. So still is the spot and so clear the liquid that you know the one only as the reflection of the other. Mirrored in its glassy surface appears everything around it. As you peer in, far down you see a tiny bit of sky, as deep as the blue is high above, across which slowly sail the passing clouds; then nearer stand the trees, arching overhead, as if bending to catch glimpses of themselves in that other world below; and then nearer yet — yourself.

Emblem of the spirit of man is this

little pool to Far Oriental eyes. Subtile as the soul is the incomprehensible water; so responsive to light that it remains itself invisible; so clear that it seems illusion! Though portrayer so perfect of forms about it, all we know of the thing itself is that it is. Through none of the five senses do we perceive it. Neither sight, nor hearing, nor taste, nor smell, nor touch can tell us it exists; we feel it to be by the muscular sense alone, that blind and dumb analogue for the body of what consciousness is for the soul. Only when disturbed, troubled, does the water itself become visible, and then it is but the surface that we see. So to the Far Oriental this still little lake typifies the soul, the eventual purification of his own; a something lost in reflection, self-effaced, only the *alter ego* of the outer world.

For contemplation, not action, is the Far Oriental's idea of life. The repose of self-adjustment like that to which our whole solar system is slowly tending as its death,—this to him appears, though from no scientific deduction, the end of all existence. So he sits and ponders, abstractly, vaguely, upon everything in general,—synonym, alas, to man's finite mind, for nothing in particular,—till even the sense of self seems to vanish, and through the mistlike portal of unconsciousness he floats out into the vast indistinguishable sameness of Nirvana's sea.

At first sight Buddhism is much more like Christianity than those of us who stay at home and speculate upon it commonly appreciate. As a system of philosophy it sounds exceedingly foreign, but it looks unexpectedly familiar as a faith. Indeed, the one religion might well pass for the counterfeit presentment of the other. It so struck the early Catholic missionaries that they felt obliged to explain the remarkable resemblance between the two. With them ingenuous surprise instantly begot ingenious sophistry. Externally, the similarity was so

exact that at first they could not bring themselves to believe that the Buddhist ceremonials had not been filched bodily from the practices of the true faith. Finding, however, that no known human agency had acted in the matter, they bethought them of introducing, to account for things, a *deus ex machina* in the shape of the devil. They were so pleased with this solution of the difficulty that they imparted it at once with much pride to the natives. You have indeed got, they graciously if somewhat gratuitously informed them, the outward semblance of the true faith, but you are in fact the miserable victims of an impious fraud. Satan has stolen the insignia of divinity, and is now masquerading before you as the deity; your god is really our devil,—a recognition of antipodal inversion truly worthy the Jesuitical mind!

Perhaps it is not matter for great surprise that they converted but few of their hearers. The suggestion was hardly so diplomatic as might have been expected from so generally astute a body; for it could not make much difference what the all-presiding deity was called, if his actions were the same, for his motives were beyond human observation. Besides, the bare idea of a foreign bogus was not very terrifying. The Chinese possessed too many familiar devils of their own. But there was another and a much deeper reason, which we shall come to later, why Christianity made but little headway in the Far East.

But it is by no means in externals only that the two religions are alike. If the first glance at them awakens that peculiar sensation which most of us have felt at some time or other, a sense of having seen all this before, further scrutiny reveals a deeper agreement than merely in appearances.

In passing from the surface into the substance, it may be mentioned incidentally that the codes of morality of the

two are about on a level. I say incidentally, for so far as its practice, certainly, is concerned, if not its preaching, morality has no more intimate connection with religion than it has with art or politics. If we doubt this, we have but to examine the facts. Are the most religious peoples the most moral? It needs no prolonged investigation to convince us that they are not. If a proof of this *non sequitur* were required, the matter of truth-telling might be adduced in point. As this is a subject upon which a slight misconception exists in the minds of some evangelically persuaded persons, and because, what is more generally relevant, the presence of this quality, honesty in word and deed, has more than almost any other one characteristic helped to put us in the van of the world's advance to-day, it may not unfittingly be cited here.

The argument in the case may be put thus. Have specially religious races been proportionally truth-telling ones? If not, has there been any other cause at work in the development of mankind tending to increase veracity? The answer to the first question has all the simplicity of a plain negative. No such pleasing concomitance of characteristics is observable to-day, or has been presented in the past. Permitting, however, the dead past to bury its shortcomings in oblivion, let us look at the world as we find it. We observe, then, that the religious spirit is quite as strong in Asia as it is in Europe; if anything, that at the present time it is rather stronger. The average Brahman, Mahometan, or Buddhist is quite as devout as the ordinary Roman Catholic or Presbyterian. If he is somewhat less given to propagandism, he is not a whit less regardful of his own salvation. Yet throughout the Orient truth is a thing unknown, lies of courtesy being *de rigueur* and lies of convenience *de raison*; while with us, fortunately, mendacity is generally discredited. But we need not travel so far for proof. The

same is evident in less antipodal relations. Have the least religious nations of Europe been any less truthful than the most bigoted? Was fanatic Spain remarkable for veracity? Was Loyola a gentleman whose assertions carried conviction other than to the stake? Were the eminently mundane burghers whom he persecuted noted for a pious superiority to fact? Or, to narrow the field still further, and scan the circle of one's own acquaintance, are the most believing individuals among them worthy of the most belief? Assuredly not.

We come, then, to the second point. Has there been any influence at work to differentiate us in this respect from Far Orientals? There has. Two separate causes, in fact, have conduced to the same result. The one is the development of physical science; the other, the extension of trade. The sole object of science being to discover truth, truth-telling is a *sine qua non* of its existence. Professionally, scientists are obliged to be truthful. *Aliter* of a Jesuit.

So long as science was of the closet, its influence upon mankind generally was indirect and slight; but so soon as it proceeded to stalk into the street and earn its own living, its veracious character began to tell. When out of its theories sprang inventions and discoveries that revolutionized every-day affairs and changed the very face of things, society insensibly caught its spirit. Man awoke to the inestimable value of exactness. From scientists proper, the spirit filtered down through every stratum of education, till to-day the average man is born exact to a degree which his forefathers never dreamed of becoming. To-day, as a rule, the more intelligent the individual, the more truthful he is, because the more innately exact in thought, and thence in word and action. With us, to lie is a sign of a want of cleverness, not of an excess of it.

The second cause, the extension of trade, has inculcated the same regard

for veracity through the pocket. For with the increase of business transactions in both time and space, the telling of the truth has become a financial necessity. Without it, trade would come to a standstill at once. Our whole mercantile system, a modern piece of mechanism unknown to the East till we imported it thither, turns on an implicit belief in the word of one's neighbor. Our legal safeguards would snap like red tape were the great bond of mutual trust once broken. Western civilization has to be truthful, or perish.

And now for the spirits of the two beliefs.

The soul of any religion realizes in one respect the Brahman idea of the individual soul of man, namely, that it exists much after the manner of an onion, in many concentric envelopes. Man, they tell us, is composed not of a single body simply, but as it were of several layers of body, each shell respectively inclosing another. The outermost is the merely material body, of which we are so directly cognizant. This encases a second, more spiritual, but yet not wholly free from earthly affinities. This contains another, still more refined; till finally, inside of all is that immaterial something which they conceive to constitute the soul. This eventual residuum exemplifies the Franciscan notion of pure substance, for it is a thing delightfully devoid of any attributes whatever.

We may, perhaps, not be aware of the existence of such an elaborate set of encasings to our own heart of hearts, nor of a something so very indefinite within, but the most casual glance at any religion will reveal its truth as regards the soul of a belief. We recognize the fact outwardly in the buildings erected to celebrate its worship. Not among the Jews alone was the holy of holies kept veiled, to temper the divine radiance to man's benighted understanding. Nor is the chancel-rail of Christianity the sole survivor of the more

exclusive barriers of olden times, even in the Western world. In the Far East, where difficulty of access is deemed indispensable to dignity, the material approaches are still manifold and imposing. Court within court, building after building, isolate the shrine itself from the profane familiarity of the passers-by. But though the material encasings vary in number and in exclusiveness, according to the temperament of the particular race concerned, the mental envelopes exist, and must exist, in both hemispheres alike, so long as society resembles the crust of the earth on which it dwells, — a crust composed of strata that grow denser as one descends. What is clear to those on top seems obscure to those below; what are weighty arguments to the second have no force at all upon the first. There must necessarily be grades of elevation in individual beliefs, suited to the needs and cravings of each individual soul. A creed that fills the shallow with satisfaction leaves but an aching void in the deep. It is not of the slightest consequence how the belief starts; differentiated it is bound to become. The higher minds alone can rest content with abstract imaginings; the lower must have concrete realities on which to pin their faith. With them, inevitably, ideals degenerate into idols. In all religions this unavoidable debasement has taken place. The Roman Catholic who prays to a wooden image of Christ is not one whit less idolatrous than the Buddhist who worships a bronze statue of Amida Butzu. All that the common people are capable of seeing is the soul-envelope, for the soul itself they are unable to appreciate. Spiritually they are undiscerning, because imaginatively they are blind.

Now the grosser soul-envelopes of the two great European and Asiatic faiths, though differing in detail, are in general parallel in structure. Each boasts its full complement of saints, whose congruent catalogues are equally wearisome in

length. Each tells its circle of beads to help it keep count of similarly endless prayers. For in both, in the popular estimation, quantity is more effective to salvation than quality. In both the believer practically pictures his heaven for himself, while in each his hell, with a vividness that does like credit to its religious imagination, is painted for him by those of the cult who are themselves confident of escaping it. Into the lap of each mother church the pious believer drops his little votive offering with the same affectionate zeal, and in Asia, as in Europe, the mites of the many make the might of the mass.

But behind all this is the religion of the few, — of those to whom sensuous forms cannot suffice to represent super-sensuous cravings; whose god is something more than an anthropomorphic creation; to whom worship means not the cramping of the body, but the expansion of the soul.

The rays of the truth, like the rays of the sun, which universally seems to have been man's first adoration, have two properties equally inherent in their essence, warmth and light. And as for the life of all things on this globe both attributes of sunshine are necessary, so to the development of that something which constitutes the ego both qualities of the truth are vital. We sometimes speak of character as if it were a thing wholly apart from mind, but, in fact, the two things are so interwoven that to perceive the right course is the strongest possible of incentives to pursue it. In the end the two are one. Now, while clearness of head is all important, kindness of heart is none the less so. The first, perhaps, is more needed in our dealings with ourselves, the second in our dealings with others. For dark and dense bodies that we are, we can radiate affection much more effectively than we can reflect views.

That Christianity is a religion of love needs no mention; that Buddhism is

equally such is perhaps not so generally appreciated. But just as the gospel of the disciple who loved and was loved the most begins its story by telling us of the Light that came into the world, so none the less surely could the Light of Asia but be also its warmth. Half of the teachings of Buddhism are spent in inculcating charity. Not only to men is man enjoined to show kindness, but to all other animals as well. The people practice what their scriptures preach. The effect indirectly on the condition of the brutes is almost as marked as its more direct effect on the character of mankind. In heart, at least, Buddhism and Christianity are very close.

But here the two paths to a something beyond an earthly life diverge. Up to this point the two religions are alike, but from this point on they are so utterly unlike that the very similarity of all that went before only suffices to make of the second the weird, life-counterfeiting shadow of the first. As in a silhouette, externally the contours are all there, but within is one vast blank. In relation to one's neighbor the two beliefs are kin, but as regards one's self as far apart as the west is from the east. For here, at this idea of self, we are suddenly aware of standing on the brink of a fathomless abyss, gazing giddily down into that great gulf which divides Buddhism from Christianity. We cannot see the bottom. It is a separation more profound than death; it seems to necessitate annihilation. To cross it we must bury in its depths all we know as ourselves.

Christianity is a personal religion; Buddhism, an impersonal one. In this fundamental difference lies the world-wide opposition of the two beliefs. Christianity tells us to purify ourselves that we may enjoy countless æons of that bettered self hereafter; Buddhism would have us purify ourselves that we may lose all sense of self for evermore.

For all that it preaches the essential

vileness of the natural man, Christianity is a gospel of optimism. While it affirms that at present you are bad, it also affirms that this depravity is no intrinsic part of yourself. It unquestioningly asserts that it is something foreign to your true being. It even believes that in a more or less spiritual manner your very body will survive. It essentially clings to the ego. What it inculcates is really present endeavor sanctioned by the prospect of future bliss. It tacitly takes for granted the desirability of personal existence, and promises the certainty of personal immortality, — a terror to evil-doers, and a sustaining sense of coming unalloyed happiness to the good. Through and through its teachings runs the feeling of the fullness of life, that desire which will not die, that wish of the soul which beats its wings against its earthly casement in its longing for expansion beyond the narrow confines of threescore years and ten.

Buddhism, on the contrary, is the *cri du cœur* of pessimism. This life, it says, is but a chain of sorrows. To multiply days is only to multiply evil. These desires that urge us on are really cause of all our woe. We think they are ourselves. We are mistaken. They are all illusion, and we are victims of a mirage. This personality, this sense of self, is a cruel deception and a snare. Realize once the true soul behind it, devoid of attributes, therefore without this capacity for suffering, an indivisible part of the great impersonal soul of nature: then, and then only, will you have found happiness in the blissful quiescence of Nirvana.

With a certain poetic appropriateness, misery and impersonality were both present in the occasion that gave the belief birth. Many have turned to the consolations of religion by reason of their own wretchedness; Gautama sought it, touched by the woes of others whom, in his own happy life journey, he chanced one day to meet. Shocked by the sight

of human disease, old age, and death, sad facts to which hitherto he had been sedulously kept a stranger, he renounced the world that he might find for it an escape from its ills. His quest for mankind was immunity from suffering, not the active enjoyment of life. In this negative way of looking at happiness, he acted in conformity with the spirit of his world. For the doctrine of pessimism had already been preached. It underlay the whole Brahman philosophy, and everybody believed it implicitly. Already the East looked at this life as an evil, and had affirmed for the individual extinction to be happier than existence. The wish for an end to the ego, the hope to be eventually nothing, Gautama accepted for a truism as undeniably as the Brahmins did. What he denied was the Brahman prospectus of the way to reach this desirable impersonal state. That road, he said, could not possibly land the traveler where it professed, since it began wrong, and ended nowhere. The way, he asserted, is within you. You have but to realize the truth, and from that moment you will see your goal and the road that leads there. There is no panacea for human ills, of external application. The Brahman homeopathic treatment of sin is folly. The slaughtering of men and bulls cannot possibly bring life to the soul. To mortify the body for the sins of the flesh is futile, for in desire alone lies all the evil. Quench the desire, and then the deeds will die of inanition. Man himself is sole cause of his own misery. Get rid, said the Buddha, of these passions, these strivings for self, that hold the true soul a prisoner. They have to do with things which we know are transitory: how can they be immortal themselves? We recognize them as subject to our will; they are, then, not the I.

As a man, he taught, becomes conscious that he himself is something distinct from his body, so, if he reflect and

ponder, he will come to see that in like manner his appetites, ambitions, hopes, are really extrinsic to the spirit proper. Neither heart nor head is truly the man, for he is conscious of something that stands behind both. Behind desire, behind even the will, lies the soul, the same for all men, one with the soul of the universe. When he has once realized this eternal truth, the man has entered Nirvana. For Nirvana is not an absorption of the individual soul into the soul of all things, since the one has always been a part of the other. Still less is it utter annihilation. It is simply the recognition of the eternal oneness of the two, back through an everlasting past on to an everlasting future.

Such is the belief which the Japanese adopted, and which they profess to-day. Such to them is to be the dawn of death's to-morrow; a blessed impersonal immortality, in which all sense of self, illusion that it is, shall itself have ceased to be; a long dreamless sleep, a beatified rest, which no awakening shall ever disturb.

Among such a people personal Christianity converts but few. They accept our material civilization, but they reject our creeds. To preach a prolongation of life appears to them like preaching an extension of sorrow. At most, Christianity succeeds but in making them doubters of what lies beyond this life. But though professing agnosticism while they live, they turn, when the shadows of death's night come on, to the bosom of that faith which teaches that, whatever may have been one's earthly share of happiness, " 't is something better not to be."

Strange it seems at first that they who have looked so long to the rising sun for inspiration should be they who live only in a sort of lethargy of life, while those who for so many centuries have turned their faces steadily to the fading glory of the sunset should be the ones who have embodied the spirit of progress of the world. Perhaps the light, by its very

rising, checks the desire to pursue; in its setting it lures one on to follow.

Though this religion of impersonality is not their child, it is their choice. They embraced it with the rest that India taught them, centuries ago. But though just as eager to learn of us now as of India then, Christianity fails to commend itself. This is not due to the fact that the Buddhist missionaries came by invitation, and ours do not. Nor is it due to any want of personal character in these latter, but simply to an excess of it in their doctrines.

For the Far East is even more impersonal in its religion than are those from whom it came. India has returned again to its worship of Brahma, which, though impersonal enough, is in one respect less so than is the gospel of Gautama.

Buddhism bears to Brahmanism something like the relation that Protestantism does to Roman Catholicism. Both bishops and Brahmins undertake to save all who shall blindly commit themselves to professional guidance, while Buddhists and Protestants alike believe that a man's salvation must be brought about by the action of the man himself. The result is that in the matter of individuality the two reformed beliefs are further apart than those against which they severally protested. For by the change the personal became more personal, and the impersonal more impersonal. The Protestant, from having tamely allowed himself to be led, began to take a lively interest in his own self-improvement; while the Buddhist, from a former apathetic acquiescence in what he was told, proceeded to work energetically towards self-obliteration. Curious labor for a mind, that of devoting all its strength to the thinking itself out of existence! Not content with being born impersonal, a Far Oriental is constantly striving to make himself more so.

We have seen, then, how in trying to understand these peoples we are brought face to face with impersonality in each

of those three expressions of the human soul, speech, thought, yearning. We have looked at them from a psychical standpoint rather than a sociological one. Instead of standing as foreigners on the threshold, we have sought to see the soul of their civilization as it lies revealed in its more direct manifestations of itself. We have pushed our inquiry, as it were, one step nearer its home. Had we in place of this examined their social characteristics, we should have met with a like result. Sociologically, the same trait would have been apparent which we have exposed in this perhaps new phase of psychical research. We should have found in vogue in the Far East a system of adoption sufficient of itself to prove a singular disregard of individuality among its adherents. We should have discovered patriarchal practices of so puerile a tendency as to be practically impossible to a people really grown up. We should have witnessed a want of competition in all the affairs of life incompatible with a pushing development of the ego. In social customs as in psychical states, impersonality would have furnished the key to comprehension.

Now what does this strange impersonality betoken? Why are these peoples so different from us in this most fundamental of considerations to any people, — the consideration of themselves? The answer leads to a very striking conclusion.

V.

IMAGINATION.

Side by side, in every one of us, with the instinct of self-preservation there exists another instinct, no less strong, which we may call the instinct of individuality. With the same innate tenacity with which we severally cling to life do we hold to the idea of our own identity. Sooner, indeed, would we forego this earthly existence than surrender that

something we know as self. We can conceive of courting death; we cannot imagine so much as exchanging our personality for another's, still less of abandoning it altogether. Indeed, the second shrinking is really the quintessence of the first. A man, all the more so as he gets older, grows to regard his body as, after all, separable from himself. It is the soul's covering, rendered necessary by the climatic conditions of our present existence, and without which we could no longer live here. To forego it does not necessarily negative, as far as we yet know, the possibility of living elsewhere. Some more congenial tropic may be the spirit traveler's fate. But to give up the sense of self seems to be like an eternal farewell to the soul. The Western mind refuses lodgment to the thought.

The clinging to one's own identity, then, is now an instinct, whatever it may originally have been. It is a something we inherited from our ancestors, and which we shall transmit, more or less modified, to our descendants. How far back this consciousness has been felt passes the possibilities of history to determine, since the recording of it followed, not preceded, the fact. The Jews, when they undertook to trace back their family tree to a prehistoric garden of Eden, mentioned as growing there two other trees, the tree of life and the tree of knowledge. Of what character was this knowledge is inferable from the increased self-consciousness that followed the partaking of it. So that, if we please, we may attribute directly to Eve's indiscretion the many evils of our morbid self-consciousness of the present day. But without indulging in unchivalrous reflections, we are morally certain of two things: first, that we now possess the sense of individuality; and secondly, that we are extremely loth to part with it. Contrasted with its prevalence here, the want of it in Far Eastern Asia may well strike us as suggestive. For modern science teaches us that we and they

are kin. Our common humanity establishes a relationship, though ethnology may not yet have discovered the exact steps in the genealogy.

What, then, does so fundamental a dissimilarity mean? It suggests, I think, a very pregnant thought. For it points to the importance of the part which the principle of individuality plays in the great drama daily being performed before our eyes, and which we know as evolution. It shows, as I shall hope to prove, that individuality bears the same relation to the development of mind that the differentiation of species does to the evolution of organic life; *that the degree of individualization of a people is the self-registered measure of its place in the great march of mind.*

Cosmic life, as distinguished from mere existence, consists, as we know, in a change from a state of simple homogeneity to one of complex heterogeneity. Now the force which causes this change, the life principle in organic things, is a subtle something which we call spontaneous variation.

What this mysterious impulse is lies beyond our recognition. As yet the ultimates of everything are hidden in the womb of the vast unknown. But just as in the life of a child we can see the vital force and predicate its action, so with our great cosmical laws we can say in what their power resides, though we know not really what they are. Whether mind be but another kind of matter, or whether it be a something incomparable with substance, of one thing we are certain, — the same laws of heredity govern both. A like chain of continuity leads in each from the present to the dim past, a line we can follow backwards in investigation. Now, what spontaneous variation is for matter, imagination is to mind. Just as spontaneous variation is constantly pushing the plant or the animal to stretch out, as a vine its tendrils, in all directions, while natural conditions are as continually exercising over

it a sort of pruning power, so imagination is ever at work urging man's mind out and on, while the sentiment of the community, commonly called common sense, which is simply the aggregate of the mental advances of the average, is as steadily tending to keep it at its own level. The environment has as much to do with shaping the development in the one case as in the other. Physical in the first, it is both physical and psychological in the second. But in both it is equally only a constraining condition, not the divine impulse itself. Precisely, then, as in organic life this subtle spirit, constantly checked here, finds a way to advance there, and produces in consequence a gradual separation into species, which grow wider with time, so in mental evolution the same force, for the same reasons, tends inevitably to an ever-increasing individualization.

But here a very pertinent question suggests itself. Man in his mind-development is bound to become more and more distinct from his neighbor; but does such distinction imply that he shall also become sensible of it? Need he, in other words, grow more personal as he grows more individual? The answer is that the two things are really one. Consciousness is the necessary attribute of mental action. Not only is it the sole way we have of knowing mind; without it there would be no mind to know. Not to be conscious of one's self is, mentally speaking, not to be. Here it may not be out of place to note the relation between the two words "individuality" and "personality." By individuality is not meant simply the isolation, in a corporeal casing, of a small part of the universal soul of mankind. For, as far as mind goes, this would not be individuality at all, but the reverse. By individuality we mean that bundle of ideas, thoughts, and day-dreams which constitutes our separate identity, and by virtue of which we feel each one of us at home within himself.

Now personality is the effect of this complex entity on the consciousness of others, while a sense of individuality is the man's own self-consciousness of his condition. All three words denote simply the three different aspects of the same thing, according as we regard it from an intrinsic, an altruistic, or an egoistic standpoint.

This psychological fact, that mental progression produces increasing individualization, is what Far Eastern civilization, taken in antithesis to our own, reveals. In doing this it explains incidentally its own seeming anomalies, most unaccountable of which, apparently, is its existence.

We have seen how impressively impersonal the Far East is. Now, if individuality be a natural measure of the height of civilization which a race has reached, we ought to find among these peoples certain other characteristics corroborative of their less advanced condition. In the first place, if imagination be the impelling force of which increase in individuality is the resulting motion, that quality should be at a minimum there. The Far Orientals ought to be a particularly unimaginative set of people. This is precisely what they are. Their lack of imagination is a well-recognized fact. It has been observed by all who have been brought in contact with them, by merchants quite as much as by students. Aston, in one of his pamphlets on the Altaic tongues, notes an instance of their matter-of-fact way of looking at things which is so much to the point that I venture to reproduce it here. He was a true Chinaman, he says, who, when his love-sick master asked him what he thought of

"That orb'd maiden
With white fires laden
Whom mortals call the moon,"

replied, "My thinker all same lamp pidgin." A lack of any fanciful ideas is one of the most salient traits of Far Eastern races, if indeed a lack of any-

thing can properly be described as salient. Originality is not their strong point. Their inventions, though full of taste, are essentially realistic. Indirectly, their want of imagination betrays itself in their every-day sayings and doings, and more directly in every branch of creative work. Their entire ignoring of science shows this, and, paradoxical as it may appear at first sight, their art, in spite of its luxuriance, does the same. Contrary, perhaps, to exoteric ideas on the subject, it is science, rather than art, that demands imagination of her votaries. Not that art may not involve the quality to a very high degree, but that a high degree of art is quite compatible with a very small amount of imagination. Take, for instance, painting, which among the so-called higher arts is the one these people are the most proficient in. Now painting begins its career in the humble character of copyist. Subsequently it rises above mere servile imitation. But that it may attain a high degree of excellence for itself and much distinction for its professors without calling in the aid of imagination is evident enough on this side of the globe, without going to the other. That the Chinese, and later the Japanese, have accomplished results at which the rest of the world will yet live to marvel is due to quite another quality, — taste. But taste or delicacy of perception has absolutely nothing to do with imagination. That the senses of Far Orientals are wonderfully developed, as also those parts of the brain that directly respond to them, is beyond question; but such sensitiveness does not in the least involve the less earth-tied portions of the intellect. A peculiar responsiveness to natural beauty, a sort of mental agreement with its earthly environment, is a marked feature of the Japanese mind. But appreciation, however intimate, is a very different thing from originality. The Far Oriental is essentially a realist, not an idealist.

In the next place, if the evolving force be less active in a race, three results will follow. First, of course, that race will not have advanced so far as others; secondly, its rate of progress will be less rapid; and lastly, its members will all be nearer together, just as shot driven from a gun with a smaller charge will at any observed moment be more bunched together, or as a stream in falling becomes, as its speed increases, more and more scattered into drops. All three consequences are visible in these peoples. The first result hardly needs to be proved to us who are only too ready to believe it without proof. It is a fact, nevertheless. We are further advanced in civilization than they. The second effect is scarcely less patent. Chinese conservatism has passed into a proverb. Indeed, in the Middle Kingdom the pendulum of pulsation long since came to rest at the medial dead point. The Chinaman's disinclination to progress is something more than mere *vis inertiae*; it has grown into a passionate devotion to the *status quo*. The Japanese condition of affairs is rather different. Their tendency to stand still is of the purely passive, not of the active kind. Left to themselves, they are conservative enough, but they instantly copy a more advanced civilization the moment they get the chance. This proclivity on their part is not out of keeping with our theory. On the contrary, it is precisely what was to have been expected. For we see the very same apparent contradiction in characters we are thrown with every day. The less strong a man's personality, the more prone is he to adopt the ideas of others, on the same general principle that a void more easily admits a foreign body than does space that is already occupied, or as a brilliant color produces more effect on a neutral background than when superimposed upon another equally brilliant but different tint.

The third result, the remarkable ho-

mogeneity of the people, is not, perhaps, so universally appreciated, but it is equally evident on inspection and quite as weighty in proof. Indeed, the word is a kind of charade on the existent state of things. For the difference between the extremes of mind-development in Japan is far less than with us. This lack of divergence exists not simply in certain lines of thought, but in all those things by which man is parted from the brutes. In intellect, in artistic sensibility, in delicacy of perception, it is the same story. The fact is patent historically. The men whose names Japan reveres are much less removed from the common herd than is the case in any Western land. It has been so from the beginning. Shakespeares and Newtons have never existed there. Japanese humanity is not the soil to produce them. But not only are the paths of wisdom untrod; the purlieus of brutish ignorance are likewise unfrequented. On neither side of the medial line is the departure of individuals either far or frequent. All men there are more alike. Indeed, the place would seem to offer a sort of forlorn hope for disappointed socialists. Though religious missionaries have not met with any marked success among the natives, this other class of enthusiastic disseminators of an all-possessing belief might do well to attempt it. They would certainly find there their best field. It is true, human opposition would undoubtedly wreck the undertaking, but Nature, at least, would not present quite such insuperable obstacles as she wisely does with us.

The individual's mind is, as it were, an isolated bit of the race mind. The same set of traits will be found in each. Mental characteristics there are a sort of common property, of which a certain undifferentiated portion is indiscriminately allotted to every man at birth. One soul resembles another so much that, in view of the patriarchal system under which they all exist, there seems to the

stranger a peculiar appropriateness in so strong a mental family likeness. Some idea of how little one man's mind differs from his neighbor's may be gathered from the fact that while a common coolie in Japan spends his spare time in playing a chess twice as complicated as ours, the most advanced philosopher is still on the blissfully ignorant side of the *pons asinorum*.

Though a want of imagination has been the cause of this Far Eastern impersonality, the environment has helped in the process. These people have traveled very little. A race differs from an individual in its travels in one respect, namely, that while the former lives off the country, in the case of the latter it is the country that lives off him. The result is that, while the individual reaps cosmopolitanism as his recompense, a race is constantly driven in upon itself, in its struggle for existence, and becomes more personal as the outcome of the strife. The changed conditions under which it finds itself necessitate mental ingenuity to adapt them, and influence it unconsciously. To see how potent these influences prove we have but to look at that branch of the Aryan family that for so long now has stayed at home. Destitute of stimulus from without, the Indo-Aryan mind turned on itself, and consumed in metaphysics the imagination which has made their cousins the leaders in the world's progress to-day. The inevitable numbness of monotony crept over them. The deadly sameness of their surroundings began to tell. The torpor of the East, like some paralyzing poison, stole into their souls, and they fell asleep, and did but dream in the land they had formerly wrested from its possessors. Their birthright passed into the West.

That travel without imagination will not produce personality the Altaic peoples abundantly witness. The Huns, the Turks, and the Tartars have remained

through all their wanderings nearly as impersonal as when they set out. Both causes combined to keep the Japanese, perhaps, the most impersonal of all.

One thing, then, this glance at Far Eastern civilization has shown. The soul in its progress through this world, at least, tends inevitably to individualization. Grand as is the great conception of Buddhism, majestic as is the idea of the stately rest it would lead us to, the road here below is not one the life of the world can follow. If earthly existence be an evil, then Buddhism will help us ignore it; but if, by an impulse we cannot explain, we instinctively crave activity of mind, then the great gospel of Gautama appeals to us in vain. As for Far Orientals, they but show too clearly the reverse of the medallion. That impersonality is not man's earthly goal they unwittingly bear witness. Artistic, attractive people that they are, their civilization is like their tree flowers, beautiful blossoms destined never to bear fruit.

For whatever we may conceive their impersonality to foretell in the far future of another life, of one thing we may be certain: its immediate effect cannot but be annihilating. If they continue in their old course, their earthly career is closed. Just as surely as morning passes into afternoon, so surely are these races of the Far East, if unchanged, destined to disappear before the advancing peoples of the West. Vanish they will off the face of the earth, and leave the planet the eventual possession of the dwellers in the day's decline. Unless their newly imported ideas really take root, it is from this whole world that Japanese and Koreans, as well as Chinese, will inevitably be excluded. Even now Nirvana has come upon them. Already it has wrapped Far Eastern Asia as with a shroud woven of the peaceful, death-like beauty of the Land of the Day's Beginning and the Land of its Morning Calm.

Percival Lowell.

AT THE FUNERAL OF A MINOR POET.

[*One of the Bearers soliloquizes.*]

WELL, yes, we liked his verses, thought them good,
 Quite good, indeed; perhaps too much technique,
 Too much laborious finish, and all that.
 He took such pains! But then he scorned to write
 Long odes when certain tiresome persons died,
 And gave no song to cattle-shows and fairs,
 And so was not a poet of the day —
 A twilight poet, groping in the dusk,
 Belated, with the great ones gone ahead.
 This we may say, and say it hand on heart —
 Since he is dead — he had a certain touch,
 A touch that's lacking. We've no verse to-day,
 No verse to speak of — chiefly triolets,
 And smooth fantastic copies of Old French.
 The mighty Zolaistic Movement now
 Engrosses us; we paint things as they are
 (Or as we think they are) unflinchingly.
 Eve with her foliage was over-dressed:
 The rose has scent and thorn, we take the thorn;
 The truest art is to leave nothing out
 Likely to prove offensive. Will it last?
 It is so hard to know what thing will last.
 There's Suckling's lyric, fresh as yesterday,
 And there's Lovelace's love-note to Althæa —
 Too much technique, too much high finish, and yet —
 They have outlasted thrones and dynasties.
 These Poets are so odd! You bury one
 With all his music, in six feet of earth,
 And black oblivion shrouds him: presently,
 After perhaps a hundred years or so,
 The world is suddenly conscious of a flower
 Sprung from the mould of a forgotten grave.
 'Tis said the seeds wrapt up among the balms
 And hieroglyphics of Egyptian kings
 Hold strange vitality, and, planted, grow
 After the lapse of thrice a thousand years.
 Some day — who knows? — some unregarded note
 Of our poor friend there — some sweet minor chord
 That failed to lure our more accustomed ear —
 May witch the fancy of an unborn age.
 Who knows, since seeds have such tenacity?
 Meanwhile, he's dead, with scantiest laurel leaf
 And little of our Nineteenth Century gold.
 Well, well, poor fellow! let us bury him.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

DR. HOLMES'S PROGRESS.

THAT diligent antiquary, Mr. John Nichols, in his *Royal Progresses*, scraped together all the entertaining gossip respecting the tours through their kingdom of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and his Majesty James I. with his royal consort, among which *Progresses* and *Public Processions*, he duly advises the reader, "are interspersed other Solemnities, Public Expenditures, and Remarkable Events, etc.;" while in raking after James he gathers in "annotated lists of the Peers, Baronets, and Knights who received these honors during the Reign of James I." He did not find a loyal pleasure in performing this task in memory of that Oliver who was in the habit of making a different sort of progress through the kingdom, and scattered abroad rather than gathered in. The big volumes, with their ample margins and general air of sumptuous royalty, may have answered well enough for progresses which inevitably suggest a prodigious amount of eating and drinking and giving of presents, followed by an exhaustion all along the line of the Solemnities, but the trim book¹ with the familiar winged and spectacled urn on its side, which contains the *Progress of the American Autocrat* through his outlying provinces of England and Paris, is more to our mind.

Readers of *The Atlantic* do not need to be furnished with copious extracts from this book. They can easily turn to those parts of the last half dozen numbers whose leaves have been cut, and find their favorite passages for themselves, though in the carefully revised book, with its excellent index, they will discover some extensions of initials to their full value, and note other marks of

that literary conscience which refuses to regard the magazine form as final. The book, moreover, permits one the pleasure of taking in at a more rapid glance the features of a *Progress* which appeals to the imagination with a singular force. Dr. Holmes is so friendly a figure in the eye of the American public that when he refers good-naturedly to "the reader who glances over these papers, and, finding them too full of small details and the lesser personal matters which belong naturally to private correspondences, turns impatiently from them," everybody complacently observes to himself, "He does n't mean me." The kings in Andersen's tales always appear to be wearing their crowns except at night, when they hang them on the nearest nail; but the Autocrat gives one the feeling that he has forgotten to put his crown on at all, even upon occasion of the Solemnities of his *Progress*.

One often hears the idle wish that it were possible to come back to this little world after a half century's absence, in order to be surprised by the new turn which it has taken on its axis, as if the traveler who had said good-by to his friends dozed the fifty years away in a dreamless sleep. But there are advantages in perspective which one would fain possess himself of, and the reader of this book laments a little his nearness to it. We are disposed to envy our posterity some good things, and among them the enjoyment at a distance of what we are too entangled with to see in epical roundness. For example, what a capital time reviewers and literary historians will have, one of these days, when they can draw their lines from a long base, and make them meet at such a figure as Dr. Holmes, after fifty years of resolute home-keeping, upon a rapid progress through the cir-

¹ *Our Hundred Days in Europe.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

cles of London society. What queer readjustments time will have effected among the persons in the peep-show of *Our Hundred Days in Europe*! Some will have been thrust forward, some will have retired, and the painstaking editor of the day will have to manufacture footnotes for some in order to lift them high enough to be seen clearly.

Meanwhile, the literary student of to-day has it in his power to construct for himself the striking image which this book suggests; to note the contrasts not only between the England which Dr. Holmes visited in his youth and the England which he played with in his age, but between the unknown medical student, who remembered with quaint precision the two houses at which he dined, and the lettered doctor, who could not crowd into his book a tithe of the personages whom he honored by his company, and wore out a sturdy amanuensis with the labor of declining invitations.

Especially is it worth while to note that the England which Dr. Holmes visited was that which he knew mainly through literature. The references to political leaders and religious activity are slight compared with those to historic and literary England. Even the doctor comes to the front but seldom. Everywhere one discerns that the visitor has drunk deep at the Pierian spring; it is the return of the native, of one nurtured on English poetry and on the memory of great Englishmen.

This strong sound of the voice of literature above the chatter of London drawing-rooms recalls one to the fact that Dr. Holmes, with his almost boyish entertainment at the great show which displays itself for him, is always the poet

and wit; retiring now and then into the calm of poetic contemplation, or flashing a light upon this or that object. The reader, almost bewildered by the rapid succession of dinners, receptions, honors, crowds, lays aside the book to remember such moving passages as that which recites the lark rising and singing before clouded eye to dulled ear; such still hours as those by quiet Bemerton and in the company of Tennyson; the revisiting of student scenes in Paris; the visit to Windsor Park; and then the bright comments on thermometrical divergences, on an imaginary tourist-party, on the advantages which Boston has to offer to its good children, and all the other bits of color which make Dr. Holmes's liveliness something more than glow-worm wit.

As we intimated, this book is likely to have a double value. It will give, as it has already given in its earlier form, great entertainment to the reader who is in daily communication with the England which it instantaneously photographs. Later, when all the people of the book are stone statues, or painted pictures, or possibly only initials on headstones, the progress of the poet will itself have made a page in literary history, and the discontented reader who looks wistfully back to these days as we wish ourselves back at Lamb's suppers will have his annotated edition of *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, and be paying handsome prices for a copy of the first edition uncut. The book will give that phosphorescent light upon persons and places which the genuine, spontaneous expression of notable men regarding their own day and generation always holds, unquenched by the waters of oblivion.

THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

How much formal biography really adds to our knowledge of a great literary character is a curious question. Perhaps it is not modesty nor a proud and sensitive reserve that urges a nature like Hawthorne's to try to evade the biographer; nor does mere humbleness of spirit account wholly for Thackeray's repeated injunction upon his heirs not to allow the public to view his private life. Probably every man of literary genius who has found expression for what was in him feels that his true self is there in his works, and that in his personal life, with all its accidental and eccentric details, the circumstances of his position and the varying moods of his temperament obscure the reality, and are, more often than not, misleading. A quarrel that was but an incident of a lifetime becomes a long episode in the book; a scandal that quickly melted away comes back as a cloud not to be dispersed; an irritable letter, an imprudent witticism, a blunder in some fit of dullness, a piece of self-deception that was only momentary, and all the thousand and one superficial matters that fill the day are brought into prominence, as if they, and not the spirit that underwent these crosses, were the life itself. But the real man is in his books. One knows that this is so in Thackeray's case. The personality of the author is so blended with his characters, and makes so largely the main charm of his style, that one comes to know him with exceptional nearness, and to feel that there is no other reason to desire a formal biography of him than to have more of the same thing.

In reading this collection of Letters¹ which Thackeray wrote to his friends, the Brookfields, one is most struck by

this identity of the man and the author; it affords a most startling test of Thackeray's sincerity. Those who are lovers of his works, thoroughly familiarized with his ways of looking upon the world and his manner of treating the individuals who compose it, experience no surprise at this; but they are delighted to hear the old voice speaking again, and pleased to have his qualities brought out in this private correspondence so plainly that no one, however blind to his real nature in his novels, can fail to find in the writer the kindness, the honesty, and goodness of heart which lie at the bottom of all his great achievements in literature. He is to be seen here as genuinely as Steele in those letters to his wife, which are as charming a piece of biography as English literature has to show.

The collection covers eight years of Thackeray's mature life. It is composed of every-day notes, written from the club or his lodgings about the things of the hour; or of longer letters of travel, sent from some watering-place on the Continent, or some country retreat in England, or from Paris, whither he made frequent excursions. They are for the most part entirely personal, and describe what happened to himself, or confide the moods that visited him; and, too, they are especially the letters of a novelist, — the world that he sees is the very same that he writes about. One may say that in the passages concerning persons we read his novels in the rough, his notes still unelaborated; and we see quite plainly the method in which he worked up his observations, and the way in which life reacted upon his mind. Such is the description of the friend of his youth, whom a score of years before

¹ *A Collection of Letters of Thackeray.* 1847-1855. With Portraits and Reproductions of

Letters and Drawings. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1887.

he thought "the most fascinating, accomplished, witty, and delightful of men:"

"I found an old man in a room smelling of brandy and water, at five o'clock, at —, quite the same man that I remember, only grown coarser and stale somehow, like a piece of goods that has been hanging up in a shop window. He has had fifteen years of a vulgar wife, very much brandy and water, I should think, and a depressing profession; for what can be more depressing than a long course of hypocrisy to a man of no small sense of humor? It was a painful meeting. We tried to talk unreservedly, and as I looked at his face I remembered the fellow I was so fond of. . . . He must have been glad, too, when I went away, and I dare say is more scornful about me than I about him. I used to worship him for about six months, and now he points a moral and adorns a tale such as it is in Pendennis. . . . Poor old Harry —! and this battered, vulgar man was my idol of youth."

It is worth noting that Thackeray's satire is not merely that of a man acquainted with the world, not hard, and incisive, and sneering only, but that of a man who in his youth had "a knack of setting up idols to worship," and in whom acquaintance with the world was not only knowledge, but disappointment. Regret, the remembrance of better things, is one of the colors of his style; it is "the principle" of which he elsewhere speaks as based "on the eternal data of perennial reminiscences."

But it is hardly worth while to use these Letters for the purpose of analysis; they are not explanations, but further illustrations of the man. To extract passages is easy, but one cannot give a truthful impression of the whole by that method, nor is there any way of stating the character of them comprehensively; their charm is one to be felt only at first hand.

A particular interest, however, at-

taches to the half dozen paragraphs, scattered through the volume, in which Thackeray expresses his convictions upon religious topics. It is a very simple creed, and is usually brought to the surface by way of reaction against some irritating doctrine of a more stalwart church than that in which he is militant. A sentence or two may not be out of place: —

"The light upon all the saints in heaven is just as much, and no more, God's work as the sun which shall shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father, — but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder, and others besides, are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice and believe in our little part, and to trust in to-day as in to-morrow. . . . When I am on a cloud a-singing or a-pot-boiling, I will do my best; and if you are ill, you can have consolation; if you have disappointments, you can invent fresh sources of hope and pleasure. . . . By Jove! I'll admire, if I can, the wing of a cock-sparrow as much as the pinion of an archangel, and adore God, the Father of the earth, first; waiting for the completion of my senses, and the fulfillment of his intentions towards me afterwards when this scene closes over us. So, when Bullar turns up his eye to the ceiling, I'll look straight at your dear kind face and thank God for knowing that, my dear; and though my nose is a broken pitcher, yet, lo and behold, there's a well gushing over with kindness in my heart, where my dear lady may come and drink."

All this, however, one can read in the novels as plainly, if one will, and per-

ceive in it the real piety toward heaven and brotherliness toward man which belong to a large, grateful, and honest heart, much perplexed and cast down before the gorgeous presence of the Church Established.

But why go on to detail what every one interested will read for himself? The little satirical vignettes, *ma cousine* at Paris, the cavalier lady in the row, the Continental *table d'hôte* where he dined like "an ordinary person," the French plays with their naughtinesses and their little girls singing for the dragoons, Jules Janin, the Chinaman kissing the Duke of Wellington, to that "old boy's" great surprise, the old gentleman in pantalets, — all these one must look at for himself. The unfailing interest in human life, especially in the worldly stage, and in little else besides; the pre-

occupation with the novels in hand, and their reality to the author as part and parcel of the life he has lived; the just eye for the visible weaknesses of mortals, and the charitableness and self-abasement of him who recognized it all as of a piece with his own humble human nature; the constant and unwearied lovingness of the man whose Lares and Penates were tenderness and humor; his generous admiration, — these belong to his personality, and are not to be understood except in their concrete expression; and the whole volume which contains these things must be read, if one would understand. It is in no sense a life of Thackeray; it is a better thing, — it is Thackeray living; and we risk nothing in saying it will hereafter be reckoned on the noble list as one of Thackeray's best books.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Delicate
Business.

WE have received the following letter, accompanied by the rather perplexing request that we should "forward it" to its proper address. The commission is altogether one of great delicacy. It is now many years since Nathaniel Hawthorne was collector of customs at the port of Salem, and though we individually have little doubt as to his present environment, there are persons — chiefly persons mentioned in his recently published letters and diaries — who would not take our optimistic view of the matter. Though, we repeat, we are quite positive touching Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's whereabouts, it does not fall in with our inclination at the moment to deliver the letter *in propria personâ*, nor is it in our power to transmit it to him by mail. Owing to the glaring inefficiency of our temporary and corrupt administration,

no post-office has been established in Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's district, although his sympathies have ever been wholly with the Democratic party. Under these circumstances, and with an indefinable trust that the contents of this precious epistle will in some inscrutable way be conveyed to his intelligence, we print the letter here: —

—, PA., October 6, 1887.

MR. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
SALEM, MASS.

DEAR SIR: We propose to hold a Literary Fair to get money for our Public School Library.

If our object is worthy of so much attention from you, please place your name with any sentiment you feel like expressing on the enclosed card and return it to us.

Your works are very popular in this

community and your photograph or one of your books coming directly from you would be highly appreciated and would aid us very materially but we feel it would be presumptuous in us to ask so much of you. Yours truly

.....

Prin. of Pub. Schools.

The little town of —, in Pennsylvania, is to be felicitated on having its educational system under the eye of so alert and enterprising a gentleman.

—The Icelandic antiquary Torfæus, in his small works *Gronlandia* and *Vinlandia*, published in the Latin in 1705, first drew the attention of scholars to the historical element in the Vinland Sagas; and Rafn, in 1837, issued an edition in the original Icelandic, with a Latin translation. The Saga of Erik the Red is divided into two parts, the first part written either during the lifetime or shortly after the death of men who made the voyage with Leif Erikson. The Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne was probably first recorded by his grandson, Bishop Thorlak Runolfson, born in 1085. The most recent Scandinavian, English, French, and German scholarship accepts with the older antiquaries these Vinland Sagas as historical narrative, with no scholar qualified to pronounce a critical opinion to deny this affirmation.

The Scalds and Saga-Men, Icelanders, were received as the guests and equals of kings, and they spoke in its greatest purity the Icelandic, which was at that early period the court language in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, and at Rouen. They preserved the traditions and events of note, and were the living books or registrars to be referred to in any case of law and property. They were men of prudence and safe counsel, and were in no danger of molestation, in those rude times, when on their journeys.

Leif Erikson and Thorfinn Karlsefne,

both Icelanders, were merchants. To this class, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, belonged the noblest men, and they made all the voyages of trade and discovery. They were required to be acquainted with the laws of commerce, to speak Latin and Italian, to know the places and movements of the heavenly bodies, — they had no compass, — and to understand navigation, and arithmetical calculation. It was also demanded of them that they should be men of the strictest integrity.

When it is recalled that within sixty years after its discovery the population of Iceland numbered 50,000, principally by immigration from Norway, about 600 miles distant, it is natural that after the first detailed accounts of the discovery only a mention of the Vinland voyages should be made, as were those to Greenland; but these voyages were always counted among the expeditions considered both "profitable and honorable," the latter because of the risks involved. It is also to be remembered that the Sagas were composed for the men who left their work in every corner of Europe, not as destroyers and devastators, but whose language and laws are at this moment important elements in the speech and institutions of England and America. It is to be hoped that the Icelandic literature will ere long be studied in this country as it is now at the two English universities. At the period of the discovery of the American continent, the Northmen had richer fields of enterprise than Greenland, Iceland, and Russia. Greece, Palestine, Sicily, the Coast of Africa, Southern Italy, France, the Spanish Peninsula, England, Scotland, and Ireland knew them as conquerors, and at one time or another most of these countries were ruled by the men of Scandinavia. It is not unfit, therefore, that the representation of Leif Erikson, Miss Whitney's statue in Boston, should be that of a man of both physical and moral courage.

An Open
Letter to
Crayon Bleu.

— A contributor, who has had some slight — and only slight — acquaintance with the blue pencil of the proof-reader, sends the following amiable remonstrance touching his severity. We ourselves owe him nothing but thanks. When he insists too strongly on excluding the duplicate word, — a matter of no moment, — we forgive him, for the sake of the hundred times he has saved us from falling into very deep verbal pits. We are far from holding that “a quotation slightly inexact is sometimes rendered more telling and poignant,” though the inexact quotation instanced by the contributor must have been “poignant” enough to the quoter when he discovered its — *inexactness*. He would have been prevented from committing wholesale homicide if the proof-reader had exercised a little more of that patient care for which he is now reproached. We take exception to another point made by our ingenious contributor, whose practice is happily finer than his theory. If it is necessary to write carelessly in order to promote “the flexibility of the language,” it occurs to us that “flexibility” is very dearly paid for — by the reader. We have noticed that certain authors have written with approximate correctness without becoming either purists or pedants. But we are wrong in taking our contributor *au grand sérieux*; he is slyly heaping the most delicate flatteries on Monsieur Crayon Bleu: —

AUGUST SIR, — By the consensus of the Club, I am permitted to address you a letter of remonstrance upon a subject whose agitation should, in my judgment, result to the advantage both of professional and of casual *littérateurs*.

Favored as you are, from time to time, with the opportunity of examining our MSS. (I speak in behalf of the entire literary body), whether these be in prose or verse, whether designed for periodical or book issues, your Ceru-

lean Excellency scarcely needs to be reminded that your position is one of great privilege, — nothing beneath that of king's taster; for the public is your king, and depends upon you to supply its intellectual sustenance, trusting you to provide that which shall neither poison nor pall. The remonstrance which we desire to offer is based upon the known fact that you, as purveyor for the king's table, are far too fastidious, needlessly circumspect. In what respects, allow me to particularize.

In the work which we writers throw off in the white heat of inspiration, it sometimes chances that a predicate (plural) will leave its subject (singular) in the lurch. You must be aware that we stand not alone in this petty offense; the great masters of the language have distinguished themselves by like lapses, — and this not so rarely but that we are kept in countenance. Nevertheless, you do not spare to brand with your azure stigma all our little slips by the way, whether they be disagreeing verb and subject, negatives in too friendly conjunction, or merely the harmless recurrence of *buts*, *yets*, *ands*, *thes*, or other similar prompt monosyllables. We believe that a too scrupulous correctness in these particulars is not only needless, but is even of positive detriment to that public for whom you so carefully cater; since instead of promoting the flexibility of the language by admitting examples of graceful license in good writers, — contemporary classics, — you, by restricting these, do but encourage the race of purists and precisians, ever the bane of a racy and idiomatic style. But our chief remonstrance touches other more serious matters. How is it that you have conceived such antipathy against the choicest treasures of our diction that, if the same specimen occurs upon two consecutive pages of our manuscript, down falls your obliterating mace upon one of the offending duplicates, and we in consequence are obliged to search our jewel-

box for something that will fill out the gap? We have remarked also your extreme aversion for fine writing, and especially for certain adjectives. You do not like *delectable, quaint, dainty, lush, debonair*, and you offer no conditions to *eerie*, and *eldritch*, and *grewsome*. You do not encourage fine writing; permit us also to say that you evince but small appreciation for humorous writing; else why do our keenest quips, our most irresistible jovialities, come back to us, struck through with the indigo barb of disapprobation?

Above all, we allege that you hamper us, quite unnecessarily, by compelling verification of every doubtful quotation occurring in our manuscripts. If the quotation has been made from some one of the ancients, — a dead language, a dead author, — to whom is injury done, if the text is not quite accurately cited? Perhaps the public is no more *au fait* in its Latin and Greek than we are, or than was one William Shakespeare. Moreover, a quotation slightly inexact is sometimes rendered the more telling and poignant. Such an instance we recall, where the inadvertence of the writer, or of yourself, dear Crayon Bleu, — or was it the printer's devil? (a blue devil he!), — let slip into type the following variant of Emerson's The Test: —

"I hung my verses in the wind,
Time and tide their faults may find.
All were winnowed through and through,
Five lines lasted sound and true;
Five *men* smelted in a pot,
Than the South more fierce and hot."
Respectfully submitted by a

REMONSTRANT.

A Lucid Interval. — Some months ago, at a session of the Club, I had occasion to refer passingly to certain shrewd views regarding Providence, held by an insane woman of my neighborhood. Lately she has furnished me with yet more suggestive matter for speculation, and on this wise. Her mental disorder is subject to intervals of days, and sometimes of weeks, of sanity. During these

periods there is not in the whole neighborhood a more quiet, homekeeping body. But on the return of her affliction she is much given to fantastic apparel, to roving about, and to chatty discourse. In this condition she recently visited me. On my inquiring, soothingly, as to the state of her health, she replied with jaunty reassurance, "Oh, don't you fret about me; I'm all right. You know I'm a little *out* sometimes, and then my head is bad. I've had one of those spells, but I've got over it now, and am just as pert and chipper as ever!" Her concluding statement I could not doubt; indeed, her face beaming with smiles, her bright eye, and her brisk tones might have inveigled a stranger to credit her entire testimony. She soon departed, but not so the train of reflections her words had started. Poor soul! I thought, was this her lucid interval? And were those times in which we accounted her rational, and in which appeared an unusually retiring and self-contained spirit, now presented to her mind as the periods of mental unsteadiness? Of course my light-brained neighbor was in error, and we were in the right, as to her condition on these occasions — yet — and here I fell into a limbo of confusing speculation on the whole subject of human sanity or non-sanity.

"A mad world, my masters!" Then who shall judge when its lucid intervals occur? Who knows but that those most specifically accused are after all the least topsy-turvy at the cerebral centre! Why did some ancient peoples hold in religious reverence those who were adjudged insane? Why was such regard paid to the ravings of the pythones? The poet — why, the poet, if gray authority does not err, is a creature futile by himself, potential only when *beside* himself, enjoying a lucid interval only when the fine madness is on!

In my reflections on the question, I could but recall how one period of life

shifts this accusation of giddyhead back from itself upon another. Is youth the lucid interval? Yes, if youth be allowed to witness; no, if mature years are consulted. But youth suspects that middle age and beyond have the judgment and temper merely mulled, not mellowed. To bring the matter home, I reflected that there were acts in my life that, as I looked back upon them, appeared those of turbid brainsickness, whimsical folly; and yet at the time of their commission I certainly did not question my sanity, nor did any friend suggest the advisability of a strait-jacket, or even of a special custodian, in my case. Strange that certain procedures of mine which had once seemed ordered by a wise dispassionateness of temper should now be clearly revealed as the effect of mere torpid fatuity! Strange, also, that conduct which had once impressed me as evidence of a glowing impetuosity, a generous sponta-

neity, in myself should now show like the tumid self-importance and vainglory of some magnifico of the madhouse itself! Had I been somewhat beside myself in these remembered instances, and was my present attitude of severe survey a lucid interval, or was I, perhaps, still "far wide"?

In sleep none ever dreams that he has lost his wits or become a bedlamite, however his waking senses advise him of extravagance in his dream-conduct. To liken human life to a dream would be to propound no startling novelty; but let us follow up the suggestions of the analogy: since no one in dreams doubts his sanity, so we, in like manner, in the great dream of all, suspect not ourselves of aberrance. What if we but flatter our dreaming souls that we have at least gleams of right reason all through life? And what if the true lucid interval comes only after the "fitful fever" departs?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. *A Princess of Java, a Tale of the Far East*, by S. J. Higginson. (Houghton.) Merely to lay the scene of a novel in an unfamiliar region does not insure originality or attractiveness in a novel; but Mrs. Higginson, though she has written out of a full knowledge of Java, and succeeds in transporting the reader to the East Indies, uses her material so skillfully that the effect is very bright and novel. The mingling of races does not shock the reader, partly, perhaps, because the Caucasian element is chiefly Dutch, and the Dutch in the East Indies always seem half naturalized. There is a good deal of humor in the portraits of the two grandmothers and the old Tamung'gung, and the chase of the runaways is very spirited. The reader must not be disturbed by the strangeness of the East Indian words; let him imitate the wisdom of the darcy when he came upon similar difficulties in Deuteronomy, — call them all Moses, and let 'em go. — *Run Away from the Dutch, or Borneo from South to North*, by M. T. H. Pere-

laer, translated by Maurice Blok, and adapted by A. P. Mendes. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Under the form of a story of adventure, this book, which also lays open the East Indies, gives a picture of life in Borneo amid the perils of the interior from natives, mosquitoes, and other wild beasts. There is not the art that Mrs. Higginson shows, and it is in effect rather a boy's book than a veritable novel. — *Love and Theology*, by Celia Parker Woolley. (Ticknor.) A young man brought up in the strictest sect and intended for the ministry becomes engaged to a young woman similarly brought up, and foreordained to be a minister's wife. Theological study brings about a change in the young man's views, and the consistent young woman disentangles herself from an unholy alliance. So the book begins. At the end the two have married: the man still a very liberal preacher, but the woman permitting her love to subordinate her theology. It is not wholly easy to accept the rather weak young man at the beginning as the ultimate hero, but the au-

thor has managed to keep the interest up to the end, and to make the relations of the various people reasonable. There is no little skill in characterization, but we warn readers that the material out of which the story is hewn is chiefly theological and ecclesiastical. The relation of the Episcopal rector to his wife is quite entertainingly described. He certainly is very much married. — *Button's Inn*, by Albion W. Tourgée (Roberts), is a novel in which Judge Tourgée has used the Mormon delusion in its earlier phases as the occasion for tracing an involved web. He rightly recognizes that the Mormonism of Smith had a romantic and poetic element in it quite wanting in the later development, and in following the narrative the reader will not find himself facing the unpleasant, sordid features of a wasted faith, as he does when he encounters the ordinary Mormon novel. — *The Romance of the Canoness*, by Paul Heyse, translated by J. M. Percival. (Appleton.) Romantic enough, and of course interesting; the situations are not such as the realists would devise, and a melancholy air pervades the whole, as if the narrator did not quite expect to be believed, but it is conceived with poetic thought, and taken as a lyric of the stage is not without a certain beauty. — *Thralldom*, by Julian Sturgis. (Appleton.) The thralldom in this short story is of an uncanny sort, and a lover comes near being separated from his love by her slipping into the power of a new-style witch; but though Mr. Sturgis has given us sturdy Englishmen and serpentine tropical people for contrasting figures, he has not produced more than a teaspoonful of real horror. We think he can be at better business than manufacturing agonies. — *With the King at Oxford*, by Rev. A. J. Church (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is not so simple a tale as the *Children of the New Forest*, but it enlists the interest somewhat in the same way. Mr. Church has taken great pains with the lifelikeness of his story, and he has used a moderate tone throughout, which comports with the scholarly and historic mind. — *An Onegretta in Profile*, by Czeika. (Ticknor.) We may as well own at once, before we are found out, that we don't understand this book. It is a piece of fooling, but even fooling should be, if not obvious, yet amusing on the surface. This book may be funny in its depths, but our lead brings up nothing but an occasional thin joke. — In Ticknor's Paper Series a new number is E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town*. — Recent numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library are *Prison Life in Siberia*, by Fedor Dostoiéffsky, translated by H. Sutherland Edwards, and *In Bad Hands, and other Stories*, by F. W. Robinson. — In *The Bee-Man of Orn, and other Fanciful Tales* (Scribner's Sons), Mr. Stockton addresses him-

self to his younger audience, with whom he is as great a favorite as with their elders. — *Knickerbocker Nuggets* is the title given to a series of neatly printed and tastefully bound little books issued by the Putnams. The volumes at hand contain *Gulliver's Travels*, tales from the *Gesta Romanorum*, and T. L. Peacock's stories of *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*. — *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, by Mark Rutherford (Putnams), is an ill-constructed novel, portions of which are written with a certain kind of power. Most of the characters are either hanged or shot, or otherwise killed, the instant they become interesting. The second half of the story has little or no connection with the first part, and is rather tough reading. — The Putnams have issued a new edition of Mayo's ever-delightful *Kaloolah*, with many spirited illustrations by Fredericks. We commend the book to old and new readers.

Poetry. *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, and other Dramas, by Robert Browning, edited by W. J. Rolfe and Heloise E. Hersey (Harper & Brothers), is an excellent companion volume to the *Select Poems of Browning*, by the same editors. The present collection embraces, in addition to the initial piece, *Colombe's Birthday* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, with a variety of critical comment. Mr. Lawrence Barrett's letter, relating the history of his production on the stage of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, is an interesting contribution to the matter in hand. — A new edition has been issued of *The Old Garden*, and other Verses, by Margaret Deland (Houghton), with a few more poems than the first edition contained; but the same pretty exterior remains, and the verses which at first sight might strike readers as quaint fancies and the pastime of a dilettante prove of more lasting worth. Their fragrance is not evanescent. It returns as one makes fresh excursions. — *Songs of New Sweden*, and other Poems, by Arthur Peterson, U. S. N. (E. Stanley Hart & Co., Philadelphia.) Carefully written, with but few lapses into the cheap commonplace, these poems rarely rise to any high level, and sometimes the passion is pretty well divorced from ideas, as in the poem *Recognized*. — *Songs and Song Legends*, by Edward Lippitt Fales. (The Author, St. Paul, Minn.) Easy-going verse, fluent, decorous, and charged with some personal feeling. — *Wind Flowers*, by J. Luella Dowd Smith. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Arranged under the months of the year, and including translations from the German as well as original verse. A religious vein runs through much of the verse. — *The Unseen King*, and other Poems, by Caroline Leslie Field. (Houghton.) A book of simple, unpretentious verses, with a refinement about them which disarms criticism.